

Scrapeana.

FUGITIVE MISCELLANY.



EVERY MAN CHUSES TO BE PRESENT AT THE SHAVING
OF HIS OWN BEARD.

Sterne.

SANS SOUCI.

MDCCXCII.

*Collected by the late John Croft Esq
vide [redacted] Todd's Supplementary
Catalogue for 1820*

BRITISH MUSEUM
LUCIFIVE MUSEUM



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OF HIS OWN MUSEUM

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MUSEUM

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DEDICATION.

To the POLISH COUNT,
JOSEPH DE BORUWLASKI.

SIR,

THE usual stile of Dedications is that of flattery, attended with selfish views, since the first address of the sort, which, it seems, was produced from the servile pen of indigence, and it plainly appears, that Authors, in the moment of adulation, erect a consequence to themselves; and while they distress the favour of their Mecænas, or put their Hero to the blush, they sacrifice to their own vanity.

At the same time that it must be admitted, that great and distinguished characters command admiration and respect from the public, it cannot be passed over in silence, that the greatest adept in Eulogy would be at a loss to add the least spark of lustre to yours, without derogating

from it. The eminent talents which adorn themselves in you, not only have gained you admission, but a candid reception into the principal Courts of Europe; while the graces and virtues look up to you as their darling. Whence arises, that *Je-ne-sai-quoi*, and complacency of manners, which, like a ray of the sun, beams on those who are so happy as to fall within the sphere of your acquaintance.

The Editor of this common place Miscellany is aware, lest, while he attempts to do you justice, he should make an attack upon your feelings, which would be the same as to commit a *felo de se* on his own. He therefore concludes in the words of the immortal Poet:

“——— Nay, do not think I flatter,
“For what advancement may I hope from thee,
“That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
“To feed and cloathe thee.”

SHAKESPEAR.

PRE-



P R E F A C E.

THIS Fugitive Miscellany of *Bon Mots* and *Anecdotes* naturally look up to the public for protection, as the motive of its being compiled was merely to afford Amusement to the Hour of Leisure, Unbend the Brow of Care, and Banish ENNUÏ.*—It is no small point gained if it has the effect to make the reader smile, which, according to *Sterne*, may add a year to his life.

I will not take upon me to determine the nature or origin of WIT. Mr. Pope has defined it to be a clear conception, with an easy delivery. Some have had recourse to the innate principle for its existence, and traced it to the third story of the imagination; others have placed it in a startled trope. Some have reduced it to a system, and have found the Cream of the Jest where

* ENNUÏ will not admit of a translation, though the French say it is an *English Malady*.

where there was nothing but froth at the top, while others have settled it to be a flash from the jarring of discordant ideas, and have pursued it like a Will with the Wisp, or a Jack with the Lanthorn; and some again, more groveling, imagine it to be what is vulgarly called Fun, and make it consist in a Pun, a trick of Leger de Main, or a double Entendre; but as Shakspere observes, "How every fool can play upon the word!"

WIT seemingly owes its birth to a warm climate, where Apollo presides with the Muses; where Genius arrives at its greatest state of maturity, and is spontaneously produced in Greece; where Athens, the principal seat of learning, was the ancient residence. In modern times it has flourished in Italy, where as their poetry is allowed to be the most sublime, so is their Concetto esteemed to be the most delicate. The French shine in Jeu d'Esprit. Still it may be inferred that mankind have ever been on the same level in respect to intellect, though it must be allowed that it has worn a different garb, according to the different fashions of the times. In the dark ages we find it hid under a cloud, but when the Augustan approached, It suddenly burst forth like a Meteor into its present refined state, and that our Northern Island is not a stranger to its influence,—I hope the following pages will fully prove.

P R E F A C E.

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M. Menage, a celebrated French Wit, has wrote the following passage: "On s' imagine que les Bons Mots ne servent que divertir ils servent encore a rendre Service."—It is a common notion that Bon Mots serve only to amuse, they are also profitable for instruction.

I will not trespass further on my Reader's patience, who already wishes to turn over a new leaf, nor, in the very commencement of my book, will I trangress that brevity, which, according to our great Bard, is the Soul of Wit.

"Memoria admodum prompta." Locke.

FUGITIVE

At the same time, a celebrated French philosopher, who was
 the first to propose, "On a machine que les hommes
 n'ont pas inventée, mais que la nature leur a donnée, et
 qu'ils ne peuvent pas se dispenser d'employer, c'est la
 machine à vapeur." — It is a machine which, though
 not invented by man, is yet one of the most useful
 machines that have ever been discovered.

I have endeavored to explain, in plain and simple
 language, the principles of this machine, and to show
 the various uses to which it may be applied. I trust
 that this work will be found useful to all who are
 interested in the subject.

"Machina scholastica propiora." Locke.

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THE
FUGITIVE
MISCELLANY
OF
BON-MOTS, &c.

JOHN RAP, of the parish of Burton Agnes, near Bridlington in Yorkshire, was so unkind a husband, so severe a father, so rigid a master, and so bad a neighbour in general, that not a tear was shed at his funeral. The Sexton observed, that he had officiated in that capacity forty five years, and that an instance of the sort had never happened before, and that it might not disgrace the village, seized a little boy and lugged his ears most severely, which soon produced the desired effect.

A

Dr.

Dr. A. Physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness; he dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct, as to raise his choler, so as to draw from him this expression, Sir! I was in hopes you would have treated my failings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as *I have covered so many blunders of your's!*

The Rev. Dr. ———, Rector of Hurworth, in the county of Durham, preached three Sundays successively upon these words: *Behold now the ax is laid to the root of the tree*, Matthew iii. 10. It happened that a timber merchant came to the village and inquired at the public house, if the landlord could direct him to a good purchase. The host very gravely recommended him to the parson of the parish, for, says he, he has been felling wood the last three weeks. The unwary traveller believed the information, and waited upon his Reverence. The doctor, astonished at the application, began to remonstrate with the merchant upon his insolence. The man, equally surprised, very coolly gave his authority: when the Rector's wife thus unravelled the mystery: "My dear, I hope
this

this will be a warning to you in future; not to preach three Sundays upon one and the same text."

A Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, on the eve of his departure from the University, preached at St. Mary's, upon these words, *Have patience with me, and I will pay you all*, And owing a great sum of money in the town, enlarged mightily on the first part of the text, *Have patience, &c.* Now, says he, I should come to the second part, *and I will pay you all*; but having prest too long on your patience, I must leave that till the next opportunity; so pray have patience with me!

A Physician travelled in Cambridgeshire, and found the roads so inaccessible around a town, that he repaired to the rector of the parish, and exclaimed, "Ah Sir!" says he, "You may preach long enough, but your parishioners will never mend their ways."

A Welch Parson in his discourse told his congregation "how kind and respectful we should be one to another," and said, "that we were even inferior to brutes in that point." He

brought in an example of two goats, which met one another upon a very narrow bridge, over a river, so that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off. "Now how do you think did they do? I'll tell you: One laid him down and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats."

The Rev. Dr. Sherlock, at dinner on a fast day, asked his wife for some butter, "truly, husband," says she, "here is as much as you can have, unless you swear, and then I can afford you more" N B. He was a Non-juror, and would not take the oaths; whence the saying, "Enough to make a parson swear."

A link boy asked Dr. Burges, the preacher, if he would have a light, "No, child," says the Doctor, "I am one of the lights of the world." "I wish then," replied the boy, "you was hung up at the end of our alley, for we live in a devilish dark one."

A fellow, in King James's time, seeing Sir James B. in liquor, spoke this verse extempore:
*Here lye the subpœna-laws and the test,
 And here lies Sir J. B. as drunk as a beast.*

His

His late Majesty, George II. asked Admiral D. what the sea-phraze "keel-hauling" meant. The Admiral answered, "It was undergoing a Hard-ship."

Orator Henley, of facetious memory, famous for his harangues, when he addressed the brewers, he stiled them, *Viri. Cel-e Ber. imi.* the distillers, *Viri. Cel-e Brandi.*

One said, of all the prisons in the world, should his fate carry him to one, he should prefer Newgate, as the prisoners there had their freedom. N. B. It is set apart for the citizens of London.

A gentleman was reproached for voting at an election, against his conscience; "the charge is false," said he, "for I never had a conscience."

King George II. of glorious memory, commanded at the battle of Dettingen, and his horse ran away with him into the French lines, on which his Majesty alighted, and charged the enemy on foot; "for," said the King, "tho' my horse runs away with me, I am sure my legs will not."

Miss

Miss —— the daughter of Mr. ——, who drove stage coaches, and reputed a jacobite, happened to be seated in the stage box at the theatre at York; the box was already taken by a Mrs. F. and, on the latter's entrance, some altercation ensued, till Mrs. F. recollecting herself, said, "she could not dispute it with one who had an hereditary Right to the box."

Mr. C. dancing at the York Assembly with Miss Bacon; after the dance they sat down in the Love-Corner, so called at the Rooms, when one of the dancers came up and asked C. why he saved himself, and did not stand up; he made answer, "he did not want to save himself, but to save his Bacon."

Cardinal Tempe, the Pope's Nuncio at Lisbon, on a visit to a Portuguese Nobleman, repeated often, "Fa Caldo," the Italian phrase, 'tis very hot. The servant mistaking the meaning, carried him a mess of broth. N. B. Caldo, in the Portuguese language, is broth.

A Russian Countess persecuted by her creditors for debt, on the porter's acquainting her Excellency the poorer sort attended at the
gate;

gate; she ordered the servant to go into the next room and fetch a bag of copper money, and throw it out of the window, and while they were scrambling for it to let loose a bear at them.

The prize at the Club of Catches and Gleees, a gold medal, for the most ancient catch, was won by Lord S. repeating the following extempore :

*Adam caught Eve by the Furbelow,
And that's the oldest catch I know.*

A Bishop prayed for rain without success, which put him into such a passion, that he threw the weatherglass down upon the floor; on which a spectator observed, he was glad to see the glass fallen so low!

A woman brought an action against her husband for bigamy, which was set aside by her proving a trigamy. He had married three wives and she was his second.

There is a sign at a peruke-maker's on the London road;—Absalom hanging on a tree,

and

and David lamenting over him ; underneath are these lines :

*Oh! Absalom, my son, my son,
If thou hadst worn a wig
Thou hadst not been undone.*

Mr. F. met the Rev. Mr. B. his quondam school-master at York, as he returned from the church with his bride, Miss Place, on which the former quoted to him this line out of Horace :
Dulce est desipere in Loco!

A Physician ordered a patient to live higher, (*i. e.* more freely) the poor man mistook the doctor, and removed to the garret, where, unfortunately, he expired before his next visit.

One asked another what the word *genius* meant, the other said, "If you had it in you, you would not ask the question, but as you have not, you will never know what it means."

A Bride-maid found the ring in the chamber after the wedding night, the posy, *Cui dedit, se dedit* ; *i. e.* "He gave it to her who gave herself." The Abigail, at a loss for the sense, gave it to the nurse who translated it "He did it and she did it."

Lady

Lady Bridget L. told G. S. (whose penchant is in the extreme for public executions, and who always spurs his hobby to tyburn) "She hoped when he paid the debt to nature the thread of his existence might be spun out with the palsy; that he might have the pleasure of seeing one side expire before the other."

When the Beau-Monde carried the coteries upon the leads of the houses, and pitched a tent there, it was referred to Geo. S. who not approving of it, said, that it was making too great an encroachment upon the cats.

A gentleman asked the master of a ship, from Newfoundland, if he had seen any Rein Deer there; "Alack," said the Captain, who was deaf, "I have seen it rain very hard, but I never saw it rain Deer."

A poor man married an Esquire's daughter. As the rich man would not be reconciled, or give him any portion, he christened all his children by the father-in-law's surname, that they might convey, as beggars, the family name to posterity.

An English lady asked the Mother Abbess of a Convent at Paris, if the Nuns kept the Vow of Chastity. "Yes," said the Abbess, "I can venture to affirm it. For if it be a crime to cuckold an earthly husband, how much more an heavenly one?"

A man of the name of Mark Noble, passing by the Garrison at Hull, the centinel, as usual, called out, "Who comes there?" "Twenty shillings," answered Mark. "That cannot be," said the centinel. "Why, a Mark and a Noble make twenty shillings," says Mark.

Two Penitents, in a procession at Lisbon, on Ash-Wednesday, were comparing notes about their sins. One said, "he had lain with his mother," "Ay!" said the other, "but that's a mere peccadillo to my crime, for I laid with my *grand mother*."

A person reading the names of Young Senior and Young Junior, on a shop-bill, said, the first was a contradiction and the second a tautology.

Lord Chesterfield, on seeing Lady M. a reputed jacobite, adorned with orange ribbands, at
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the Anniversary Ball at Dublin, in memory of King William, thus addressed her extempore :

*Thou little Tory, where's the jest
To wear those ribbands in thy breast;
When that breast, betraying, shows
The whiteness of the Rebel Rose.*

His Lordship sent the following lines to Lady Mary —, indisposed with a cold :

*The dews of the night most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.*

On Sterne's entering the Coffee-Room at York, a Mr. A. staring him full in the face, said, he hated a Parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, Sir, does my dog, for as soon as I put on my gown and callock, he falls a barking." "Indeed," replies A. "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, Sir," answered S. and I still look upon him as one."

A Fryer asked a Shepherd in Spain, at confession, how many persons there were in the Trinity : The man, stupid, answered he believed

lieved there were six, but he would not dispute it with him; he was sure there were four.

When Admiral H. laid in a dangerous way at Ipswich, his mother told the Doctor who attended, that she feared, that he who had faced so many cannons would at length fall by a blunderbuss; meaning himself.

Buck, the player at York, was asked how he came to turn his coat twice: he replied, smartly, that one good turn deserved another!

It was told Lord Chesterfield that Mrs. N. a termagant and scold, was married to a Gamester; on which his Lordship said, that cards and brimstone made the best matches.

A Soldier in the Life Guards, rolling head over heels in the Park; his comrade asked him what he was about: he replied, it was to get drunk the sooner, as the price of gin was raised.

An Apothecary at York, meeting a Mr. F. in Coney-street, asked him where he had been; he said, "at Tristram Shandy's to get some Attic Salt." The former, repeating "Attic Salt!" and

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muttering to himself, Attic Salt! goes home and runnages his shop for the Salt. The next time he met F. he told him he had examined his Salts, and found that he had Glauber, and all the other Salts except that particular one, which he concluded was a French Salt; and wished he would ask Tristram to put him in the way of procuring some of it.

Miss E——, spinster at York, frequented the prayers at the Minster regularly twice a day. She was turned of threescore; and had from infancy been so used to call her mother *mama*! that when she repeated the 6th verse of the 55th psalm, *In sin hath my mother conceived me.* She used to chaunt it, *In sin hath my ma-ma conceived me.*

The same lady, when there was thunder and lightening, used to betake herself to a dark closet, and after she had shut the door close, to repeat this Collect: *Lighten our darknes, we beseech thee, O Lord!*

When the religious custom prevailed, and the Clergy taught the public Catechism in the Church, a superstitious old fellow stood up with
the

the boys, and when the Minister asked him the first question, Who made him? He answered, that it was so long ago, he had quite forgot!

The Rev. ——— Rector of ———, in his discourse on the heinous sins of chowfing, cheating, and defrauding one's neighbours, unluckily leaned a good deal over the pulpit; when an arch wag remarked, that he had omitted to mention the most monstrous of all, that of *over-reaching!*

The Rector of ———, preached four successive Sundays upon this text, *Peter's Wife's Mother lay sick of a fever*, Matthew viii. 14. On the fourth Sunday, when the Rector gave out the text, the Sexton directly went and tolled the bell: For he said it was high time that she should depart.

Lord L. favourite to Queen Elizabeth, was making a large Chase about Cornbury Park, meaning to enclose it with posts and rails; one day as he was estimating the expence, Mr. G——, a free spoken man, stood by and said, "methinks your Lordship goeth not the cheapest way." "Why, G." said his Lordship.

ship." "Marry, my Lord," said he, "count you but the posts, for the country will find you railing."

A Welchman being at a Sessions and seeing the prisoners hold up their hands at the bar, related to some of his acquaintance, that the judges were good fortune-tellers, for if they did but look at their hands, they certainly could tell whether they would live or die.

Lord Bacon, when a gentleman seemed not to approve of his liberality to his retinue, said to him, "Sir, I am all of a piece, if the head be lifted up the inferior parts of the body must too."

The Master of Requests to Queen Elizabeth had divers times moved for audience and been put off. At last he came to the Queen in a progress, and had on a new pair of boots. The Queen, who loved not the smell of new leather, said to him, "Fly, sloven, thy boots stink." "Madam," said he, "it is not my new boots that stink, but it is the stale bills, that I have kept so long."

Cæsar

Cæsar would say of Sylla, that he did resign his Dictatorship. Sylla was ignorant of letters, he could not dictate.

Some Bucks, being in a merry mood at the Inn of Kirkstall Abbey near Leeds, agreed to give the Innkeeper a new sign; which was accepted of, the subject was the Star and Garter; the motto, *To PEIPON* (Greek, *i. e.* *The best possible*). The country people read it, to RIPON, and so jog on the contrary road.

An Itinerant Painter staid so long at a country Inn, that, tho' willing to depart, he had not money wherewithal to defray his lodging. So the Landlord, not willing to subscribe to a bad debt, settled it with him, that he should paint him a new sign. The subject, a Bear; and the price, a guinea. But the Painter said if the bear had a chain drawn round about his neck (and which he said he would advise him to) it would cost half a guinea more. The Host was not agreeable to this extra expence. Accordingly the sign was painted, and the Painter went his ways; when the rain descended and washed away the bear. Some time after, the Innkeeper met the Painter on the road, and said he had imposed upon

upon him, for that the bear was fled. "Look ye here," replied the painter, "did not I advise you to have the chain about his neck; which, if it had taken place he would have remained there still."

A French Missionary catechizing the Indians, in America, and expounding the Christian Doctrine, they fell upon him unawares and threatened they would roast him alive if he would not explain to them the mystery of the Trinity. How three persons could be the same in one! On which he took a glass full of water, a cup full of snow, and a piece of ice; which unfolded to them, tho' they were all different in specie, they were the same in substance. Which favourable exposition saved his life.

Queen Caroline died of a mortification in her bowels, and her body was twisted with towels; the usual method practised in that disorder. As she would not be reconciled to her son even on her death bed; it occasioned an eminent poet to write the following lines:

*Here lies wrapt up in twenty towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels.*

At the play of the Hypocrite, Lady B. L. applied to a Macaroni, who sat in the box, for a translation of some scraps of Latin, which are in the play. He declared he could not, on which she said, "It was strange that a Puppy should not understand his own language."

A Malefactor, under sentence of death, petitioned Lord Chancellor Bacon for a reprieve, pretending to be a relation. His Lordship said, he could not possibly be Bacon till he had first been hung!

A dog stole a piece of meat out of a Quaker's porridge pot; upon which the Quaker calmly said, that he would not lift up the arm of the flesh against him, but give him a gentle reproof; and so turning the dog out, he shouted a *mad dog!* in consequence of which the poor animal was instantly stoned to death.

An old Female Methodist preached about the country that she had been eleven months in Heaven. One of the audience started up and said, it was a pity that she did not stay the other odd month, as she might then have gained a settlement.

A Gentleman went to see his son at Westminster School, under the great Dr. Busby. When they were in discourse, over a bottle of wine, the Dr. sent for the boy. "Come," says he, "young man, as your father is here, take a glass of wine;" and quoted this Latin sentence: *Paucum Vini, acuit Ingenium*, (a little wine sharpens the wit.) The lad replied, *Sed plus Vini, plus Ingenii!* (the more wine, the more wit!) "Hold, young man," replied the Doctor, "tho' you argue on mathematical principles, you shall have but one glass!"

The Count de B—— met the Baron de Munchausen, the Romancer, and told him this story: That when he was passing through a wood in Transilvania, he met a furious Lion, which advanced, rampant, full swing upon him, with his mouth open, and he whipt his hand down his throat and turned him inside out, as you would a stocking.

A Young Lady was taking the air on horseback on Durdun Down, near Bristol, with her footman behind, unluckily her horse threw her; when she called out, "John! did you ever see the like?" "Yes, madam," says John, *your sister has just such another!*

The Rev. Dr. ———, who lived near York, had a cherry tree; and as the cherries were ripe (being a corpulent man, he could not pull them himself) employed a lad for the purpose; and when he mounted the tree he put a whistle into his mouth, and he called out, "whistle, lad, whistle;" that he might not eat the cherries.

Mr. B——, author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, going to a book case and finding it locked and fastened, said, *this is Lock upon Human Understanding.*

A Mr. Herring was hunting and unluckily fell into a bog, when one of his comrades smartly said, "Herring, you are in a sad pickle."

The following curious literary production was copied, verbatim, from the *Salisbury Journal*. It was addressed to the printer of that paper:

"Sir,

"Whereas the Peaple of Daverhill givs it out that it was oing to I that the Womun, there hangd her self, because when I preached to the Fokes, I told um, as how they was all dammed

med as did ent foller my way—Now I say I could not help it if the womun hanged her self because If I can tell who will be dammed I is ignorant who will hang themselves—they have foarced me to send this hadvertizement to you, cause the ignorant shoudunt disperse my Karacter, as I mite louse my Congregation and by that means they woud be eternally lost, cause how shoud they hear without a Preacher. so Mister Printer preay reform the Publick, that I asks their pardens if the Womun hanged her self. For I as I hopes they will drop any funder slanderous perfecution about I.

J. HAMLIN."

Mr. T. S. of ———, Yorkshire, at dinner at Sir J. K. where the discourse fell on the breeding a good Racer, and that a thorough bred Race Horse on the male side was best; "Nay," said S. "without they have it on the mother's side also, I am sure they will be good for nothing. Ye'll all allow that I have common sense, but my wife is a d——d fool, and my children take after her."

A Gentleman and a Lady pulled out their watches in company at the same time; he be-
thought

thought himself of an appointment; on which the Lady said, "how do we vary as to time?" "Very much indeed," replied the Gentleman, "you make me forget it, when my watch reminds me of it."

Mrs. Shandy, fancied herself the Queen of Bohemia. Triltram, her husband, to amuse and induce her to take the air, proposed courfing, in the way practised in Bohemia; for that purpose he procured bladders, and filled them with beans, and tied them to the wheels of a single horse chair. When he drove madam into a stubble field, with the motion of the carriage and the bladders, rattle bladder, rattle; it alarmed the hares, and the greyhounds were ready to take them.

A man had two sons, one rose with the lark, the other laid long in bed. The early riser found a purse, which the father carries to the fluggard. "Look ye!" says he, "if you had been up as your brother was, you would have found this purse." "Possibly," answers the son, "but if the owner of it had been in bed, as I am, he had not lost it."

A Gentleman went to a Fortune Teller's to consult him, and knocked at the door. When he came, and found a great deal of dirt heaped up against it, he exclaimed aloud, "Who the Devil did this?" On which the gentleman turned on his heel, and replied, "if you did not know it before, You are no Conjuror for me;" and away he went.

A man addicted to swearing went to confess it; the Confessor enjoined, by way of penance, that he should pull a button off his coat at every oath he should rashly utter. But, alas! swearing was become so habitual, that the next time he appeared at confession there was not a button left to his coat.

An Irishman inquiring after an old acquaintance in London, was told he lodged in Gray's-Inn; and he must go up two pair of stairs backwards. Teague literally followed the direction by retrograding his steps; so that when he landed at the top, he exclaimed, Arragh, by his shoul, he had broken his shins behind!

Mrs. F——, famous at Oporto for Mince-Pies, sent a present of some to a Mr. C——, which

which were so well received by him as to become the subject of a copy of verses. The next time they met, after thanking him for the honour done her pastry, she said she was now even with him; for since he had made verses upon her pies, she had made pies upon his verses.

A Cardinal when he sat down to dinner used to have a net placed upon the table, which, he said, was in token of humility, and allusive to his father's trade, a fisherman. As soon as he arrived at the Pontificate, the net ceremony was discontinued; on being asked the reason, his Holiness replied, that then the fish was caught.

In an engagement at sea a sailor hoisted one of his comrades on his back, he being pronounced dead by the doctor, to heave him overboard. The supposed dead man, however, spoke, and asked where he was bearing him. "To consign you to Davy Jones's Locker!" said the sailor. "I am not dead, mess-mate," replied the other. "You are a lying rascal for your pains," says the sailor, "the doctor said you was dead! What do you know better than the doctor?"

The late Marquis of Tavora at Lisbon, used
to

to call his servants rogues, rascals, &c. but he made it a rule never to call them sons of wh—s, for, he said, they might be the sons of his mother!

On a Lady's entering the Assembly Room at York, Sterne asked her name, he was told it was a Mrs. Hobson; on which he said, he had often heard of Hobson's Choice, but he never saw it before.

Sterne meeting Dr. ———, in the Minster Yard, York, and entering into discourse some difference arose, on which the Doctor, vehemently said, "Sir, I never give way to a fool!" Sterne, stopping him short, replied, "but I always do, Sir;" and directly gave him the way.

A Woman went up to the reading desk in St. Martin's church, Coney-street, York, all in tears, when the Rev. Mr. ———, was praying for a sick person, and said, "Oh, dear Sir! you are praying for a poor woman who has been dead these three weeks!" He replied, "never mind, she was a good woman, and we will soon bring her to life again."

A Quaker married a woman of the church of England; after the ceremony, the vicar asked

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for

for his fees, which he said were a crown. The Quaker, astonished at the demand, said if he would shew him any text in the scripture which proved his fees were a crown, he would give it unto him; upon which the vicar directly turned to the 12th chapter of Proverbs, verse 4th, where it says, *a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.* "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion, Solomon was a wise man; here are the five twelpenny pieces, and something beside to buy thee a pair of gloves."

A Gentleman had the offer of an advantageous match for his son, which he came into so readily, that the lady would not accept of him on other conditions than that he should make over his estate; which as soon as it took place, he told his father he had company to dine with him, and as he was troubled with the asthma, desired he would dine at the side-table. This giving the old gentleman offence, and reason to suspect his son's future intentions, he told him, he believed there was a flaw in the writings; on which they were produced, when the father threw them into the fire. "Now, Sir," says he, "you may sit at the side-table yourself, if you please."

Another

Another Gentleman, after he had made over his estate to his son, was so ill treated by him, that at length he sent him to the Porter's-Lodge; where he went willingly, as he had no place of his own left to live in. The son was married and had children; and one day as he was folding up a pair of blankets, one of his boys asked him where he was going to send them. "To your grand father, in the Lodge," replied the father. "Only send him one," said the child. "Why so," replied the father. "Because," says the boy, "you will want the other yourself, when you are there."

At Leominster, Herefordshire, in a nich over the entrance to an Alms-House, is the figure of a man holding up a hatchet—underneath are these lines:

*Let him that gives his goods before he is dead,
Take this hatchet and cut off his head.*

A young woman not averse to matrimony, requested her father to look out a husband for her; surprised at the impromptu, he made use of the quotation from St. Paul: *They who marry do well; but they who do not, do better!*
"Well,"

"Well," says she, "let me do *well*, and let who will *do better*."

Voltaire says, that Superstition is to Religion what Astrology is to Astronomy: the very foolish daughter of a very wise mother.

Two Jesuits on their passage for America, were desired by the Master to go down into the hold, as a storm was coming on; that they need not apprehend any danger as long as they heard the seamen curse and swear; but if once they were silent, and quiet he would advise them to betake themselves to prayers. Soon after the lay-brother goes to the hatches, to hear what was going forward, when he quickly returned, saying, all was over, for they swore like troopers, and their blasphemy alone was enough to sink the vessel.—"The Lord be praised for it," replied the other, "marry then we are safe."

When George II. proposed giving the command of Quebec to W——, great objections were raised, and the Duke of N—— in particular begged his Majesty to consider that the man was actually mad. "If it is the *Rage Militaire*, so much the better," replied the King, "I hope he will bite some of my Generals."

A

A Man went to be married, and instead of Matrimony, got by heart the Baptism for riper years; so that when he was asked in the Church, Will you have this woman, &c. the man replied, "this I utterly deny." The Parson said, "I think you are a fool," he answered, "all this I stedfastly believe."

Mr. Senior, a Painter at York, imitated the crowing of a cock so well, that a Lady thus addressed him, "Mr. S. you crow so like a cock, one would think you was got by one," Madam, says he, "what do you think I was got by."

Scarron says the art or trick of Medicine is to confuse the Patient's ideas with vague terms; and then with remedies, good or bad, await till nature kills or cures.

A tall man, whose mother had an indifferent character, asked a little man how it happened that he was so short; the little man replied, "I had the misfortune to have *only one Father*."

Queen Elizabeth seeing Sir Edward — in her garden, looked out of her window and asked him

him in Italian, what a man thought of when he thought of nothing. Sir Edward paused a little, and said, "Madam, he thinks of a woman's promise." The Queen shrunk in her head and was heard to say, "Edward, I must not confute you! Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor."

A Master enraged at his servant, said, "you rascal, when you first came to me you had not a rag to your back," you are mistaken, Sir, says the servant, "for when I first came to you I had nothing but rags to my back."

In Charles II'd's time the Royal Society deputed two of their body to wait upon the Spanish Ambassador for letters of recommendation to the Canary Islands, as they intended to make some of Toricelli's experiments on the Peak of Teneriff. The Ambassador treated them very civilly, supposing them to be a company of merchants lately established for the purchase of Canary wines, and asked what quantity of casks they might require; the deputies told him that it was not upon such business they came, but they were going there to make some experiments upon the weight of the air! The Ambassador, astonished,

astonished, said, "What do you want to weigh the air?" They replied, it was their intention. Upon which he turned them out of the house, taking them for madmen; and went directly to Whitehall to complain of the insult put upon him. But he drew in his horns when he found the King and the Duke of York at the head of the scheme for weighing the air, and of those he had deemed madmen.

Lord L—— says, that every Sovereign in Europe wakes on the thirtieth of January with a crick in his neck.

A Gentleman ordered a table to be made by one which had a drawer, but he said he would have it without, as he had no use for it. Away goes the man, who was an Irishman, and makes the table with a drawer; at which the gentleman stormed; when Paddy, in his defence, said, by his shoul, he could not make one without; but it should make no squares, for the gentleman might lock the drawer and he would keep the key of it himself.

The Rector of — had a horse to dispose of, and in order to set him off, turned jockey
and

and mounted him; on which the dealer shook his head and said, "Rev. Sir, I advise, if you want to take us in, mount into the pulpit, do not mount a horseback."

G. S—— one day at dinner at the Lord Chancellor's, the servant threw the soup on his Lordship's Robes; on which G. staring his Lordship full in the face, exclaimed, "*Summum Jus!* "*Summa Injuria.*"

Dr. ——— (afterwards Dean of York) was once benighted and bogged upon Stockton Common, being alone, he called aloud for help to some passengers who were returning from York Market, they immediately replied, "who are you?" Upon which the Doctor, to secure their attention, enumerated his preferments, saying, "the Rector of Folkton, the Rector of Hunmanby, and the Vicar of Muston." "Nay marry," said one of them, "as you are so monny of you, you may e'en help one another out."

Mr. S—— meeting a Lady in the street the day after he was married; she wished him joy. On which S. replied, "I thank you kindly, Madam, but I have had quite enough!"

One

One was saying that in Sicily he had bought a lamprey five feet long for a trifle—another, to reprove the lie, said, No wonder, for they are there so long, that they commonly use them for tables.

A Courtier asked an old woman who sat by the road side, as the King passed by, If she saw his Majesty? She answered, I want nothing of him—Kings are made for Subjects, not Subjects for Kings; why then should I regard him who is the public servant?

One of the Ambassadors from Morocco to England having never seen snow till he came here, and observing that the boys gathered it up in their hands, said, It is no wonder the English are so fair, since they wash themselves in white rain.

Sterne's maid servant asked her master leave to go to a public execution at the tyburn, near York. Soon after she set off, she returned blubbering, and all in tears. On her master's asking the cause of her grief, and why she cried, she answered, "Because she had lost her labour, for before she reached the gallows, the man was reprieved."

E

A

A rich man sent to call a physician, for a slight disorder.—The physician felt his pulse, and said, Do you eat well? Yes, said the patient. Do you sleep well? I do. Then said the physician, I shall give you something to take away all that!

One said, that physicians were like falcons, which, if they kill pheasants, are worth thirty ducats; if wild ducks, fifty; if herons, two hundred. So physicians, if they kill peasants, are worth little; if gentlemen, rise in repute; and if Lords, are held next to the Deity.

A rich man asking a poor wretch by what means he lived; he answered, If you had asked me by what means I die, I should say by hunger.

A Criminal at Oporto going to be hanged, would not quit the ladder before they gave him some liquor. A cup of wine being brought, before drinking it he blew off the froth; being asked why he did so, he answered, Brother, because new wine is bad for the liver.

An Irish Gentleman, a fortune-hunter, being tired of the pursuit, applied himself to chiromancy,

romancy, and turned a fortune-teller. An old Dowager going to consult him, asked him what was her fortune. Madam, answered he, I can only say, all mine is in your hand; on which she consented, and he married her.

A Gentleman said to another in company, "If all drank like you, wine would be very cheap." "Nay," answered the other, "It would be very dear, for I drink as I chuse."

A Gentleman taking an apartment, told the landlady, "I assure you, Madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She answered, "I hope it was not, Sir, that you went away without paying."

At a Club in Dublin, it was agreed if any of the company should speak a foreign language he should be fined a bumper; on which one of them began talking Irish, which being considered a foreign tongue, he was in consequence fined two bumpers.

A Spartan Mother to her Son, who complained that his sword was short, said, do you add a step to it.

A Captain of a Ship of War unluckily had his laced hat on in an engagement at sea, when the enemy aimed at him; which a sailor observing, instantly stepped upon the quarter-deck, pulled it off and put it on his head and his own cap upon the captain's. Now, Sir, says he, *you cannot but say I covered your head in the day of battle.*

The late Bishop of Ely, when he was old and grey headed, marrying a third wife, it afforded a subject of raillery, to which he made answer, *That tho' the mountains were covered with snow, there were springs in the valleys.*

A remarkable dirty man, soliciting his friend's advice how he should dress himself for a masquerade, received the following answer: "Only just wash your hands and face, put on a clean shirt, and I'll be hanged if any one will know you."

A Beggar requested a soldier to lend him some money for the Lord's sake, and he would pray for him; the soldier gave him some, and said, "here, take it and pray for yourself, for I never lend my money on usury."

Swift

Swift happening to be in company with a young coxcomb, who prided himself in saying pert things to the Dean, and at last getting up, with some conceited gesticulation, and with a confident air, said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a Wit." "Do you, indeed," said the Dean, "then take my advice, and set down again."

Queen Elizabeth was in the custody of Bed-
 ingfield, who kept her under such close confine-
 ment, that she said she considered him as her
 keeper; but when she saw him with the keys,
 she could look upon him in no other light than
 her gaoler. After the Queen came to the
 throne he was backward of paying his devoirs at
 Court, which the Queen noticed; and when he
 did, the Queen presented him with a large key,
 and told him, that when she had a State Prisoner,
 she should certainly intrust him to his care.

One passing through Wych-street, London,
 asked another the name of the street, he said
 Wych-street, "why this street," answers the
 passenger? "Wych-street," says the other, who
 thought it a hum, "D——n you, Wych-street,"
 and went on.

It

It is the custom in Italy to compliment their friends and acquaintance, when a *Venæ Section* takes place, or they breathe a vein. A Lady sent her admirer a pair of turtle doves as a present on the occasion. He returned for answer, that it was not possible any peace offering could atone for the wound she had made in his heart.

A City Alderman's Lady being at a rout, at the West end of the town, London, was asked to take a hand at cards, she replied, she could not play *wisk*, but had no objection to *kadril*. A party sat down. The Alderman's Lady happened to be the eldest hand and began with "*I ax*;" the second lady humourously replied, "Madam I had a good hand but your *ax* has cut it to pieces."

Parsons, the Brewer, hunting with the late King of France, was mounted on a fine English hunter; the King asked who that Englishman was. They told his Majesty he was a *Chevalier de Malt. i. e. Malthe*.

The King of France having given a public *Dejeunè* in the Royal Gardens at Paris, two English Gentlemen walking upon the Terras,
in

in conversation together, saw the King at a distance, with his arms round a favorite mistress: One of them said, where shall we dine to day, George, at the King's Arms as usual? *Nay*, they are full already, look ye. Why, then, we will dine at the King's Head. Ay, with all my heart, that is empty enough, I'll answer for it.

Cardinal de Retz, after his recal from banishment, threw himself at the King of France's feet; the King lifted him up and said, "Cardinal, you are grey-headed." On which he replied, "Sire, my hair instantly grew grey when I incurred your Majesty's displeasure."

Mr. ——— lay in so dangerous a way, that his friend sent to inquire after his health; attended with a message that he would pray for his recovery: the answer was, he desired that he would not, as he was a wicked fellow so far his prayers from being of avail, might be the means of bringing an old house over his head and hasten his departure.

There was a Minister deprived for inconstancy, who said to some of his friends that if they deprived him it should cost an hundred
men's

men's lives. The party understood as if being a turbulent fellow he would have moved sedition, and complained of him. Whereupon being met to consider upon that speech, he said his meaning was, that if he lost his benefice he would practice physic, and then he thought he should kill an hundred men in time.

Miss W——, commonly called Peg, on leaving the Ball-Room at York, from age and infirmity was near sinking in the croud, when a young Officer by a well-timed activity recovered her in the act of falling. "To whom am I obliged," says the old Lady. The Officer replied, "Cornet H——, of the Queen's Bays, has had the honour of taking you by the hand. "Go then to your corps," says Peg, "and tell them you have this evening picked up, in York Assembly, one of the greatest fortunes in the North of England.

A Man said, "He would not go on the sea, because all his ancestors were drowned." Another replied, "If they had died in their beds, he might say, he would not go to bed for the same reason."

A Vicar in France planted mulberry trees in the church-yard, which turned to so good account by the sale of the leaves, that he erected a mausoleum with the money, and placed this inscription over the door: *Mori Lucrum*.—
N. B. *Morum* is Latin for a mulberry.

The Court of France waited upon the King, on the birth of the Duke of Burgundy. His Majesty was so overjoyed on the occasion, that he received them without ceremony; the Guards were dismissed, and all were welcome to kiss his hand. Among the rest was the Marquis of Spinola, who, in the ardour of respect, bit his Majesty's finger, on which the King started, when S. begged pardon, and said in his defence, if he had not done so, his Majesty would not have noticed him.

A Traveller speaking of the many countries and cities he had seen. One of the company asked him if he had ever been in Cosmography? He taking it for the name of a city, said "We saw it at a distance, but as we went post we could not visit it."

One asked a Gentleman why he married a deaf wife; he said "In hopes she was also dumb!"

A Gentleman married a Lady who was deformed and had a large fortune; when it was said, that her husband had taken her by weight and had paid nothing for fashion.

Lord M——, advanced in years, married a young girl; when his friends rallied him upon it, and how he could possibly expect at his years to possess the heart of so young a female. He replied, "That he had rather possess a corner of her heart, than the whole heart of an old woman, who was tottering into the grave like himself."

Garrick used to say that Dibdin's Piano Forte was the greatest cheat in the world; for with all the advantages of the best singers, nothing ever, in his idea, conveyed such effect as that gentleman's singing and accompanying his own music.

A Quack Doctor sent for a Farrier to look at his horse; after the horse was found, the Doctor asked the man what he was indebted for his cure? He replied, "You know it is a rule never to take fees of the Profession."

Judge

Judge Burnet, being appointed to attend the Northern Circuit was overturned in a very rough road; upon which the coachman pulled off his hat and asked his master's pardon. "Oh," returned the Judge, "never mind, John! you only made good the Psalmist's prophecy, that *their Judges shall be overthrown in stoney places.*"

A Country Esquire asked Judge Burnet, when he was in the height of delivering his charge at the Castle of York, if he had seen the Rhinoceros? Upon which the Judge paused; the Esquire went on, "Not seen the Rhinoceros, my Lord!" To which his Lordship replied, "That the etiquette was not yet settled between them, as they both had their trumpets, which should visit the first; whether he should wait upon the Rhinoceros, or the Rhinoceros upon him."

Charles Fox, on his canvas for Westminster, went to a rope-maker to solicit him for his vote; on which the latter produced a halter, which he told him was at his service. Mr. Fox replied, "That he would not by any means deprive him of it, as he presumed it must be a family-piece."

Captain B—— says this is the method of catching tigers in India :—A man carries a board, on which a human figure is painted ; as soon as he arrives at the den, he knocks behind the board with a hammer ; the noise suddenly rouses the tiger, when he flies in a direct line at the board, and grasps it ; and the man behind it clinches his claws into the wood, and so secures him.

Madame de Seignelay, in discourse with the Morocco Ambassador, exclaimed against the polygamy and the plurality of women allowed the Mahometans ; to which the Ambassador made answer, “ We should only have one a-piece, if we could meet in Turkey with such women as you are”.

A Lady at Paris asked Lord Chesterfield how he admired the French Beauty ? He said he was not skilled in painting, but he could see they put Nature shockingly out of countenance.

When Lord F——’s corps laid in state, there was written upon the door—
*He that giveth to the Poor, lendeth to the Lord,
 The Lord oweth this Lord nothing !*

David

David Hume and Lady W—— once passed the Firth from Kinghorn to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt-water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend—who with infinite *sang froid* assured her he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes. “And pray, my dear friend,” said Lady W. “which do you think they will eat first?” “*Those that are gluttons,*” replied Hume, “*will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the epicures will attack your Ladyship!*”

The present head of the Colonna family at Rome is a weak man, and a bigot. The arms of that family are a column: This is placed on the entrance of their palace. The following lines were one morning found written under it:

Questo E' l Cazzo!
Qui vuol veder il Coglione, entra il Palazzo.

A Gentleman was in the gallery of Drury-Lane playhouse with a friend, when a fellow stood up so as to obstruct his view. The friend asked him why he permitted that man to stand before him? To which he replied, “It would be cruel to disturb one who, as was evident by his looks, could stand so seldom.”

After

After the battle of Fontenoy, a Swiss Officer, appointed to bury the dead, threw the wounded along with them, higgledy piggledy, into the hole. On which a by-stander asked him how he could be so cruel to confound them all together. He replied, "If one was to attend to what they said, there was not a dead man amongst them."

When it was told a French Dancing-Master, that Queen Ann had created Harley Earl of Oxford, and appointed him Lord of the Treasury, he was planet-struck, and said, "He could not conceive what the Queen could see in him, *for he had him two years in hand on the minuet step, and he could not make any thing of him.*"

Mr. Q——, an old bachelor, had two maid-servants, whose names were Jane and Sarah; they told him, the rats had eaten up a turkey-pye. He said, "he feared the *Jane-Saras* were the turkey *Pye-rats.*"

Mr. Money, a little dapper man, was dancing at the York Assembly with a tall lady of the name of Bond, on which Sterne said, "There was a *great Bond* for a *little Money.*"

Lord

Lord Chesterfield paid Mr. Garrick this compliment, "David you are an Actor every where but upon the Stage."

A Swiss travelling in Italy, came to a town near Naples, where he found the wine so excellent, that he asked the name of it, and was told it was called *Lachrimæ Christi*; on which, falling down before a crucifix that was in the room, he uttered this exclamation: *Domine! Domine! Quare, non Lachrymasti in Terra mea!*

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse fell upon Sir Joshua R——'s painting, one of them said, that "his tints were admirable, but the colours *flew*. It happened, unluckily, that Sir Joshua was in the next stall, who taking up his hat, accosted them thus, with a low bow: "Gentlemen I return you many thanks for bringing me off with *flying* colours."

On Sir JOSHUA'S COLOURS.

The art of Painting was at first design'd
To view and bring our Ancestors to mind;
But this good Painter has revers'd the plan,
And makes the Picture die—before the Man.

Two

Though two men were great enemies; the one, gave his daughter to the other to wife.— Being upbraided for it, he replied, that he did it out of spite, for he could not vex him more than by giving him a Vixen to wife!”

A Gentleman's Servant let go his master's horse on the road, and seeing a man at a distance, called out to stop the horse. The man, who proved to be a sailor, threw a stone, and knocked the horse down; on which the servant, in a great fury, said, “I only told you to stop him?” “Yes,” answered the sailor, “and I did it effectually.”

Lady Bridget L—— said, the most difficult appointment at Court, was that of “A Maid of Honour.”

A Spanish Bishop, travelling, came to an inn on a Friday, where the fish was very bad, but there were excellent partridges; the Bishop ordered the latter for dinner, when the landlord staring; the Bishop said, “Look ye, you block-head, every priest can transubstantiate bread into flesh, and why may not I change fowl into fish?”

A

A Gentleman entered the box at the play-house in his boots and spurs, and said that he came to town on purpose to see Orpheus; when unluckily his spurs got entangled in a lady's pettycoat, she replied, "*and Eu-rid-i-ce.*"

On its being said that the Rev. Mr. _____ was not an *able* divine: "Yes, he is," replied an old woman, "for last Sunday he brought *Sampson* into his sermon by the head and shoulders."

Extract of a letter from New York, dated
Nov. 17, 1769.

"We have now here a new species of creature called a Dutchess; some time ago a milliner's apprentice of this town was to wait upon the Dutchess, but fearful of committing some error in her deportment, she went to consult a friend as to the manner in which she should address this great personage: who told her that when she came before the Dutchess she must say, her *Grace*, and so forth. Accordingly away went the girl, and being introduced, after a very low curtesey, she said "for what I am going to receive the Lord make me truly thankful," to which the Dutchess answered, *Amen!*

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A Nobleman wrote a letter to a Farmer, couched in a courtly stile, requesting his vote at an election, and assured him that he would do every thing in his power to serve him. The Countryman answered the letter and begged his Lordship to send him a couple of Unicorns to produce a breed in the country.

A Country Vicar was so long winded that it gave offence to the Esquire, who took him to task, saying, he ought to adapt his morality more to the seasons of the year: For a discourse which might be very tolerable on a Midsummer's day, would by no means suit with a Sunday in November. The vicar not taking the hint, the Esquire was so nettled at it, that he contrived by means of a spring to have a cord fixed to the founding board of the pulpit, that when he was too tedious it might be let down and extinguish him at once.

It was told George S——n, that there was to be an execution at Tyburn of two men of the names of Fox and Burke; he turned upon his Heel and said, he should not go to see it, for he never attended rehearsals.

George

George S——n was introduced, at Paris, to a club, or ordinary, which consisted of the *Heads-Men*, or *Jack-Ketches*, of the several provinces in France; and as it is usual there to call them by the names of the towns to which they belong, they addressed one another as Monsieur Paris, Monsieur Lyons, Monsieur Marseilles, &c. when the toast came to George's turn, being an Englishman and taking him for one of the trade, they saluted him by the name of Monsieur Ty-burne. On which he said he humbly begged their pardon,—he was not an *Artist* in that line, he was only an *Amateur*.

There was at York, some years ago, a blustering Beau of the name of *Knipe*; Doctor D—— called his Turkey-Cock *Beau Knipe*, after him; at which Beau Knipe was so offended that he sent the Doctor a challenge. The latter in answer said, the only satisfaction he could give was to send him another Turkey, and he might christen it *Doctor D——*.

Sir C. S—— being at an inn on the road, a report came that a gentleman had been robbed, on which he swore, "That a single highwayman should not rob him." The next morning, going

on his journey, one met him, and repeated the very words that Sir C. had made use of the night before : " But there are two of you," replied Sir C. The man, surpris'd by the impromptu, suddenly turned his head round to look for his comrade, when Sir C. instantly shot him dead.

Dryden's Translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Reverend Bishop, Lord Chesterfield said, " The original is indeed excellent—but every thing suffers by a translation, except a Bishop."

A Master of a Ship at Liverpool about to take an oath before a Magistrate, for to clear out at the Custom-House ; the maid went to fetch a Testament, but not being able to find one, the magistrate told the Captain, " He might swear by G—, and that might do as well."

A Man carried a bag about at Scarborough, in which he said he had a cherry-coloured cat. The gentry flocked round him to see this great curiosity, when the man let the cat out of the bag, it proved a black one. He desired they would not wonder, as there were black cherries as well as red ones.

A Lady Mayorefs at York was ufed to pray without ceafing, and her parrot had learned to repeat after her, "*G—d Blefs me, and Lord Love me.*" Her fon, a failor, brought home another parrot that was always fwearing; fo when one was praying fervently, the other was exclaiming, "*Blaft your eyes!*"

The late King of Portugal asked Lord Tyrawley, the Envoy at Lifbon, how it happened that in an engagement, and particularly at the battle of Almanza, the Portuguefe cavalry rode off the field, when the infantry flood their ground. His Lordfhip replied, "May it please your Majefty, the foot had not horfes to ride off upon."

A Countryman paffed a bond to another, who demanded the intereft as it became due, the countryman was not able to pay it; on which his creditor, being urgent with him for the money, fwore he would go home and burn the bond. "Nay then, faid the man, you will certainly undo me."

Mrs. Morris, a midwife at York, amaffed a large fortune by her profeffion; ſhe educated her fon at College, for the church, and his firft
fermon

sermon was upon these words : "*I will arise, and go to my father.*" St. Luke, chap. xv, verse 18. His father being a worthless fellow, a wag stood up and said, "You should rather say, *you would go to your mother*, for she was the making of you."

The Count de Grancè being wounded in the knee with a musquet ball, the surgeons made many incisions. At last, losing patience, he asked them why they treated him so unmercifully ? "We seek for the ball," said they. "Why the devil did you not speak before," said the Count, "I have it in my pocket."

The Rev. Luke — preaching on St. Luke's day, took for his text, "*Luke, the physician, greeteth you*" Coloss. Chap. iv, verse 14; and was so totally unprepared, that he several times repeated the text, not knowing how to begin; when the congregation were going away, one called out, "We return Luke many thanks; but we did not come here for advice—greet him again from us."

The late Duke of S—— one day saw a countryman on the road with a pig under his arm.

arm. The man passing by with his hat on, the Duke called out, "Harkee, you fellow, don't you know that I am the Duke of S.?" On which he pulled the pig by the tail,—"Pig, Pig," said he, "Look, there's the Duke of S."

Hugh Peters, the Jesuit, was preaching at the Chapel Royal upon these words: *Hast thou not poured me out as Milk and curdled me like Cheese?* Job. x. 10. When in the height of his discourse the news came that King William was landed, the congregation left him. On which he said he would conclude the discourse, "Come Life, Come Death, Come William, Come the Devil!"

A Person asked Sterne why the Spaniards addressed their discourse with Signor Si, when the Italians say Si Signor; he replied, "He could not give any other reason than that the one put the Si after, the other before."

Lord Chesterfield made a tour into the country with the Earl of Dartmouth, whose name is Legge, and Foote, the comedian. On his return to town, his Lordship said, "That he had travelled all over England with one Legge and one Foote."

Dancer,

Dancer, the Harlequin at the York Theatre; was confined in the Asylum there, when a very high wall was built to prevent the lunatics making their escape. Dr. H—— seeing him stand by, said, “Well, Mr. Dancer, do you think it is to the purpose?” On which he said he would try, so instantly leapt over it, and ran away.

Lord Stormont was so vociferous in Parliamentary debate, that he was called to order by the House; on which he said, “He did not understand that he was to have a lute at his back, to modulate the pitch of his voice.”

A Painter at York painted the picture of a dog, which he flattered himself was so well executed that any dog that saw it would take it for one of its own species. It happened a gentleman came to his room, and brought a dog with him; on which the painter said, “Look-ye, Sir, he will directly go and bark at the dog in the picture;”—instead of which, he went very tamely, and lifting up his leg, watered against the picture, to the disgrace of this son of Apelles.

Garrick told Cibber, “That his Pieces were the best ventilators to his Theatre at Drury-Lane; for as soon as any of them were played, the audience directly left the house.” A

A Friar was preaching in Portugal upon Saint Ursula's day, the head of his discourse St. Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins : He said it was well known they came from England, which he compared to the Land of Promise, and termed it the Continent of Virgins, and what a blessed spot compared to Portugal ;—for he said he had confessed and proved ever so many, but, alas ! he never met with one.

Dr. M. master of Christ College, Cambridge, sent for the cook to jobe him ; who seeing the Dr. in a great rage, ran down as fast as he could for fear he should be turned out of College, and went out of the gate with a full intent never to return. The Doctor's taylor living near the gate, the Cook called upon him and told him the Dr. had sent for him, and he must go directly and take down his choler. The Dr. not having got the heat of his passion over, when the taylor knocked at the door, asked very roughly who was there. " It is I, Sir," said the taylor, "*The Cook told me you sent for me to take down your collar.*"

It was as fashionable in the last century for the tonish ladies to have Guinea Pigs, as it is

H

now

now to have Lap Dogs, and to dress them with ribbands; when the gallants used to compliment them on the choice and beauty of their pigs. It happened that a gentleman going to pay his court to a lady, on entering the room, saw her Guinea Pig on the couch, when he thus began his addressee, "that he wished to be that Guinea Pig to grundle in the mire of her affections."—N. B. The above fashion was brought from Spain.—Vide the Lady's Travels into Spain, by the Countess D'Anois.

Old General Armiger died on his wedding night: On the Queen's asking Lady B. L. the disorder which brought about his sudden death, her Ladyship answered, "It was the *Night-Mare*."

One asking why the feathers of the Friezeland Hens grew the wrong way? Was told,—Because they came with their tails first when they were hatcht.

Garrick walking one day upon the Boulevards at Paris, with the famous Preville, the first comic actor of the French theatre; to amuse themselves, and some of their friends, they imitated

tated two drunken men so well, that the company scampered away to avoid them; when Garrick, in the midst of the career, in a loud whisper, said to his companion, *Preville, votre pied droit n'est pas assez yvre mettez y la moindre Ide'e de plus*, i. e. Preville, your right foot is not drunk enough; afford it the least idea of a shade more.

Sir E. H——s, commander of a ship of war, having a mortal antipathy to a *Cat*; ordered a sailor to be flogged with a *Cat of Nine Tails*; when the culprit before the execution of the sentence took place, begged leave to speak to the Captain; on its being granted, he spoke these lines extempore:

Your Honour's aversion is mine;

If a Cat with one tail

Makes your heart to fail,

A Cat with nine makes mine.

In the remarkable law case of *Stradling versus Styles*, the merits, when they came to be argued, appeared to be as follows:—An uncle to whom Styles was heir, had left Stradling by his will all his black and white horses. It happened, after

his death, that the uncle had six black, six white, and six pye-ball'd, or spotted black and white; Styles's counsel maintained that the six white and the six black horses only, were the property of Stradling. The latter's counsel on the other hand argued (and it was determined in his favour) that all the horses belonged to his client, because, said he, the testator has devised to him all his black, all his white, and all his black and white horses.

When funeral sermons were in fashion, a farmer who had lost his wife applied to the rector of the parish for one on the occasion, and asked the damage. The rector said,—“A plain discourse was half-a-guinea; but one with Latin sentences would be a guinea.”—The countryman astonished, asked whence arose the difference; when the rector candidly explained it thus: “Look-ye John,” says he, “you must know we go to the College to lay in a stock of Latin, which costs our parents a round sum, and we seldom are in pocket again by dealing it out in small parcels;” at which John was satisfied and it was settled to have one preached at the Latin price, as he said “he had lost the best of wives, and was willing to do handsome by her memory.”

A

A Sailor seeing his comrade in the stocks, "Jack," says he, "'tis impossible that you should be in the stocks." "'Tis very true, Tom," replied Jack, "but look at my legs."

When Whitfield became so popular a character, it was agitated in the Privy Council, that some method should be used to stop his preaching: Lord Chesterfield being present, turned on his heel, and said, "Make him a Bishop, and you will silence him at once."

An old gentleman having received some favourable glances from a rich and brisk widow of the name of Salmon, was advised to be more attentive. "Mind your hits," said a friend, "she will certainly bite." "She may so," said the gentleman, "but my rod is not strong enough to hold her."

Archdeacon B. a little dapper man, preached upon these words: *A little while and you shall not see me, and again a little while and you shall see me*: St. John, xvi. 16. Being mounted upon a high hassock, he delivered his text with such vehemence, that he fell down in the pulpit; on which an old woman archly said, "our Archdeacon follows his notes very closely." A

A rough-hewn seaman being brought before a Welch justice for some misdemeanor, was by him sent to prison, and behaving somewhat refractory after he had heard his doom, he would not stir a foot from the place where he stood, and said it was better to stand where he was, than go to a worse place. The Just-als thereupon, to shew the strength of his learning, took him by the shoulder, and said, "Thou shalt go, *Negus Vogus*," instead of *Nolens Volens*.

Dionysius the elder, when he saw his son in many things very inordinate, said to him, "Did you ever know me do such things?" His son answered, "No, but you had not a tyrant to your father." The father replied, "No, nor you, if you take these courses, will have a tyrant to your son."

A Gentleman observing on the smartness of C. F. while he was yet a lad; another, who was standing by observed, that when children discovered so much genius in their early years they generally grow very stupid when they come to maturity. "If that is the case," said C. F. "then you must have been remarkable for your genius when you were a child."

Col.

Col. T. resigned his commission, on his regiment being ordered for Gibraltar. It happened that an Officer reading the news in a Coffee-House, just as T. entered the room, exclaimed aloud, what a rascal must that T. be. Upon which the Colonel accosted him and said, his name was T. and, in the usual stile of a challenge, that he might name the place and weapons. Then at Gibraltar, by G—d, answered the officer, and as soon as ever you will.

A Physician boasting his great knowledge in his profession, said he never heard any complaint from his patients: One wittily replied, "very likely, Doctor, for the faults of physicians are generally buried with their patients."

Foote seeing one coming towards him, where he stood, asked who it was, and being told it was Lord B. said, "faith I thought it was a Lord he looked so little like a gentleman."

His present Majesty one day asked a very old gentleman in the Drawing-Room, what physician and apothecary he made use of to look so healthy at his time of life? "Sire," replied the gentleman, "my physician has always been a horse, and my apothecary an ass." Lady

Lady Bridget L. being one evening at the card-table, her ruffle caught fire from a candle. Lord L. who was one of the party, and intended to be witty on the accident, said, "he did not think her Ladyship so apt to take fire;" She replied, "Nor am I, my Lord, from such a spark as you."

When Mr. Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania and the most considerable man among the Quakers, went to pay his respects to Charles the second, that merry monarch observing the Quaker not to lower his beaver, took off his own hat, and stood uncovered before Penn; who said, "prithee, friend Charles, put on thy hat." "No," says the King, "friend Penn, it is usual for only one man to be covered here."

A poor Frenchman, who was very hungry, went into a cook's shop and there staid till his stomach was satisfied with the smell of the victuals. The cook, falling into a passion, insisted on his paying him for a dinner; which the poor Monsieur refused to do; and the dispute growing high, it was agreed to refer the decision of it to the first man that passed that way, who happened to be a chimney sweeper; but

but who, on hearing the case, very wisely determined, that the Frenchman's money should be shook between two empty dishes, and the cook be satisfied with the gingling of it, as the poor man was content with the smell of the cook's meat.

A Lady invited Dean Swift to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it; when the time came, every delicacy which could be procured the lady had prepared even to profusion. The Dean was scarce seated before the lady began a ceremonious harangue, in short that she was sincerely sorry that she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not any thing fit for him to eat. "Pox take you," says the Dean, "why did you not provide a better, sure you had time enough; but since you say it is so bad, I'll e'en go home and eat a herring." Accordingly he departed and left her justly confused at her folly.

When Lord A—— was Ambassador in France, he happened to dine one day at Paris in company with Lady W. a noted Jacobite.

After

After dinner, when the toast went round, "come," says she, "my Lord, here's James the Third," meaning the Pretender. Madam," replied his Lordship, "here's ****." †

Cardinal Wolfey being one day in company with his Courtiers, the discourse fell on the institution of Lent, when the Cardinal pleasantly said the reason it took place was, that the Apostles were fishermen and it promoted the fish trade.— On which one of them made answer, "Well, Cardinal, when you are Pope you will certainly strike it out of the calendar, for you remember your father was a butcher."

Mrs. Crefwell bequeathed by will ten pounds to have a sermon preached at her funeral, upon this express condition, that the preacher was to say nothing but what was well of her. Now as she was an infamous woman it was with some difficulty one could be met with to undertake the task. At length one was found, who after a discourse on the general subject of mortality and the good uses to be made of it, concluded with saying, "by the will of the deceased, it is expected

† The best part of a Lancashire Witch.

expected that I should mention her and say nothing but what is well of her. All that I shall say of her therefore is this, she was born well, she lived well, and she died well: For she was born with the name of Creswell, she lived in Clerkenwell, and she died in Bridewell; then let us pray that she may farewell."

When Quin was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would now give to be as young as he. "I would be content," replied Quin, "to be as foolish."

Dr. Radcliffe and Dr. Case spent an evening together at a Tavern, and were very merry; when Dr. R. gave a toast, "here's, brother Case, to all the fools your patients." "I thank you, good brother," replied Case, "let me have all the fools and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice."

A Man had a Wife so addicted to drinking drams that he reprov'd her for it; when she modestly replied, "it was to see the Angel," a pretty figure at the bottom of the cup; away he goes, breaks the cup, and puts another in its

place, with a figure of the Devil painted at the bottom, but alas! it was become so much a habit, that she used this cup as the former one; on which he expostulated with her about it; when, in her defence, she said, "she would not now leave the Devil a drop."—Whence the vulgar saying, "Not to leave the Devil a drop!"

A Protestant boasting, with an air of triumph, that Luther and Calvin had abolished Purgatory, a Roman Catholic made answer, "It was a pity while they were about it, they did not extinguish Hell also."

Mr. N. was on bad terms with his wife, and his eldest son was not a favourite; for when he paid a visit to his father, the old gentleman turned to a friend, and said, "Now you shall see me kill two birds with one stone."—"William, go and tell your mother, from me, you are a son of a b—h."

A young lady of the name of Long, who was rather short in stature, appeared at Bath; upon which a gentleman said extempore—

*Though Long, yet Short,
Though Short, yet pretty Long.*

Louis

Louis XIV. said, "What a fool his brother James of England was, to lose three kingdoms for a mass."

The Bishop of ——— asked a young Divine at the ordination, how many Henrys' swayed the British sceptre; he replied, *Seven*. The Bishop then asked him who built Gresham College; he answered, *Henry the Eighth*; which luckily saved his examination.

An illustrious Personage told Joe D——, that he had drunk six bottles of Champagne; upon which Joe said, "that is more than I can swallow!"

On its being said in company, that an old gentleman, who had married a young girl, had done a foolish thing; a lady in company replied, "She would soon make a foolish thing of it."

The Earl of H. met an old German servant at goat-whey quarters, for the recovery of his health, and asked him how he was. "Oh!" said he, "I be twenty shillings better since I came here." "I suppose," said the Earl, "you mean you are a pound heavier."

The

The same Earl for many years wore his hair short, but at length got a pig tail; when a lady remarked, "that he looked better before."—"Ah, Madam," said he, "you must allow that now I look better behind."

Admiral E. complained to the Earl of H——n that his breeches wore very fast. The Earl said, "the only way he knew to make breeches *last*, was to make the coat and waistcoat *first*."

The Hon. K. S. who is remarkably fond of money, married Miss D. A——n, a Jewess; upon which George Selwyn remarked, that K. S. had turned Christian, to marry a Jewess.

A Gentleman came puffing and blowing into a coffee-house, and called the waiter to bring him a dram, for he was hot: soon after comes in another, who (rubbing his hands) told the waiter to bring him a dram, for he was cold; when a surly old gentleman says, "Bring me a dram, because I like it."

The rooms of a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, were on fire, and several people coming to extinguish it, seemed rather backward in

in coming into the room. Upon his begging them to come forward, they said, "they were afraid to dirty the room;" upon which the Fellow called out, "Burn the room, only extinguish the fire!"

At Gibraltar, there was a great scarcity of water, and a general complaint of the want of it. An Irish Officer said, "He was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

The same Officer lost a parcel of silk stockings, and sent a belman about to offer a reward for them, which was so small, that a friend observed he could not expect to recover them; "Ah! by J——," says Paddy, "I advertised them as worsted ones."

A Gentleman handing a Lady over a stile, as she was jumping her petticoats got entangled. When she had recovered herself, she said to the Gentleman, "Now, Sir, you have seen my *agility*." "Yes, Madam;" says he, "but I never heard that name for it before."

Authentic

**Authentic Copy of the Will of Mr. Jackett of
London, who died suddenly :**

I give and bequeath,
(When I'm laid underneath)
To my two loving sisters most dear,*
The whole of my store,
Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted me here;
And that none may prevent
This, my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
With a solemn appeal†
I confirm, sign, and seal
This the true act and deed of Will Jackett.

A Butcher's Boy carrying his tray along Cheap-
side, on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against
a lady's bonnet. "The deuce take the tray,"
cried the lady, in a passion. "Ma'am," replied
young rump-steak, very gravely, "the deuce
can't take the tray."

A woman having played false with her hus-
band, he became extremely melancholy. And
being asked, what his distemper was, answered,
"I am only troubled with a *bad liver*."

The

* Elizabeth and Ann.

† In the name of God, &c.

The Bishop of Exeter having just established poor-house for twenty-five old women; in conversation one day with Lord Mansfield, asked him for an inscription; upon which his Lordship directly took out his pencil, and on a slip of paper wrote as follows:—

Under this roof the Lord Bishop of Exeter
keeps

Twenty-five Women.

Chevalier Gallini's *Little Note to Mister Bourke.*

"Sublime Mister Bourke,

I hear you made von grit figur in de Assemble on Friday, and was all entertainment to de company. Now de peepple do say, 'dat my Opera is no entertainment at all.' Vat vill you take just a to perform von night pour mon benefice? First you shall speak, den dey will laugh; then there shall be de dance, and den dey vill laugh likewise; so there vill be noting but laugh all de night tro.—Vat say you to dis, Mister Bourke.

J. GALLINI."

Mrs. Greville, the comedian, being down at Cambridge, to perform at the Stirbich Fair

K

Theatre,

Theatre, was invited to spend the evening with a party, at a gentleman's chambers in Trinity. It raining very hard after supper, and coaches not being permitted to enter the College, he proposed to her to take his bed in College, and he would go and sleep at the White Bear.—“Indeed, Sir,” says she, “you are too civil by half.”

The bottle having circulated pretty freely at the Mess of a certain regiment, and many toasts given and drunk; the surgeon, a grave and serious Scotchman, being called upon in his turn, gave, “May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts;” which not being altogether to the taste of a young Irishman who was present, he exclaimed, “Arrah! by my soul now, but he means the bagpipes.”

As two old Fellows of a College in Cambridge were riding together to the Hills, a dog ran in the way of one of their horses; upon which the gentleman, to shew that he had been a sportsman in his youth, calls out “*Bellum Equus.*”——“Well done, old friend,” says the other, “I see you have not forgot your Dog-Latin.”

A

A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to be shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after he had shaved him, asked the price. "Twopence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the barber, "I'll give you a penny; if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again, and we'll not make a bargain. The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Mr. Razor. "No, by my salt now," says Duncan, "I'll give you a halfpenny; if that does not satisfy you, put on my beard as it was before, and we'll na mak a bargain."

Dr. Dealtry of York was called to attend a farmer, for a complaint in his eyes. "John," says he, "thou must either give over drinking, or lose thy eyes." "Nay, then," says John, farewell Een."

A Quack who affected an unlucky phrase, at every turn cried "*So much the better.*" Visiting a patient almost in the agonies of death, he asked how he slept that night? "Not a wink, Sir." "So much the better," cries the Doctor. He then enquired how his fever was. "O Lord," says the patient, "I burn as if I was on fire."

"So much the better," quoth the Quack. "How does your cough?" "I spit up my lungs," replied the sick man. "So much the better still," answers the Quack.—"Ah dear! Doctor," replied the expiring patient, "what a pity it is, that a man should go out of the world with all these fine symptoms!"

Mr. Fuller and Mr. Sparrowhawk walking together, among other merry discourse, says Fuller, "What is the difference between an owl and a sparrowhawk?" "O!" says Sparrowhawk, "'tis fuller in the face, fuller in the body, and fuller all over."

A gentleman eating some mutton that was very tough, said, it put him in mind of an old English poet. Being asked who that was,—Chau-cer, replied he.

Mr. ———, the Mecænas and patron of learning and the literati, used to arrange and class the Authors that he invited to dinner at his table in their proper ranks, agreeable to the size of their works, and the volumes they had produced to the world—and not according to the value and estimation the public had stamped on them.—
The

The Folio Authors he placed at the top; the Quarto Authors in the middle; and so on, in a due precedence. He who had written the largest Folio graced the head; while the smallest Duodecimo Author took his place at the bottom of the table: and his usual stile of addressing them was by the titles of Messieurs Folio-issimi, Messieurs Quarto-issimi, &c. when he only drank to the great Folio Author at the top, by the plain title of "Folio, here's to ye."

Shenstone says, that a tall man naturally admires a book in folio; a short squat man a quarto; and a small diminutive-sized man a duodecimo.

When Charles I. was in prison, he frequently repeated this line out of Ovid: *Qui decumbit humi, non habet unde cadat*; which finely expresses the fall of that Prince, and the shocking condition he was in.

A Gentleman invited to a funeral, desired to be excused, for he said, "It was a doubt whether the deceased would have attended his, and he always followed the golden rule, to do as he would be done by."

A

A Frenchman, in London, wore a large muff in the dog-days. On his being asked the reason, he replied, "It was as a target to defend him against the English Sun, and to insult the English Climate."—*Se moquer du climat d'Angleterre.*

A DIALOGUE,
Between a Bishop's Lady, and Mr. C. a capital
stay and patent bum maker, at his shop the
West End of the Town, London.

Lady. I want a new bum, Sir.

Mr. C. Very well, Madam; I shall be happy to serve you, and am proud to assure you my bums give general satisfaction.

Lady. Pray how long do they last, Sir?

Mr. C. Oh, Madam, a considerable time;—and, if not over dirty, I will clean or repair your bum by the month or year.

Lady. (To her footman.) Lord, Roger, do but hear!—Mr. C. is a most delightful man!—Pray run to Miss —, and carry her these hips, and tell poor Fidget, if she insists upon a fresh spring, Mr. C. must be paid for it extra—Good-bye, Mr. C.—Don't forget eleven this evening, for possibly I cannot exist another day without a fresh spring to my old bum!

A

A gentleman remarking to his friend the cheerfulness of some convicts for transportation as they were going to be put on board, said, he thought they seemed to be very happy; one of them overhearing him, replied, "Aye, aye, master, you see we are here *happy enough*, but if you was to go along with us, you would be quite *transported*."

A young Englishman who was making the best of himself before an Italian Lady, protested he was as independent a man as any in England. "And pray what is that," said the lady, "O!" replied the gentleman, "that is I care for no body, I am not obliged to any one whatever." "So you shall continue then," answered the lady, "you shall not be obliged to me."

A homely woman was mounted on a pillion behind a man; on which a by-stander smartly said, "*Post Equitem sedet atra cura*!"

Monf. de M——, in France, was interred in the habit of a Capuchin Monk. At the funeral, a woman, whose husband he had killed, exclaimed aloud, "that it was not possible that he could cheat our Saviour in that disguise."

Voltaire

Voltaire says he does not address his works to the vulgar, who are mechanically employed all the week, and on Sundays are intoxicated either with liquor or pleasure.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, appeared at the Court of France in a tye wig, with an English great coat on; when the Maids of Honour instantly flocked around, and saluted her;—upon which she said, “She could not account for their caresses, otherwise than as they must take her for a man.”

When the Duke of Portland came from Ireland, he was succeeded by Lord Temple as Lord Lieutenant, and having left all the corps of Aid de Camps behind him, George S—— said, “He had erected a temple of Portland stone.”

Mr. E. saw the celebrated Hugh Arnot at dinner at Edinburgh, upon a spalding (or a dried herring); on which he said, as he was a remarkably lean man, “Arnot, you are like the neat you feed on.”

Quin dining one day at an ordinary, happened to be placed next to a person of a very voracious disposition;

disposition; and observing him to cut a very large piece of bread and lay it by his plate against the arrival of dinner, the Wit took it up, and pretended to cut a piece off it—on which the other told him, in a very abrupt manner, “that was his bread.”—“I ask your pardon, Sir,” said the comedian, (in his usual deliberate way, and replacing the bread on the table) “I took it for the loaf!”

A young Lady at an Assembly had a diamond ring on her finger, which a gentleman, an half-pay officer, admiring very much, she took it off, and told him, “If his heart was not as hard as the adamant, she would readily exchange it with him for a plain gold ring.”

Quin, remarking that there were thirty and one good cuts in a shoulder of veal, was asked which they were? “Sir,” answered the Epicure, “if you were my own father I would not inform you even of the odd one.”

The old Lady Londonderry told Lord Chesterfield that her son had sent her a very fine present of point lace. Lord Chesterfield asked her what point lace it was, and enumerated

all the different sorts; but her Ladyship said it was none of them. "Then," says Lord C. "it must be *point de tout*," "True," says her Ladyship, "that is the very lace."

A Country Vicar in the East Riding of Yorkshire, giving his text out of Hebrews, pronounced it, *He brews*, 10 and 12 (meaning the chapter and verse.) An old toper, who sat half a sleep under the pulpit, thinking he talked of brewing so many bushels to the hoghead, "By the Lord," says he, "and no bad liquor neither."

Francis Russel, second Earl of Bedford of that Surname, was so bountiful to the poor that Queen Elizabeth complained that he made all the beggars sturdy. "If so," replied he, "surely it is much more honourable to make them so by liberality than by oppression."

Foote having a piece offered him for representation which, upon perusal, was too bad for his patience to endure, he committed it, in one of those generous fits of indignation which genius often inspires, to the flames. When the author applied for his answer, the manager, as the best excuse he could possibly make for its non appearance,

pearance, said that in the multiplicity of concerns he had unfortunately mislaid it. The author, touched at this, remonstrated warmly and contended that managers ought to be careful of whatever was committed to their care, adding that the conduct and negligence of Mr. Foote, on the present occasion, was particularly hard, as the piece had been read to many friends, and pronounced by all to be rich in incident, abundant in humour, and full of fire. "Then, to tell you the truth," replied the wag, "I must confess that I have read it, and entirely agree with you as to its merits, except in the last named particular, and, Sir, I must confess I thought it wanted fire, which was the reason of my putting it between the bars."

Pilosus fortis aut Libidinofus!—The Prince of Conde had an intrigue with the celebrated Ninon d'Enclos: He was *pilosus*, i. e. hairy; on which she said, "*Monsieur vous devriez etre bien fort.*"

The Marchioness de Sevigne was the finest woman in France; one day the celebrated Menage had hold of one of this lady's hands,
between

between his two, and, on her taking it away, Mr. Pelletier, who stood by, said, "Menage ! this is the finest work that ever came from your hands."

The Rector of ——— having company which came unexpectedly to dine with him, made as if he was happy to see them, and sent the servant out for victuals. In the mean time the Rector begged they would excuse him, while the dinner was getting ready, just to step and visit a poor person who was sick of a distemper which raged in the parish, and he would quickly return; which impromptu, suddenly alarmed his guests, and made them sheer off the premises with the murrain at their heels; by which stratagem the Rector saved his dinner and laughed heartily in his sleeve.

On a GREAT TOPER.

*He was so cold that he drank rummer after
rummer,**

*Till swallow after swallow made him think it
was summer.*

The

* A rummer is a large glass.

The Princess de Soubize having written a letter to Madam Maintenon, which concluded in the usual manner; "I am with respect, &c.!" The Marchioness, at the end of her answer put the following words: "With regard to respect it is not necessary between you and me; respect is only due to my age, and I think you are too polite to put me in mind of it."

The following is copied Verbatim from a Will.

"I give to Mrs. *** my large trunk, which trunk has long held cloaths, and which cloaths I also give her—but hope she will not forget, when she makes use of this same trunk, that graces and virtues are a lady's most ornamental dress;—a dress improved by wearing, and will always last. All my faults and follies I leave behind me, with a wish that as here they had their birth and origin, they may here be buried in oblivion. My infant graces, and little embryo virtues, I hope are gone before me into Heaven, to prepare my way thither."

Dr. Johnson happening to dine with Mrs. Macauley, one part of his entertainment was relative to the equality of mankind. The Dr. ate hastily, without making any reply; but as soon

as

as he found Nature satisfied, he rose from the table, and desired John (the lady's servant) to take his place. "You, John," said he, "have waited on me, and now I desire I may return the compliment; we are equals, John."

*An unpublished Letter from the Earl of Essex,
to Queen Elizabeth.*

"Words, if you can, expresse my lowly thankfulness, but press not, few nott, moan nott, least passion prompt you, and I by you both be betrayed; report my silence, my solitariness, my sighes, but nott my hopes, my fears my desires; for myne uttermost ambition is to be a meet person in that presence were joy and wonder would bar speech from the greatest Ladyes in power and goodness.

Humblest mutt Vassal,

Sept. 19th. 1600. S. X."

The Reproof Royal.—The Lady of one of Peg Nicholson's Knights, having frequently met with the P—— of W—— at several routs in London, conceived the idea of inviting him to supper. Some degree of intimacy with her husband favoured her scheme. The P—— received the invitation with his usual condescension

sion and politeness, that the most superb preparations were made for his reception; but when the night arrived, and the company were assembled, his R—— H—— made his appearance, not in the splendid robes of the Heir Apparent to the British Throne, but in the humble habiliments of a groom or a jockey. He wore a yellow waistcoat, and buff breeches; his hands, his face, and his hair were in unison with the character he assumed. He affected, however, no disguise, but after dancing a short time with the ladies, told the lady of the house he was engaged with company at home;—he then left his fair hostess to reflect on the extreme folly and presumption of stepping out of her sphere, to pamper the passions or gratify the luxury of her superiors.

Sir John B——'s son, a very weak young man, telling his father one day he had a mind to go abroad to see the world. His father replied, "Ah *Jack! Jack!* I fear if you go abroad that instead of your seeing the world the world will see you."

A Convict lately at the fatal tree, was so inattentive on the awful occasion, that he had a gentle rebuke from the pious *Jack Ketch*, which

he

he received with so much unconcern that he asked Jack if he had any commands to where he was going. Jack thanked him for his civility, and told him that he believed he must trouble him with a LINE, and at that instant slipped the *balter* about his neck.

Mrs. Drummond, the late famous preacher amongst the Quakers being asked by a gentleman if the Spirit had never inspired her with the thoughts of marriage. "No, friend," says she, "but the flesh often has."

A Scotchman and an Irishman were in company, the latter observed a very large creeper on the Scotchman's coat, and was immediately going to kill it, when the Scotchman instantly seized his hand and exclaimed, *Hod your hand mon! wha you to kill him there be twa three thousand come down to his relief, for you mun ken he is the heed of the clan.*

A Nobleman on some provocation or other having threatened Hans Holbein, painter to King Henry VIII. with death: The King sent for the Nobleman and charged him on peril of his life not to meddle with Holbein; on this the Nobleman desired his Majesty to consider the difference,

difference between a first Peer of the Realm and a painter. "The difference, my Lord," replied the King, "is this: I can easily of seven peasants make seven Noblemen, but of seven hundred Noblemen I cannot make one Holbein."

A Soldier coming home to his dinner did not find it swept and garnished, on the contrary, the meat very dirty; on which he complained to his wife. "My dear," says she, "you know that we must eat a peck of salt before we die." "Yes," replied he, "but that is no reason we should eat it all at once."

When Dr. W. was installed in the Cathedral at Durham, they invested him with one of the ancient Copes preserved there, all tattered and in rags; on which he said, he had often heard of the *Relicks of Papery*, but he never saw the *Remnants* before.

When Louis XVI. was only six or seven years of age, a lady asked the French Ambassador, at the Hague, how the little King did. "Madam," replied the Minister, who thought it his duty to return such an answer, "in France there is no little King! *Tempora Mutantur.*"

The Rev. Mr. ——— had a pointer called Sancho: One day as he was out, a shooting he unluckily shot the dogs tail off, after which he christened him *San-cu*.

The late King of Portugal, said the English were a barbarous nation: for they cut off their *Sovereigns heads*, and their *Horses tails*.

Mr. and Mrs. ———, coming over in the Packet from Dublin to England, a storm arose, when every one expected the vessel would be lost. Mr. ——— lamented with his wife the dreadful situation they were in, and begged of her to answer him one question. She bid him name it. "Tell me, my dear," says he, "perhaps, we have not long to live, have you been always true to my bed?" "Sink or swim," replied she, "that is the only secret that shall go to the grave with me."

Foot, at the Tavern one day in company, pipes and tobacco were called for; the pipes were very short, F. bad the waiter get some others. The waiter replied they had none else, and those had but just come in. "Aye," says Foot, "one may see your master has not had them very long." A

A Complex Pun.—Titus Oates was a villain in grain, and deserved to be threshed.

You murder time! said the Leader of the Band at Drury-Lane, to Mr. K. who was rehearsing a song in Richard Cœur de Lion. "Well, if I do," said the tragedian, "I am more merciful than you, who are eternally beating him."

Christmas-Day, 1568, the dinner at Queen Elizabeth's table was a rump of beef, a fat goose, and an apple-pye. The Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Cecil dined with her Majesty that day; the afternoon was spent in devotion; the evening in a consultation on the best means of promoting the manufacture of knives, begun by Thomas Matthews of Fleet-Bridge, London.

The late Duke of York on the eve of his departure from Lisbon, was waited upon by the Inquisitor General of Portugal, who humbly requested his Royal Highness to stay a few days longer, and he would treat him with an *Auto de Fe*, i. e. burn a few Jews for his diversion.

Mr. W. said to Mr. J. "did you hear Simkins, the bankrupt, had drowned himself. "Well," said Mr. J. "I am not at all surprised at that." "No, why?" "Why you know he has not been able for some time to keep his head above water."

A certain Linguist, the very Quack of Language-Masters, and who pretended to be a perfect Pantaglose, acquainted with all the dead and living languages, and boasting of omniscience in a mixt company; an arch wag addressing the persons present, said, "What a pity that gentleman was not born a few centuries back, he could have stood interpreter to the builders of the Tower of Babel, and the stupendous work might have been completed."

The ingenious Author of the Art of Tormenting, says you are never to marry a widow unless her first husband was hanged: for this plain reason, that she will be eternally twitting and upbraiding you by repeatedly saying, what a charming dear man her first husband was.

The Mayor of Norwich being in company with Lord Sandwich, at the finish of the evening,

ing, his Lordship, taking up a glass, said, "here's *Bon repos!*" the next day after dinner at his own house, the Mayor, being called on for a toast, said he would give them one which had been given by no less a man than Lord Sandwich. *Here's Bon repos, my boys.*

A Mr. S. of Ayrshire, a gentleman of good property, but of very saving principles, having married a prolific damsel from Cumberland, had an increase to his family every ten or eleven months, for the few first years of his marriage: This continual addition to his expences brought him to a resolution, to sacrifice even the first of all pleasures to his ruling passion: and separate beds were agreed on, which was strictly adhered to for near a twelvemonth, when, from inebriety, or some other excess, the stipulation was broke through, and Mrs. S. in consequence, for the first time in her life, had twins.

When precedence run so high at the Court of Prussia, the affair was carried before the late King, who settled the etiquette in this manner, that the greatest fool should always go first.

The Duke of R. when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,

Ireland, kept Peg Plunket, the orange girl. On his entrance into the theatre at Dublin, a fellow called out, from the upper gallery, "Who has got Peg?" On which a chairman below answered, "*Manners*, you rascal!"

Some persons broke into the stables belonging to a troop of horse, which was quartered some time since at Carlisle, and wantonly docked the tail of every horse close to the rump!—The Captain relating the circumstance next day to a Brother-Officer, said he was at a loss what to do with the horses;—"I fancy you must dispose of them by *wholesale*," was the reply. "Why by *wholesale*?—Because you'll certainly find it impossible to *RE-tail* them!"

"Are my *steaks* ready, fellow?" bawled out a hungry guest at a chop-house. "No, Sir," replied the waiter, "but I perceive your *chops* are!"

When Judge G—— went on the circuit as Counsel, a low gelder appeared before him in court. "So, good man," says his Lordship, "you travel the country with a horn." "Yes, Sir," answered the man, "and if your Honour is not belied, you travel with *two*!"

Hans

Hans Boobikin, the son of a rich boor, was told by his father, to be a man of galantry, he must dress and court the ladies; thus equipt, he goes to his grandmother's, as he did not know where to go else. On his return home his father asked the young gallant where he had been; he replied, at his grand mother's. The boor, surpris'd, said "surely you did not sleep with my mother." "Yes," replied Boobikin, "where is the harm, did you not sleep with mine?"

A MAN of FASHION'S DIARY, in a Distich.

*I laugh, joke, quarrel, fiddle, dance, game,
drink,*

Do all that mortal man can do—but think.

A B R A C A D A B R A.

A Charm for an Ague, found in the sleeve of an old woman's gown in Yorkshire, after her decease.

A frind of mine, and a sarvent of thine,

The Agew dos terribly shak her;

Pray, Mr. Devil, be varra civil,

First cure her and then you mun tak her.

The

The Lord Mayor of York asked a tradesman at his table for a toast, the honest man did not understand what he meant; on its being explained to him, he gave his own wife. By and by, when he grew merry, the Lord Mayor asked him, in his turn, for a demirep; "Faith," says the tradesman, "I will give you my own wife again."

The following was, in consequence of an evening's frolic, inscribed by some wags of Oxford, over an apothecary's door:—

Hic venditur

Catharticum, Emeticum, Narcoticum,

Et omne quod exit in um

Præter,

Remedium.

A Gentleman and a Lady looking at the Moon through a telescope, the lady asked the gentleman (who was a clergyman) what he could perceive; he said he could plainly discern a church steeple. On his asking her idea of it, she said it was clearly that of two lovers embracing.

Guerchy, the French Ambassador, on a visit to Sir Thomas Robinson, then Secretary of State,

State, found so much company assembled at a route, that for all the world there was not a room to receive him; on which he said, "*Chevalier, Robinson, Vous traitez vos amis de haut en bas!*" N. B. this will not bear an English translation.

Colonel ——— shot himself, and left a paper on the table expressing that he was grown weary of life, and tired of buttoning and unbuttoning, adding this verse:

*The very best remedy after all,
Is a good resolution and a ball.*

Charles the Second asking Rochester the rhyme to Nebucadonoser, he replied "the curse of God on you, Sir."

Mr. and Mrs. ——— lived after the love knot was tied so totally a la Françoise, and so often in public, that her parents asked her if the yoke sat easy, and she was happy at home; to which she replied, that Mr. ——— was the best man alive, for he never refused her any thing,—save that as a husband, he was no more than an Italian singer; at this she burst into tears. On which they took him to task; when in his defence he

N

said

said that, to the best of his abilities, he had never denied her the least bagatelle, though it always struck him, if a thing was not worth asking for it was not worth having.

A Country Gentleman being invited on a Sunday evening to sup at a friend's house, cards were proposed by the lady of it, as a suitable amusement for an evening when there was a cessation of the public diversions. The gentleman objected on the old fashioned principle, that time might possibly be better employed on a day of holy rest; this antiquated observation was received with a loud laugh, which so nettled the stranger that, knowing himself to be an adept in card playing, he took a hand out of mere resentment. At the close of the evening's play the gentleman found himself possessed of one hundred and twenty guineas. "You have been very fortunate," said one of the company. "Not at all," replied the gentleman, "I consider myself as a Judge who has levied a smart fine on a set of rioters for a breach of the Sabbath."

At Poitou, a village in France, a poor woman fell into so deep a trance that her husband readily

readily gave her up for dead, especially when the neighbours came into it; accordingly the body was laid on a bier, as is the custom there; and in carrying it to the church yard for interment, unluckily, one of the bearers let go his hold, and the corps brushed against a hedge, when it was so roughly handled by a thorn bush, that it revived, and she came to herself again, and lived for a many years after. At length she died in good earnest; when on a second funeral taking place, the husband called out aloud as they went by to take particular care, for the Lord's sake, how they passed the hedge for fear of the thorn bush.

A certain bon vivant Parson, having made too free with the bottle at a dinner in the neighbourhood, had the misfortune in returning home to fall from his horse; some country fellows who saw the accident replaced him in his saddle, but with his head towards the horse's tail; in this situation old Dobbin conveyed him safely to his own door. His wife, seeing the condition he was in, exclaimed, "Good God! my dear, you are wonderfully cut." "Cut indeed," says he, feeling before him with both hands, "'gad I believe they have cut my horse's head off."

A Gentleman going with another into the Opera House, his companion, observed that it seemed to be filled with black guards. "On the contrary," replied he, "These are all *beaus* and *belles*, for they are within the sound of *Bow-Bells*."

The following curious advertisement is taken out of the York Courant:

To COVER THIS SEASON,

At Sheriff Hutton, near York, at three guineas a mare to gentlemen, and two to farmers, and half-a-crown the groom.

The famous R U Z I O,

FIFTEEN hands high, four years old, of a fine light-grey colour. His blood is as follows, viz. Ruzio was got by *Senñior*, a noted as of Don Alphonso Rodriguez de Alcazar; which Senñior was got by *Don*, belonging to the Duke de Medina Cælis, got by *Bravado*, Philip the Fourth's favourite state as; whose sire was Pope Innocent's Pad; whose grandfire was Sancho Panca's *Dapple*, got by *Xeriff*, which was sent to Isabella of Spain, by Roxana, favourite Sultana to Abderamen, King of Morocco,
and

and got by Olman the Great's *Sultan*; who was got by *Ottoman*, an afs belonging to Omar; whose sire was *Medina*, that carried the Prophet Mahomet to Mecca; whose sire was Semiramis's *Priapus*; whose grandsire was Nebuchadnezzar's *Bell*; and his great grandsire was Balaam's *Nameless*, whose great great grandsire came with Noah out of the Ark.

N. B. The foals of Ruzio's get, only one year old, are fourteen hands high, very strong and beautiful.

Sir Francis Bacon coming into the Earl of Arundel's garden, where there were a great number of ancient statues of naked men and women, made a stand as astonished, and cried out, "*The resurrection.*"

Mr. ———, a great sportsman, was captivated with a Miss Fowler at Buxton, on which a gentleman said, "though he was such a mighty Nimrod he could not escape the snares of the *Fowler.*"

King James was wont to be very earnest with the country gentlemen to go from London to their

their country houses, and some times he would say thus to them: "Gentlemen, at London you are like ships in a sea, which show like nothing, but in your country villages you are like ships in a river, which look like great things."

Chabria, a celebrated Venetian Courtezan, was very fond of talking Latin, but, as appears from the following epigram, without much regard to quantity:

*Mentulam, Chabria articulat, tolerate, Poeta,
Longa fit a Chabria mentula quæ brevis est.*

A Gentleman was hospitably treated in the East Country, and a lady asked how he liked it; he said of all things, only he was sure the wise men did not come from it.

A Countryman went into the office where the wills are kept, and gazing at the huge volumes on the shelves, asked if those were all Bibles, "No, Sir," answered one of the clerks, "They are Testaments."

A Gentleman, in company, asked a Lady for her sentiment after dinner; in answer, she replied,

plied, "Sir, if you will look in the 12th chapter and 7th verse of 2d Samuel you will find it: *And Nathan said unto David "thou art the man!"* Upon which he availed himself of the hint, waited upon the lady, and soon after married her.

A Gentleman, just married, telling Foote, he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewells for his *dear wife*. "Faith, Sir," says Foote, "I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear wife*."

Two men being in the fields when the hounds were out, one said to the other "dont you hear the sweet music?" the other answered, he could not hear any thing for the *curfed noise of the dogs*.

The Young Masters of Arts preached against non-residency in the Univerfity; whereupon the Heads made an order, that no man should meddle with any thing but what was in the text. The next day one preached upon these words: *Abraham begat Isaac*; when he had got a good way he observed that Abraham was resident, for if he had been non-resident he never could have begot Isaac.

The

The Duke of Buckingham, entertaining Charles the Second with some of his wild pranks, caused his Majesty to laugh very heartily. "Buckingham," says the King, "I think you are the greatest rogue in all my dominions;" upon which Buckingham immediately replied, "of a subject I believe I am."

The late King of Prussia, used to say that he always preferred the company of a man who could amuse him, if he was ever so great a rascal, to that of a stupid fellow, tho' ever so honest, who would suffer him to fall asleep.

On a Miss Fury, the daughter of P. Fury, Esq.

By Lord Chesterfield.

*To look like an Angel, the ladies believe,
Is the greatest of blessings that Heaven can
give;*

*But on earth, believe me fair nymphs, I assure
ye*

The blessing's far greater to look like a Fury.

N. B. This is the lady who, on her striking Lord Chesterfield, he said she was a striking beauty!

Foots

Footie rattling one evening in his Green-room, with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did, the Duke of C——, who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cryed out "well, Footie, you see I swallow all the good things." "Do you, my Lord Duke," says the other, "then I congratulate you on your digestion, for I believe you never threw up one of them in your life."

At a Gentleman's table, after dinner the conversation fell upon the Turkish policy; when his wife happened to be one of the company, he directed his discourse to her, dwelt much on polygamy, and the privilege the Turks enjoyed of a plurality of women, and concluded by saying he wished he had been born a Mussulman. To which she replied, "My dear, you know very well you would have made but a very forry Turk."

The Earl of N——, at Florence, invited a large company to dine with him upon his birth day, and ordered a suit of cloathes for the occasion; his tutor, admiring his Lordship's taste, bespoke another exactly the same; at which Earl N—— was so offended that

O

he

he gave his fuit to the footman, and told him to wait at table in it, at the tutor's back. The tutor happened to be short sighted, and not aware of the slight intended to be put upon him, mistook the servant as he entered the room, for Earl N——, and made him a very low bow, to the no small diversion of the company.

When Mary Queen of Scots, in the full bloom of her beauty, was walking in a procession at Paris, a woman forced her way through the crowd to touch her; upon being asked what she meant by her bold intrusion, she said it was only to satisfy herself whether so angelic a creature was flesh and blood.

Sir William H. conversing one day at Naples with an Italian Lady, who would persuade herself she had learnt a little English, asked her how many children she had; "I have done seven," said the lady.

R—— says "the Attorneys are to the Lawyers what the Apothecarys are to the Physicians, only they do not deal in *scruples*."

At

At a Justice meeting, at Richmond in Yorkshire, a girl swore a child to a school boy of sixteen years of age: One of the Bench asked the boy if he learnt Latin at the school: to which he replied, he had only got as far as the *Propria que Maribus*.

A Soldier, just before the battle of Fontenoy, having forgot his prayers repeated this grace: "For what I am going to receive the Lord make me thankful."

Menage says, that when a person borrows a book, the best excuse he can make why he detains it, is because he cannot retain what is in it.

Elizabeth Dryden complained to Dryden, her husband, that he was always reading and took little notice of her, and finished with saying she wished that she was a book, and then she should enjoy his company. "Yes, my dear," says Dryden, "I wish you was a book,—but an *Almanack* I mean, for then I should change you every year."

When the Prince man of war was burnt off Cape Finisterre, the Admiral and crew were

obliged to commit themselves to the waves. The Admiral stripped off his coat in order to swim the better, which the cook observing put it on, and went overboard. On the cook's coming along-side the Glasgow, the sailors, taking him for the Admiral, instantly assisted him, and he was actually the first man saved. On the Admiral's being taken on board the Glasgow, the cook pulled off the uniform and returned it to the Admiral with many thanks for the good service it had been of to him.

A Custom-House Dispatch is called a Cocket; one of which was so ill written that it could not be read, and was carried to the man who wrote it, for explanation, who said he could not explain it; and in his excuse told them, that he was a cocket writer and not a cocket reader.

On a motion being made in the House of Commons for a bill to compel the watchmen in London to sleep so many hours at a time, that they might not be found asleep in their boxes, an old member, who was a cripple to the gout, got up on his crutches and begged, as he had not slept for several nights, that he might be included in the bill.

Bannister

o A Physician at Bath told Mr. Foote he had a mind to publish his poems; "but," said he, "I have so many irons in the fire, I don't know what to do." "Then take my advice," said Foote, "and put your poems into the fire with the rest of your irons."

Dr. Mead being sent for to a Scotch Nobleman, so addicted to drinking whisky that he had destroyed the tone of his stomach, ordered him to take red sealing wax, and at every draught to put a piece into the glass, and continue to add to the quantity of the wax, which he did, till he could not get at any liquor, on which he complained to the Dr. who said he must then leave it off.

Miss ———, the celebrated Diana, one day fell topsy turvey in a fox chase, when a countryman directly flew to her assistance; she asked him if he was married, he replied no he was single; on which she said if he had been a married man she would have given him a crown, but as he was a bachelor the treat was quite sufficient.

Bannister being in company, and the conversation turning to the subject of dreams, a person

person said he dreamed of lice an evening or two before. Bannister observed, that it was not wonderful, for people generally dreamed at night of what *was running in their heads all day.*

A S E R M O N,

The text is taken from Job, chap. v. verse 7.

Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upwards!

I shall divide the discourse into, and consider it under, the three following heads; first man's ingress into the world; secondly, his progress through the world; third and lastly, his egress out of the world.—And first, man's ingress into the world is naked and bare; secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care; third and lastly, his egress out of the world is—no body knows where.—To conclude, If we do well here, we shall be well there; I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year.

One day when Foote was in company, the building of Richmond bridge was the topic, a gentleman asked what the piers were to be built of,

of, wood or stone? "Stone to be sure," says Foote, "there are too many *wooden Peers* already in this country."

Sir John Davis was famous and happy in his families; this is one of them:

*But as Noah's pigeon, which returned no more,
Did shew the footing ground for all the flood,
So when good souls, departed through death's
door,*

Come not again, it shews their dwellings good.

C. T—— said in the House of Commons that the Lawyers were word-mongers, for they sold their words, and what was worse made other people swallow them; and he added they were greater monopolists that way than fish-mongers, and more impudent than whore-mongers.

Two Gentlemen in discourse about the pedigree of the ancient family of Moore, one of them said they came out of Hampshire, being descended from Ham; on its being referred to a lady, she said undoubtedly they were derived from Barbary, as the greatest family of them was there.

The

The following French Epigram was translated
by a Gentleman, who was attended by Dr.
G——, of Cambridge :

Mon Medecin ! me dit souvent,
Que trop, de vin me tue,
Et me defend absolument,
De toucher fille nue !
Sil faut renoncer au bon vin,
Et fille brune & blonde,
Adieu ! Monsieur mon Medecin,
Je pars pour l'autre Monde !

Translation.

My Master ! from your Wine forbear,
Says G——n, with gestures odd ;
And shun all commerce with the Fair,
Or else you'll die, by G——d.

If death be in my Fair-one's smile,
And poison in my bin ;
To live can ne'er be worth my while,
Adieu ! good Dr. G——n.
Sir W. B——, who swears almost at every
word, calling one day on his return from
seeing

seeing Godfrey's experiment, tried to extinguish fire in a house by throwing into the room chemical balls, which he had prepared. Foote asked him if the balls answered? "Aye, d—— me," says Sir W. "they would extinguish Hell." "Then," replied the wit, "Order a number of them to be put into your coffin."

Fabio Chigi, afterwards Pope Alexander VII. attended Queen Mary de Medicis, in her last moments, and as it is usual, he asked her if she forgave her enemies, and particularly Cardinal, Richlieu. She answered, she forgave him from her heart. "Then," says he "as a mark of reconciliation, send him the bracelet you have on your arm." She turned her head and said "*Questo e pur troppo!*" i. e. that is too much!

Mr. and Mrs. — did not live together upon the best terms; one day he told her to air his shirt, which she brought to him with the neck and the sleeves sewed up; as he was putting it on and fumbling to disengage himself she up with a horse-whip and flogged him most severely; after which she ran out of the house. A separation ensued.

It being agitated in the national Assembly at Paris, whether the King should be stiled King of France or King of the Franks, an Englishman present, said they had better send him to the post-office, where he would find less trouble, than with his own subjects.

A very avaricious Divine seeing a poor boy of a promising appearance, in a deplorable condition, called him to the door; and giving him a mouldy piece of bread, asked him if he could read, to which he answered in the negative; to the questions, whether he could say the Belief and the Lord's Prayer, the answer was the same. "Well," said the Divine, "I will teach you that, say after me: Our father," said the instructor. "*Our father!*" repeated the poor boy, "What your father as well as mine?" "Yes, certainly." "Then we are brothers!" "To be sure we are," was the reply. "Why then," replied the boy, pulling the crust from under his coat, "how could you give your poor brother this mouldy piece of bread?"

Lunardi, the famous Aereostat, applied to a certain Dean to grant him leave to liberate an Air Balloon from the top of his Cathedral.

The

The good Prelate answered, that he could not by any means comply with his request, it being contrary to his profession; as the tenour of his discourse was to induce people to come to church, and not to encourage them to fly from it,

On a Miss ARCHDEACON of OPORTO,
by Dr. N——.

*What forms Heaven's bow, and the title first
given*

*To the men who are ordained to conduct us to
Heaven,*

*Is the name of a girl, the joy of my heart,
Who, tho' on earth, can a heaven impart.*

Orator Henley being asked the meaning of the word *climax*, a figure in rhetoric, he said he would explain it, so he took an ax and cleft it in the wall, and then told the person to climb upon it; "Now, Sir," says he "there's your *climax*."

Foote and Garrick were at the tavern together, at the time of the regulation of the gold coin. The former, pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the other what he should do with a light guinea he had? "Fshaw! it is

worth nothing," says Garrick, "fling it to the Devil!" "Well David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go further than any other man."

When Dr. L—— went to visit Bishop Sherlock, he was beating his wife, and he told her if it was not for the stranger below he would throw her down stairs; which L. over-hearing, called out, by no means to make a stranger of him.

George S—— being asked in the Dog-days when he left town and went into the country, he made answer, that the shady part of the street was quite country retreat enough for him.

A Clergyman in Cambridgeshire, applied himself so closely to study, to compose a learned sermon which he was to preach before the King at Newmarket, that he had brought himself into such a way that he could not sleep. His friends were advised to give him opium; of which he took so large a dose that it threw him into a lethargy; when the famous Doctor Butler was sent for, from Cambridge, who, as soon as he saw him
and

and had learnt his case, flew into a passion, and told the Clergyman's wife that she was in danger of being hanged for killing her husband, and very abruptly left the room. As he was going through the yard, in his return home, he saw several cows, and asked the clergyman's wife to whom they belonged she said to her husband. "Will you," says the Doctor, "give me one of these cows if I restore him to life." She replied, "With all my heart;" On which he presently ordered a cow to be killed, and the patient to be put into the warm carcase, which, in a very short time recovered him.

At a Masquerade, the Duchess of Kingston appeared in the character of Iphigenia, almost naked. The late P—— of W—— was there, and placing his hand upon her breast, and admiring its softness; she said, if his Royal H—— would permit her, she would put it upon a softer part; and directly clapt it on his own head.

The Rector of ——— one day gave his curate a list of the sick persons in the parish, in order that he might visit them. Soon after the Rector asked him how such a poor woman did, (mentioning her name); the curate replied that she

she was dead. The Rector said that could not possibly be, for he had just then met her in the street; when the curate, in his defence, made answer, that she told him the last night she could not live till the morning, and he supposed a woman going out of the world would not tell an untruth.

Sir Robert Stapleton took Archbishop Sandys to see a very sumptuous house which he was building in Yorkshire, and asked him, after he had seen it, whether he would have him call it Stapleton's Stay. "Rather give me leave to say, Stay Stapleton!" replied the Archbishop, "for the building of this house, will be the ruin of you."

A Soldier and his wife, strolling in the country in war time, came by chance to a farm house; when the farmer was rejoiced to see them, gave them a hearty welcome, and said he had a great regard for soldiers, as he looked upon them as the pillars of the State, and at their departure insisted if they came that way again they would not fail to call, and make the house their own. Soon after a peace took place, when the soldier, mindful of his promise, and the former reception

ception he had met with, returned to the house. But, alas! the scene was changed, for as soon as they appeared at the door the farmer called them strollers and vagabonds, and with a negative face refused them admittance; at which the soldier was so astonished that he said, "Surely you have forgot us! Do you not remember that you said soldiers were the pillars of the State?" Possibly I might say so," replied the farmer, "but I meant they were *Cater-pillars*!"

There is an ordinary print of an Anonymous Beauty, she is said to have dazzled the Sun out of countenance, and when she shed tears each tear was a pearl, that to look at her face you would have taken it for the East-Indies.—Underneath are these lines:

"Lo! here a beauty in her morn, *who shakes*
"Day from her hair, and whose perfection
makes
"The Sun amaz'd a Heaven on earth to view;
"So much can birth and education do."

7 A Metaphor cannot be carried too far, when it is applied to a lady's charms. See *the Tatler*, No. 34.

Gonzalo

Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoua, surnamed the great Captain, said that soldiers in peace were like chimneys in summer.

A very little dwarfish man married to a tall wife; was at a coffee-house and valuing himself that his wife would do every thing that he bid her; his companions laid him a wager that she would not. Accordingly they went to his house, and found her in bed, and he ordered her to be called down. She immediately drest herself and came down stairs, made a polite speech and offered the company what liquor they would choose; but as to her husband, "Chucky," says she, "you have had enough," and took him under her arm and carried him up stairs.

*Horses, thou sayest, and Asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels 'ere they buy;
But Wives, at random choice, untryed they
take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, and not till then, the veil's removed
away,
And all the woman glares in open day.*

The

The following is copied verbatim from a London News-paper:

At the DENTARIUM, in the Hay-market, near Pall-Mall, London.

Patence, the Great and Supreme Dentist of the universe, addresses the world, that he continues, every day from ten to four, to clear the teeth and gums instantaneously, from all manner of foulness, abolish their pains and diseases, of the whole mouth, whereby he so unprecedentedly preserveth the teeth for life. Likewise he supplies the loss of the palate and the bones, superior in every respect to all the rest of mankind! Secondly, to an absolute certainty, with two simple things, he can extricate the gout, dropfy, dissolve the stone, and every devaricated case of the scurvy! Thirdly, without vanity or self-praise, he is the most ingenious mechanic in the world! See extant, his organ work; clocks made of paper to beat seconds, without expansion; the chaise he rides in, with four wheels, which goes ten miles an hour without horses, without axle trees, and above all without friction; and a variety of other curious works he has made with his own hand; master of every

sort of dance, both ancient and modern, author of a large Treatise on the Teeth, anatomical, generative, and physical. Operas both serious and highly comic, and a work of three years study, in prose and verse, he intends shortly to publish by subscription, called the Pantheon of the World, with a description of all the Heathen Gods and Goddeses, and all our modern ones now in London; the origin of King's Bench, Judges, Lawyers, Priests, and Musicians, and can prove that all sorts of music sprung from a f—t. His eight weeks Journey to Bath; an Ode in praise of the King, Queen, and Family, whom God preserve! With a multitude of other things, principally to show the follies of this Perditarian age, catching the manners as they daily fly.

To which will be added Lucifer Triumphant, or Hell Broke Loose in the Hay-market, on an opera night; with a song by old Lucifer and his eight infernal State Ministers, suited to the times.

N. B. Over the door: Patence, Dentiste and Restauratuer, *arrache les dents par amusement.*
i. e. draws teeth by way of amusement.

AN

An Antiquarian meeting with the following inscription on a road-post:

KEE

PONT

HIS

SIDE.

it struck him as a valuable piece of discovery, and he directly went to communicate it to the Society.

A Welch Parson, after divine service, used to play at cudgels with his parishioners in the church-yard, which being related to the Bishop of the diocese, he took him to task about it; when on his defence he said, that he took pains to instill the word of God into them in the church, but as that would not do he endeavoured to beat it into them in the church-yard.

Æsop went with a number of slaves to be sold, and being questioned as to their respective talents; one said he could do this thing, another that, and a third could do every thing. When it came to Æsop's turn, his master asked him what he could do, he answered "Nothing." "How can that possibly be," says his master.

Q 2

"Why

"Why," replied Æsop, "as the man before me says he will do every thing, there can be nothing left for me to do."

The father of the late King of Prussia, who was famous all over Europe for his tall troops, asked the English Ambassador at a review, if he thought there could be found ten thousand men in England who would beat the same number of them. To which the Ambassador replied, that he could not positively affirm it, but that he was sure that there were five thousand men in England who would try.

The two D—gleys, brothers, in London, were popular characters; the one was projector of the Magdalen Society, the other struck out the new road to Islington; which afforded the following epigram:

*Two brothers, both candidates for fame,
Different paths pursue;
One stops up old roads to get a name,
The other stops up new.*

Apothegm on a Feast.—Primum silentium, secundum stridor dentium, tertium rumor bibentium, quartum, vox clamantium, quintum, vociferatio, amentium.

A true COPY of a WILL in Verſe,

Registered in the Spiritual Court at York,

This is my laſt will,

I inſiſt on it ſtill,

So ſneer on, and welcome,

And e'en laugh your fill.

I, WILLIAM HICKINGTON,

Poet, of Pocklington,

Do give and bequeathe,

As free as I breathe,

To thee, MARY JARAM,

The Queen of my Haram,

My caſh and cattle,

With every chattel,

Come heat or come cold,

To have and to hold,

Sans hindrance or ſtrife,

(Though thou art not my wiſe.)

As witneſs my hand,

Juſt here as I ſtand,

This twelfth of July,

In the year ſeventy.

W. HICKINGTON.

Signed in the preſence of

A

A METHODIST SERMON.

Brethren! Brethren! Brethren! (The word Brethren comes from the tabernacle, because we all *breathe-there-in*)—If you are drowzy, I'll rouse you: I'll beat a *tat-too* upon the parchment case of your consciences, and whip the Devil about like a *whirl-a-gig* among you—Even as the cat upon the top of the house doth *squall*, even from the top of my voice will I *bawl*; and the organ pipes of my lungs shall play a voluntary among ye; *and the sweet words that I shall utter* shall sugarcandy over your souls, and make *carraway comfits* of your consciences. Do you know how many taylor's make a man? * Why nine—Nine taylor's make a man.—And how many make half a man?—Why four journey-men and an 'prentice.—Even so have you all been bound 'prentices to *Miss Fortune* the *fashion maker*; and now you are out of your times you have set up for yourselves.—My *great bowels*, and my *sm—al guts* groan for you. I have got the gripe of compassion, and the belly-ach of pity.—*Give me a dram!*—Give me a dram—A dram of *parience* I mean, while

* *Question.* What is most like a man on horse-back?
Answer. A taylor on a mare! Because nine taylor's make a man.

while I explain unto you, what *reformation*, and what *abomination* mean:—which the *worldly wicked* have mixed together like *potatoes* and *butter milk*, and therewith made a *sinful stir-about*. *Reformation* is like the comely froth at the top of a tankard of porter; and *abomination* is like the scurvy dregs at the bottom of the tap-tub.—Have you carried your consciences to the scourers? Have you bought any fullers earth to take the stains out?—You say, Yes, you have, you have, you have:—But I say, No; you lie! you lie! you lie!—I am no *velvet-mouth* preacher; I scorn your lawn sleeves—Ye are full of filth: ye must be parboil'd; yea, ye must be boil'd down in our tabernacle, to make portable soup, for the saints to sup a ladleful of: and then the *scum* and the *scaldings* of your iniquities will *boil over*; and that is called the *kitchen stuff* of your consciences, that serves to grease the cart-wheels that carry us over the *Devil's ditch* and the *Devil's gap*.—The *Devil's ditch*; that's among the jockeys at Newmarket: and the *Devil's gap*; that's among the other jockeys, the lawyers at Lincoln's Inn-fields—And then there is the *Devil* among the *taylors*, and the *Devil* among the *players*: the *players*, that play the *Devil to pay*.—The
play-

play-house is Satan's ground, where women stretch themselves out upon tenter-hooks of temptation.—*Tragedy* is the *blank verse* of *Beelzebub*;—*Comedy* is his *hasty pudding*; and *Pantomime* is the Devil's *country dance*.—And yet, you'll pay the players for seeing plays; yes, yes; but you won't pay me; no, no; 'till Beelzebub's bum-bailiffs lay hold of you; and then you think I will pay your garnish: but I won't. No: you shall lay on the common side of the world like a toad-in-a-hole that is baked for the Devil's dinner.—Do you put some money in the plate, and then all your iniquities shall be scalded away; even as they scald the bristles off the hog's back: and you shall be cleansed from all your sins, as easily as the barber shaveth away the weekly beard from the *chin* of the ungodly.

Do put some money in the plate,
 Or I, your preacher, cannot eat:
 And 'tis with grief of heart I tell you,
 How much this preaching scours the belly:
 How pinching to the human tripe
 Is Pity's belly-ach, and gripe:
 For that Religion (lovely maid)
 Keeps a cook's shop to feed the trade.

A Gentleman so often gave his *old friend* as a toast after dinner, that his wife noticed it, and asked him who he meant by it. He replied, "Undoubtedly, the Church." At which she was so surprised, that she said "you ought, my dear, to be the last man alive to give such a toast, for to my certain knowledge you have not been in the inside of one these six months."

Queen Anne was the last on our throne who touched for the evil. When Samuel J. ——— said this at Dilly's dinner, Wilkes said, "For the evil! I know there never yet was a throne where the personage on it can be supposed to touch in vain."

When Mrs. Macaulay published her *Loose Thoughts*, Garrick, who was in company with Foote, said it was a very improper title for a lady: to which Foote replied, he was quite of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman got rid of her loose thoughts the better.

An instance of French gallantry.—A Fencing Master at Lyons, a very comely, jolly, young man, was deeply in love with a girl of about 17 years of age. It happened that

R

another

another Fencing Master came to the town, and, as it is the usual etiquette, he challenged him to a trial of skill. In the conflict he broke a blood vessel; when his physicians pronounced him in danger, and said that he could not live long. He went to communicate the event to his mistress; on which they both agreed to destroy themselves. Accordingly they repaired to a friend's house in the country, and after dinner they went into an adjoining chapel, where, with their pistols decorated with red ribbands, they pulled at each others trigger, and were found dead on the floor with their pistols in their hands.

On Foote's being asked his opinion of the Author of *Tristram Shandy*, he answered, that with all his *Stars* he was but an *obscure writer*.

Mr. R——, a humorist, used to set down in the household-book every day what he had to dinner; till through age and infirmity he was paralytically affected, when he bethought himself, to save the trouble of writing, to order a leg of mutton, daily, and he put down ditto, ditto, through the year.

The

The Marquis de A—— says, that at funerals, in Roman Catholic countries, the bye-standers sprinkle the corps with holy water, but in England they moisten their own living bodies with good ale and cakes. Folly for folly—he says the English are in the right of it.

At a Church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the names of Adam and Low. The last preached in the morning, and took for his text, *Adam where art thou?* He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation were much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, *Lo here am I!* The impromptu and his sermon gained him the church.

A young Divine, on his examination before the Archbishop of York, for Holy Orders, was asked by his Grace, Who was the Mediator between God and man? To which he immediately answered “The Archbishop of Canterbury.”

In the Crim. Con. case of Mrs. W——, with her footman, it was a query with some of the long robe, whether a servant doing his
R 2 master's

master's business was actionable; but then, said others, it was without his consent, yet man and wife being but one, the consent of one holds good for both,—and the lady directed.

Charles, Genovefa, Louisa, Augusta, Andrea, Timothea, D' Eon de Beaumont, alias the Chevaliere d' Eon, the French Negociatrix or Plenipotentiary to the Court of London, says that she never went into any house in the kingdoms of Great-Britain or Ireland that the Mistress was not the Master of the house.

There is a monument of the late Marshal Saxe in the church at Versailles, near Paris. Two French Soldiers, *Gens d' Armes*, as soon as they approached the monument, drew their swords, brushed the points gently over the tomb, put them up again, and retired. Afterwards came two others, who remained penfive with fixed looks. On which it was said the first were penetrated with glory, and the others with awe and grief.—*Diriguisse malis!*

Lee, the poet, attended so constantly at the Earl of Oxford's levee that at length his Lordship noticed it, and asked him if he understood the

the Spanish tongue; which Lee taking as a hint, that he might be employed at that Court or on some other foreign service, immediately retired into the country, and applied himself closely to the study of that language. When he returned and acquainted Lord Oxford that he had made himself a competent master of Spanish, "Then," replied his Lordship, "you will have a particular satisfaction in the perusal of Don Quixote, in its mother tongue."

Cervantes, the ingenious Author of that work, says it suffers by a translation as if in order to admire a fine piece of tapestry you take and look on the wrong side of it.

Montaigne says that Princes can never arrive at any perfection in the liberal arts, as every lesson they are taught is conveyed to them through the medium of flattery; and the only skill they can possibly attain is that of horsemanship, for a horse will as soon throw the son of a King as the son of a private man.

Pere Andre, a celebrated French preacher, in a discourse on Dives Day, compared a poor
man

man to a hen, and a rich man to a Spanish lap-dog; the latter, he said, was pampered with dainties, and after death thrown on a dunghill; when the fowl is fed with vile scraps, but in the next world roosts in Abraham's bosom, while the rich man is cast into H—l.

A genuine Copy of a Letter from the man who acts as Jack Ketch for Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Berkshire, and Devonshire, to Mr. SEREL, keeper of the High Gaol at Exeter.

“ March 10, 1791.

HONOURED SIR,

I make bold to trouble you with these lines, to inform you that I do not travel with their Lordships, the Judges, this circuit (as it is not expected any business in my way will come on for some time to come) least it should appear an imposition on the public, that might assemble, but I shall be *very happy* to receive your commands, if you think it will *please God*. I shall be wanting as soon as the assizes is over. You was always so generous to me that I had rather work for you than any other gentleman I had ever the *pleasure* of serving, and I had
always

always the satisfaction to please every gentle
man that employed me, and I have had as much
experience in my line of business as any man in
the kingdom that has not practised in London.

So no more at present from

Your humble servant, to command,
J — K —.

*The following is the copy of a Painter's bill,
at Cirencester, to the Church Wardens of
an adjoining parish:*

Mr. CHARLES FEREBEE, Church Warden of
Siddington.

To JOSEPH COOKE, Dr.

	£.	s.
To mending the Commandments,		
haltering the Belief, and making a		
New Lord's Prayer.	-	1 0
To a new Tail for the Lyon Sup-		
porter of the King's Arms	-	0 1
	£.	1 1

In Nova Zembla the frost is said to set in so
intense, that it freezes people's words, and when
a thaw takes place such is the confused noise in
the

the air, from the jargon of sounds, you are stunned and instantly grow deaf; still amidst the twaddle, it is easy as it is natural for a man to distinguish the female words from the male.

Gratian Du Pont, in his Book *les Controverses des Sexes*, says, as man is to arise at the Resurrection with the same body tho' the limbs are ever so far asunder; consequently Adam retakes the rib which formed Eve, then of necessity Eve becomes a rib, and ceases to be a woman; and so it will happen to the sex in general, as every woman represents Eve, and every man, Adam. Hence he concludes the female *non-entity*.

A gentleman on a visit to a friend in the Palace at St. James's, who lived in the third story, retiring out of the room unluckily fell down stairs and burst into a closet. Recovering from his fall, he found a little old man applying Plaisters to the cuts in his head; when he began to make apology for the trouble, with thanks for the humanity he received. The old gentleman, without replying, pointed to the door and made signs for him to retire. He was astonished to find so much philanthropy attended with

with so much starchness; but his wonder ceased when he was told it was King George II. who, though not above assisting a fellow creature in distress, had so much true greatness not to descend to familiar conversation.

Sterne seeing a Bride at an Assembly, on her return from a trip to Scotland, *en Eve*, with red flowing hair, asked her name; on being told it was a Mrs. Jason, he replied that her husband was a hero greater far than he of Colchis, for he not only had carried off a Golden Fleece, but a Beauty along with it.

Mr. L—— had a mistress. His wife, far more beautiful, one day laid hands on a piece of rich silk he intended for his Madam, and made a gown of it. She asked her spouse how he liked it; he said it was elegant, but misused. She replied, "All the world says the same of myself."

On its being enumerated before Pope Pius V. the many benefices Cardinal Loraine possessed, his Holiness said, "No one can consider me as a pluralist, for all the world knows I have but one."

S

When

When the Duke of Orleans had his levee at the palace of Luxemburg, and in the dog-days, he received them in the gardens, under a pavilion, when several were forced to remain without, and the heat of the sun excessive. Mr. B. who was uncovered, took upon him to say, on the part of the company, that Princes only were regarded. The Duke replied, that he loved his friends; on which B. said, "If he did not love them boiled, at least he loved them well roasted."

When Charles the Second arrived at a house near Bristol, he went into the kitchen by advice of Mrs. L——, the better to conceal himself; and as he was standing by the fire-side near the jack, the cook-maid desired him to wind it up; and he fumbling till the spit stood still, the maid struck him, and calling him a black blockhead, asked him where the devil he had lived that he had not learned to wind up a jack! The King modestly answered her with a blush, "That he was a poor tradesman's son, and had not been long in his lady's service."

When the late Emperor was at Paris, he made an excursion into the country, and travelled in disguise, in order to deceive the mob, who stood
a-gape

a-gape to see him, and actually broke into a house where he was shaving himself. When they asked him what he was about the Emperor ; (taking him for a servant.) He replied, "*Je lui rase,*" i. e. "I shave him."

A certain young Clergyman, modest, almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary, of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice to catch the attention of the whole company, "How it happened that the Patriarchs lived to such extreme old age"—to which impertinent question he immediately replied, "*Perhaps they took no physic.*"

Mr. F— said, that he was head and ears in debt. "How can that possibly be," replied P—t, "It is true, however," said F—, "for I have got a new wig on, and I have not paid for it."

An English Gentleman being at dinner at Don ——'s, who was a Grandee of Spain, asked for a little wine; the footman, Don Alonso, replied, "in this house, Sir, a little is never asked for, nor ever given."

*A Love Letter from Henry the Fourth to his
Mistress.*

I write to you, my best love, from the foot of your picture, which I adore merely because it was drawn for you, not that it resembles you; of this I must be a competent judge, having painted you in all perfection, in my soul, in my eyes, and in my heart.

Mr. ——— taking to himself a second wife, his children, who were near grown up, asked him, if he had any complaint against them. "By no means!" answered he, "I only take another wife to have some more such children as you are."

One being asked of what use Monks are in the world, answered, "Just the same as the rats in Noah's Ark."

Aristotle, being reproached for giving alms to a bad man, answered, "I did not give it to the man, I gave it to humanity."

The Mayor of Hull went to Headon to confer with the Mayor of that borough about election business,

business, and found his Worship by the fire-side, turning the spit ; upon which he requested his brother Mayor to turn the spit a little, while he went to solicit the votes of some friends ; instead of which he went into the street, and brought in a parcel of people to see him in that situation, and to expose him for using undue influence.

G——, the Sophist, said, the Drama is a deception, by which he who is deceived is wiser than him who is not deceived.

Pytheas, the daughter of Aristotle, being asked, which was the most beautiful colour, answered that of *Modesty*.

The late Sir J. P——n was a man of strong natural abilities, but had had no education ; however, he made a great shew with what learning he had ; one day when he was talking Latin, a gentleman asked him how he picked up his learning ? he said, many people got their learning by *inspiration*, but he had got his by *perspiration*, for, at school, he had slept six years in bed with the school-master.

The late Lord P——, one day sauntering
near

near the house at Wilton, by accident saw a silver spoon in the pig-stye. A female servant, who was coming to feed them, said, as she filled the trough, "What a piece of work these Devils make." "No wonder," says his Lordship, "you see they have got but one spoon amongst them all."

Mr. F. meeting a Physician who saluted him, by asking him how he did, F replied, "I really beg your pardon for never being sick—for I consider you as one of my best friends, as you ask me twice in the same breath how I do!"

An Irishman hearing one of two twins was dead, when he met the other, he said to him, "which of you was it that died, you, or your brother."

The Emperor Hadrian asked Epictetus, "why Venus is painted naked; who answered, "Because she always reduces her followers to such poverty that they have no clothes."

Sir Richard Steele having invited to his house a great number of persons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which

which furrounded the table ; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune. Sir Richard frankly confessed, that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid ; and being then asked why he did not discharge them, he declared that they were bailiffs, who had introduced themselves with an execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid. His friends were diverted with the expedient, and, by paying the debt, discharged the attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promise, that they should never find him again graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Diogenes, the cynic, being in the house of Plato, trode over the carpets with his dirty feet, saying, "I trample on the pride of Plato." "True," said Plato, "but with a greater pride."

Crates, the cynic, being asked a remedy for
love,

love, said, "Hunger is one remedy, time is a better, the best is a rope."

N. B. Camomile tea is a better recipe, for it promotes a good appetite and eke a digestion.

AN ELEGY
ON QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(A specimen of the stile of poetry in those days, published under the title of "Britain's Lachrimæ.")

Weep little Isle, and for thy Mistis' death
Swim in a double sea of brackish water;
Weep little world, weep for great Elizabeth,
Daughter of Warre, for Mars himself begat
her;

Mother of peace for she bore the latter;
She was, and is, what can there more be said?
On Earth the first, in Heaven the second maid.

Mr. M——, a tanner, not far from Swaffham, invited the supervisor to dine with him, and after pushing the bottle about briskly, the supervisor took his leave; but in passing across the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called

called out amain for the tanner's assistance to get out, but to no purpose ; " For," says the tanner, " if I draw any hides without giving the twelve hours notice, I shall be Exchequered and ruined, but I'll go and inform the Exciseman."

A Gentleman of Cheshire sometimes jocularly entertains his friends with a short narration of his courtship, the result of which is briefly, that he obtained a handsome woman, and, what he thought as good, a handsome fortune, simply by snuffing a candle ; to elucidate which, he says—
 " That such was his insensible modesty, he could not, for the life of him, muster up courage sufficient to put the question to the lady, even after a three months attendance, till one lucky evening, when, after his modesty had choaked him into a fifteen minutes silence, just as he was about to take a final adieu, he observed the candle wanted snuffing, which office she undertook ; but, alas ! in the execution, bringing the instrument (no doubt accidentally) about the tenth of an inch too low, she snuffed it out, and with it the gentleman's modesty was snuffed out also. Lovers, we all know, can see best in the dark ; and, as if the extinction of one flame can light up another, our hero, availing himself of this propitious
 T moment,

moment, boldly made a tender of his hand, which was tenderly accepted—so that before the light of the candle was returned, the bargain was struck, and the parties had signed, sealed, and delivered.”—Thus may a person’s fate lay in a pair of snuffers; and thus did a man reap the comfortable acquisition of a wife and 300l. a-year immediately by—snuffing a candle.

When Theodore, King of Corsica (as he really was for some time) by an act of insolvency, was freed from his confinement, in the King’s-Bench prison, where he had lain long for debt, he was obliged to attend at Guild-Hall to demand the benefit of the act. He was asked the usual question: what effects he had. “Nothing,” said he, “but the kingdom of Corsica.” It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

A certain Preacher held forth at St. Mary’s, York, without giving the least satisfaction. One of his audience said, “He did much better last year.” “Sir you must be mistaken,” says another, “for he never preached last year.” “That is the very reason,” said the first.

Dr.

Dr. W—— was in company one day with a learned Frenchman, who boasted much of the excellency of his own language, which could so happily express conulative ideas by words derived from the same root ; whereas other languages, and particularly the English, were obliged frequently for that purpose to make use of such words as had no radical affinity ; and to prove his assertions, he produced the four following lines :—

Le CORDIER.

*Quand un Cordier, cordiant, veut corder une
corde,
Pour, sa corde, corder, trois cordons il accorde,
Mais, si une des cordons, de la corde, decorde,
Le Cordon decordant, fait decorder la corde.*

These the Doctor immediately turned verbatim into the same number of English verses, only substituting the pure English word **TWIST** for the exotic **CHORD**.—

The TWISTER.

When a Twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth
untwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

An EPIGRAM.

Thus, with kind words, Sir Edward cheer'd his friend :—

“Dear Dick, thou on my friendship may'st depend ;

I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But be assur'd I'll ne'er see Dick in want.”

Dick soon confin'd, his friend, no doubt, would free him ;

No : But he kept his word—he would not see him !

Lady T—— asked G. Selwyn why the Almighty made woman out of the rib. He scratched his head and said, “Indeed, my Lady, I do not know, except it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body !”

Philip the Second sent a very young Ambassador to Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Sixtus asked him “If his master had so very few subjects, that he could not find a person for an Ambassador, with a beard somewhat larger than his ?” The young man answered, “If my master had been aware, Holy Father, that merit consisted in a great beard, he would have sent a He-Goat Ambassador.”

Dean

Dean Swift had a shoulder of mutton brought up for his dinner, too much done; he sent for the cook, and told her to take the mutton down and do it less. "Please your honour, I cannot do it less." "But," says the Dean, "if it had not been done enough you could have done it more, could you not?" "Oh, yes! very easily." Why then," says the Dean, "for the future, when you commit a fault let it be such a one as can be amended,"

It was said of Pope Clement the Seventh, when in prison in the Castle of Saint Angelo, "*Papa non potest errare.*"—Literally, "The Pope cannot err!"

Just before the battle of Malplaquet, a young recruit procured a round iron plate, which he desired the taylor to fasten on the inside of his coat above his left breast, to secure his heart from being shot through. The taylor fixed it in the seat of his breeches. He no sooner put on his regimentals, than he was ordered to the field of battle. Being obliged to fly, he was getting over a hedge, when a foe gave him a push with his bayonet in the breech, but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clean over

over the hedge. This favourable circumstance made him honestly confess, that the taylor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.

A Nobleman said one day to a worthy Divine, who walked very ungracefully, and was soliciting him for a living then vacant, "Pri'thee, Doctor, think no more of it, but learn to dance." The Doctor replied, with a smile, "I should have been very dull, my Lord, not to have improved under your instructions, who has so long made me dance—attendance." "Have I so?" said the Earl, "then take the living, and dance no more."

Mr. T——, a gentleman of Yorkshire, who had raised (though but newly married to a young lady of great beauty) and headed a body of horse for the King's service in 1745, went with his wife to Court after the battle of Culloden.— The King thus accosted him: "Mr. T——, I have been told of the services you did your country, and of your attachment to me and my family, and I hold myself obliged to you for both; but I was never able to estimate the degree of the obligation until now, that I see the lady whom you left behind you."

The

The Countess of E—— one day went into the bed-chamber of her youngest daughter, then about thirteen years of age, while she was dressing at her toilet. The Countess observing the assiduity with which the young lady wanted to set off her person to the best advantage, asked her what she would give to be as handsome as her Mamma; to which Miss replied, "As much as your Ladyship would give to be as *young* as me." This smart repartee, which was at once pungent and witty, very sensibly affected the Countess, who, for the future, was less lavish in praise of her own charms.

A Regiment was raised of light horse to assist the Dutch; the men were all taylor's, and mounted upon mares. The whole corps were killed or taken. Queen Elizabeth, as soon as she heard it, said to the Earl of Leicester, "The Spaniards have no cause to triumph, as I can with truth say, that I have not on this occasion lost either man or horse."

A Highwayman and a Chimney-sweeper were to be hanged; one for a highway robbery, the other for burglary. The first attended to the priest on the occasion at the place of execution; the

the second wished to do so, and advanced nearer to him, but was repulsed by the highwayman, who desired him to keep further off. "Sir," replied Sweep, "I won't, I have as much right to be here as you have."

Original copy of a HAND BILL.

I William Ringrose Bell Hanger from Scarborough intend to begin hanging of Bells which he has done for several years past God willing. He hangs Bells from back door to fore door and from fore door to back door and all over the house.

N. B. The person who advised him to this was several people that I wrought for.

From your humble servt.

Wm. RINGROSE.

Sir J. Y——, the present Lord Dover, Ambassador at the Hague, at dinner with several foreign Ministers, at the Stadtholder's Court, when the French Ambassador boasting of his Master's greatness, compared him to the Sun in his meridian splendor! "Well," says the Spanish Ambassador, "I will compare my Master only

to the milder light of the Moon." The English Ambassador was silent, at length the company called upon him for his simile.—“Why,” says Sir Joseph; “I shall compare my Master to Joshua, at whose command both Sun and Moon stood still.”

At Berkley, in Gloucestershire, was a large church without a steeple. Some years ago it was determined upon to have a steeple, but alas! the church was found unable to bear one: what was to be done? Who can bear to pray without a steeple?—A steeple they would have; and where do you think they placed it? Full twenty yards from the edifice it was intended for.—*Literally true.*

Mr. F——, a portrait painter, drew a lady's picture, which her numerous friends each found fault with. Mr. F. said he would retouch it, heard the objections every one made, and set about removing them. When he had gone through the whole, he turned the picture to the company, when every one pronounced it a finished piece, and a perfect likeness. He then desired them to examine the pencil and canvass, which had been all along quite dry, and left them to draw their own conclusions.

A Woman went to complain to a Justice of Peace, that her husband had strapped her most *unseasonably*. "I declare," said the Justice, "the strapping to be null and void, and for the future let the husband take care that it be given in good time and season."

Alcibiades finding his irregularities become the general topic of conversation at Athens, and having a very fine dog, which he had given a large sum of money for, he cut off his tail, which was reckoned a great ornament. His friends told him the whole city blamed him for so foolish an action, and talked of nothing else. "That is what I meant," said he. "I had rather they should talk of my dog's tail, than scrutinize my conduct."

In the reign of Philip the Third of Spain, two men were found guilty by the Inquisition. As they were carrying them to execution, the King, who saw them from a balcony, could not help saying, "There go two men unhappy enough to die for what they are persuaded of." This speech took air, and the Inquisitor came to him, and told him it was necessary he should submit to some punishment, for the offence he had given the Holy Office. After some disputes it was
agreed,

agreed, that the King should suffer himself to be let blood a porringer full, and that the blood should be burnt by the executioner ! which was actually performed, in the presence of the Grand Inquisitor.

As soon may a fit of the gout be removed by a syllogism, or a fever by a demonstration in Euclid, as the mind be illuminated by fire and faggot. Such premises infer no conclusion but that of a man's life.

An Hibernian being asked in company why the Irish make bulls in England, he immediately replied, " Ask your wives."

Sir F—— —, alias Double Fee, when at the bar, was examining an evidence, whom he asked, " What are you, Sir?" " A Gentleman." " Pray, Sir, where may your estate lay?" " It lays contiguous to your's, Sir." " To mine ! where, pray ?" " Directly opposite your large brass mine, which has produced you so much, and seems inexhaustible."

When Major General O'Hara was Governor of St. Lucia, a young man who wanted to marry

his aunt, a Madam Le Batt, and who had been refused by the Priests of the island, unless he could obtain a dispensation from the Pope, applied to the Governor (naturally supposing him as great a man as his Holiness) for his permission, which was instantly granted in the following words:—The bearer of this has my permission to marry his aunt, or his grandmother if he chuses.

CHARLES O'HARA,

Major General and Pope.

The following curious HAND BILL was stuck up in several parts of the city of DUBLIN.

This is to certify that I, Daniel O'Flanagan, am not the person that was tarred and feathered by the Liberty Mob, on Tuesday last; and that I am ready to give twenty guineas to any one that will bett me fifty that I am the other man who goes by my name. Witness my hand, this 30th July.

DANIEL O'FLANAGHAN.

When money was raising for the building of Bethlehem Hospital, the agents called upon an old gentleman, and the door not being quite shut, they heard him scolding his maid for throwing
away

away a match she had used to light a fire, without considering that the other end might be used also. After entertaining themselves with the dispute for some time, they presented themselves before the old gentleman, and told their errand. He went to his bureau, and took out 400 guineas, which he gave them. The collectors, astonished at his generosity, could not help telling him what they overheard at the door. "Gentlemen," says he, "your surprise is occasioned by a thing of small moment. I keep house, and save and spend money in my own way. The one furnisheth me with the means of doing the other, and both equally gratify my inclination. With regard to benefactions, always expect most from prudent people, who keep their accounts."

The Father of the late Lord H—d—ck was hanged for forgery. When Lord H. sat as Chancellor, an old countryman was examined to a particular fact, the date of which he could not recollect. "All that I remember about it," says he, "is, that it happened on the day Old York was hanged."

Judge D—— married the sister of Mr. P——, who killed a gentleman unfairly. He applied to
King

King George I. to pardon his relation, confessing at the same time that little could be urged in his favour ; but hoped his Majesty would save him and his family from the infamy of P——'s execution. "So, Mr. Judge," says the King, "what you want is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family, to me and my family."

Old Desmaizeaux, a man of wit and pleasantry, was drinking his coffee at Slaughter's coffee-house, when two strangers came in, and began a warm dispute about some subject of literature. One of them was very polite and moderate, for he had reason on his side ; the other was rude and violent, for he was wrong. After some time the moderate man, unable to bear the violence of his adversary any longer, left the room.— Scarce was he gone, before the furious champion, flushed with his victory, turned about to D. and said, "Well, Sir, don't you think I have maul'd my antagonist finely?" "Yes, Sir," replied the old man, "that you have ; and if ever I should fight the Philistines, I should wish to make use of your jaw-bone."—Whence to jaw any one, &c. is termed jawing.

Lord Peterborough had a passion for a Lady
who

who was fond of birds; she had heard of a fine Canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and desired him to get it for her. His Lordship offered to buy it at a great price, which the owner refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; procuring one very like it, but which happened to be a hen, he took an opportunity of changing them when the mistress was out of the room. This was just about the time of the Revolution; about three years after he asked the woman if she had not repented the not taking his money for her bird. "No, Sir! nor would I now take any sum for him, for since the time that our good King was forced to leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note."

A Poet wrote a Lyric Epistle, and dedicated it to Posterity. He shewed it to another, who thought but meanly of it. "My friend," said he, "this letter will never be delivered according to its direction."

Sir Paul N——— had made a discovery of an Elephant in the Moon, which, upon examination, proved to be a *Mouse* which had got into his telescope!

A company of soldiers marching through a town, the Captain observed that one of the drummers did not bear, and sent the Lieutenant to ask the reason of it. The drummer whispered in his ear, "I have got a goose and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for his Honour."—When the Captain understood this, he called out aloud, "Very well; why did not the fellow tell me before that he had the rheumatism!!"

Voltaire, when in London, being at a great rout with Lord Chesterfield, a Lady in company, very much painted, engrossed his conversation. Chesterfield tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Take care you are not captivated." "My Lord," replied Voltaire, "I scorn to be taken by an English bottom under French colours."

Marpelate says, that Aylmer, Bishop of London, used to bowl in his garden at Fulham, and that he would cry rub, rub, rub, to his bowl; and when it was gone too far, would say, "The Devil go with it, and then, quoth he, the Bishop would follow."

James the Second, when Duke of York, made a visit to Milton the poet, and asked him if he
did

did not think the loss of sight was a judgement upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles the First. The poet answered, "if his Highness thought his loss of sight a judgement upon him, he wished to know what he thought of his father's losing his head."

The facetious Duke of W——, in a speech in the House of Lords, happened to introduce a scripture story; a Rev. Bishop, who sat at his elbow, pulled him by the sleeve and said, "When will your Grace have done preaching?" To which the Duke replied, "When I am made a Bishop, my Lord!"

Mr. ——— was continually plaguing his father in law with complaints of his wife's misbehaviour. "Be easy," replied the old gentleman, who was very rich, "since she behaves so ill, I will alter my will and cut her off with a shilling."—He heard no more of his daughter's failings.

A Lad being offered some game cocks, so hardy that they would die upon the spot, said, he cared not for cocks that would die hardy, but for such as would live and kill others.

A certain would-be Wit attempting to divert himself with Foote, when at Stratford, Foote asked him, abruptly, where he came from. "From Essex," the other pertly replied. "Ay! pray who drove you hither."

A Porter, in London, employed by many brokers, was very profligate; one of his masters asked him where he thought he should go to when he died? To Heaven, he supposed; "I used to think I should go to the Devil, but I am informed his territories are so crowded with masters, there will be no room for poor servants."

Sir Wm. G——— conversing with a gentleman in a street, in Williamsburgh, in Virginia, returned the salute of a Negro who passed by. "Do you descend so far, as to salute a slave," said the gentleman. "Why, yes," replied Sir Wm. "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

George the First asked Dr. Savage, at the levee, why he did not convert the Pope when he was at Rome. "Because, Sire," said he, "I had nothing better to offer him."

Sir

Sir W. Raleigh introduced tobacco into England; he was wont to smoke it privately in his study. His servant coming in one day with his toast and tankard of ale, as he was smoking his pipe, and observing the smoke issue out of his mouth, ran down stairs and alarmed the family, by exclaiming, that his master was on fire and would very soon be burnt to death, he believed.

A Coffee-House Politician descanting on the conduct of the Ministry in the late war, asked what could be easier than to have gained such a battle. Quin, who listened to him, answered, "Nothing, except talking of it."

YORKSHIRE PEDIGREE.

An Anecdote.—Some years ago an Irish Gentleman bought a horse with a very curious pedigree, of a great Dealer in Yorkshire. In going over to Ireland, unfortunately the pedigree was lost; upon which the gentleman wrote to the dealer for *another copy*.—The dealer's reply was, "If he would pledge his honour that it was really lost, he would send either a copy of that, or *ANOTHER as good*."

A poor French felon, at Nottingham assizes, being ordered for execution, during the procession earnestly entreated for mercy, without getting any one to listen to his doleful solicitations; at last having *ascended* higher perhaps than ever he would hereafter, and just as Mr. Ketch was about to *noose* him, poor Monsieur, struck with the horror of death before his eyes, exclaimed, with redoubled energy, in a most pitious manner,—*Ah! Misericorde! Misericorde!* when his friend Jack, better acquainted with *Newgate slang* than Monsieur's *lingo*, d—n'd him for a fool, telling him there was no occasion to *measure the cord*, for it was long enough to hang a dozen such soup-meagre scoundrels as him.

Lord Bolingbroke being at Aix la Chapelle during the treaty of peace at that place, was asked by an impertinent Frenchman, if he came there in any public character. “No, Sir,” replied his Lordship, “I came like a French Minister, with no character at all.”

Parson P——, a poor curate of W—— in Kent, being in great distress and in his last moments, Archbishop S——, sent him ten guineas

guineas as a present; as he was expiring he thanked him sincerely and said, "Now I own him to be a man of God, for I have seen his Angels."—Alluding to the coin an Angel.

At a Masquerade at Mrs. Cornely's, Miss G. was much admired in the character of Leonora; Mrs. K——, who envied her the praises she received, said, "Bless me, what business has she for a Mask, an inch thick of paint is surely a good vizer." The Duke of G——, who stood near, said, "I should not have thought Miss G. painted had not so great a judge of the matter as Mrs. K—— peremptorily determined the point."

"Silence in the Court! Why will you not keep silence?" said an angry Judge one day, "Here we have judged a dozen causes and have not heard a word of one of them, you make such a horrid noise!"

A Friend of Dr. Ratcliffe's coming home one night, found his wife (who kept a little Ratiffa by her) gone to bed and very much out of order; she talked so incoherently, and looked so wildly, that he thought her delirious and immediately

mediately sent for the Doctor. Ratcliffe went to her bed side where she was tossing the pillows about and talking nonsense. "Drunk by G—d," said the Doctor, and hurried away in a great passion at being disturbed.

A very reprobate Priest doing duty for a friend, found some difficulty in getting on the surplice; after bestowing some hearty curses upon the garment he swore at last he thought the Devil was in it. "I thinks as how he be," said the clerk, as soon as he saw him completely habited.

A certain Northern Dutcheß has given a new reading to a passage in Shakespeare, untouched by Mr. Malone, or any of the Commentators. She says, the "*Glass of fashion*," means a "*glass of brandy*."

The following notice is verbally copied from a window in the purlieus of Moorfields, "Scruples of conscience resolved; difficult texts of scripture expounded, and the bye-ways to Canaan pointed out, after dark of an evening, for only a penny a-head, by C. M. a Layman, and one of the Under Pilots to the New Jerusalem."

A

A WELSH MORAL,
*Taken from an inscription on a sign-post in
 Wales.*

This is a prave world we live in,
 To lend, to pend, or to give in:—
 Put to peg, to porrow, or to get one's own;
 'Tis the worst world, that ever was known,
 If you'll pelieve—SHENKIN AP SHONE.

A couple of Sailors happening to join a croud gathered round Whitfield, the preacher, just in time enough to hear him say (after he had exclaimed against the sins of his audience) “And I your pastor and teacher shall be forced to bear witness against you at the day of judgement.” “Hollo! Jack,” cries one of them, “d—n my eyes if it is not just as it is at the Old Bailey: *The greatest rogue always turns King's evidence.*”

Captain B—— having had his nose pulled in one of the public rooms at Bath, applied to Quin for his advice, what he should do. “Why,” said Quin the only advice I can give you is, for the future always to soap your nose, then they cannot lay hold of it.” An

An Hibernian pedagogue, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, has stuck up a board over his door, with "Sunday Schools taught here every day in the week, by me, Patrick Byrne."

Quin and Foote were one day strolling into the country; going through a village and walking close by the pound (or pinfold) Foote took out a shilling and said, he would convert it instantly into a guinea. He threw it into the pound. "Now," says he "there is one pound one." "True," says Quin, "and this is the way you generally pay your debts, one shilling in the pound."

When Old Parr was brought to Court, the King (Charles the First) said to him, "You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" he replied, "Please your Majesty, I did penance when I was a hundred years old for getting a bastard child."

S—— says the most accomplished way of using books at present is to serve them as some do Lords, learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance.

A Dutchman and a Frenchman fell out and fought at an Inn; the Dutchman beat the other exceedingly so that he cried out *No-tre Dame!* The Hollander hearing this was much moved and asked the other why he did not tell him sooner that he was of *Rotterdam*, "For," said he, "I am of *Rotterdam* myself, and if I had known thou had been my countryman I never had beaten thee."

In an engagement at sea, in the reign of Charles the Second, between the Dutch and the English, a Scotch sailor was bit by a louse in his neck, which he caught, and stooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the sailors near him had their heads taken off, by a chain-shot from the enemy. Seeing this he had then compassion on the louse, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at discretion, for, as he had saved his life, he was bound in gratitude to save his.

Pope Alexander the Sixth, by the plentitude of his Apostolic power, divided the new world between the two Crowns of Spain and Portugal, which occasioned Francis the First, King of France, to demand to see that article in Adam's will that excluded France from its share.

An Advocate (Lawyer) of Straßbourg being in a dying state, sent for a Brother Lawyer to make his will, by which he bequeathed his estate to the Hospital des Fous (Ideots) there.—His Brother Advocate expressing his surprise at this bequest, “Why not bestow it upon them?” said the dying man, “you know I got my money by fools, and therefore to fools it ought to return.”

Foote, when at Paris, was walking with a Frenchman, who had never been in England, and very partial to his own country; after having asked Foote many things and highly commended them, “Then as to a river, you have nothing like this in London (pointing to the Seine) “We had once,” says Foote, “but we filled it up.”—Alluding to Fleet Ditch.

The American General L. was in company where there were some few Scotch. After supper, when the wine was served up, the General rose, and addressed the company in the following words:—“Gentlemen, I must inform you, that when I get a little groggish, I have an absurd custom of railing against the Scotch—I hope no gentleman in company will take it amiss.”—With this he sat down. Up starts M. a Scotch officer, and,

and, without seeming the least displeased, said—
 “Gentlemen, I, when I am a little groggish, and hear any person railing against the Scotch, have an absurd custom of kicking him out of the company—I hope no gentleman will take it amiss.” It is superfluous to add, that that night he had no occasion to exert his talents.

Sir Thomas Moore examining a Protestant on the charge of Heresy, whose name was Silver, told him, in his jesting way, “that silver must be tried in the fire.” “Ay!” said Silver, “but Quick Silver will not abide it.” This reply saved his life.

Judge Gould married his daughter to Lord Caven. A gentleman asking what fortune, was answered, “That it was all in *Gould*, and that Lord C. changed it the first night.”

In France all Stage Players are refused interment in consecrated ground; at the death of Moliere, who used to play in his own pieces, the Church refused his body interment. The King was made acquainted with it. Moliere was a great favourite, but his Majesty could not at that time quarrel with the Church. An expedient

was hit on whereby the body of Moliere obtained interment and the church was most heartily laughed at. "Go," said the King, to one of his Lords, "and ask the Archbishop of Paris, from me, how deep the consecrated ground may go according to the opinion of the Church." The answer was, "Fourteen feet. "Let therefore," says the King, "Moliere's grave be dug at the depth of sixteen feet, then it cannot be said to be buried in consecrated ground or offend the clergy."

In a volume of Sonnets by Pedro Espinosa, a Spaniard, after much pompous nonsense he concludes:—"Thou who readest this, do not despair if thou understandest it not, because even I who made it do not understand it—*So help me God.*"

SWIFT'S COURTIER'S CREED.

I believe in K. G. the Second, the greatest Captain and the wisest Monarch between heaven and earth; and in Sir R. W. his only Minister, our Lord, who was begotten of Barret, the attorney, born of Mrs. W. of Houghton, accused of corruption, convicted, expelled, and imprisoned. He went down into Norfolk; the third
year

year he came up again: He ascended into the Administration, and sitteth at the head of the Treasury, from whence he shall pay all those who vote as they are commanded. I believe in Horace's Treaties, the Sanctity of the Bishops, the Independency of the Lords, the Integrity of the Commons, Restitution from the Spaniards, the Resurrection of Credit, Discharge of the Public Debts, and Peace Everlasting. *Amen.*

A Priest in Spain used very frequently to introduce the Heathen Gods into his Sermon, and particularly Apollo. A poor ignorant old woman left this legacy: Item, I leave my two hens and my cock to the blessed saint Pollo, out of the great devotion I have had to him ever since I heard him so much preached about by our Minister.

The Duke of C. seeing Dr. Price in an Anti-chamber of the House of Lords, told him that he had sat up so late the night before, reading his political treatise, that it had almost blinded him. Mr. D. who was by, said, "He was sorry his Royal Highness should be affected in such a manner by a work which had *opened* the eyes of the greatest part of the nation.

Queen

Queen Caroline once had a mind to shut up St. James's Park, and make a garden of it for the Palace, and asked Sir Robert Walpole what he thought would be the expence of it. "Oh! Madam," said he, "a trifle." "A trifle! Sir; I know it must be expensive, but wish you would tell me as near as you can guess." "Why, Madam, I believe the whole would cost you but *three Crowns*." "Sir Robert," said she, "I will think no more of it."

Toby Matthews, afterwards Archbishop of York, was Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and sitting in Court, a man was very importunate to have him wait for his counsel, a Mr. Lestead.—"Alas!" said Toby, "no man can stand you in *less stead*." "Necessity has no law," said the other. "No more, I think, hath your counsel," said the Judge.

"How shameful it is that you should fall asleep," (said a dull preacher to his drowsy audience)—"what! that poor creature—(pointing to an Idiot who stood staring at him)—is both awake and attentive." "Perhaps, Sir," replied the fool, "I should have been asleep too, if I had not been an idiot."

A French Nobleman shewing Mat Prior the King's Palace at Versailles, and desiring him to observe the many trophies of Lewis the Fourteenth's victories, asked Prior if King William the Third, his master, had many such trophies in his Palace. "No," said Prior, "the monuments of my master's victories are to be seen every where but in his own house."

In the time of the Plague, a Bag Piper being drunk, dropped down in the street and fell a-sleep; early next morning he was taken up into a cart, and carried away with some dead bodies; presently he awoke, and, rising up, began to play a tune, which so alarmed the fellows who drove the cart, that they ran away, and swore that they had taken up the Devil instead of a corps.

Foote used often to rally Garrick on his avariciousness. Garrick called upon him one day, and was surprised to see a bust of himself placed upon the bureau. "Is this intended as a compliment to me?" said Garrick. "Certainly," replied Foote. "And can you trust me so near your cash and your bank-notes?" "Yes, very well," said Foote, "for you are without hands."

The

The Rev. Mr. Foote, brother to the Actor of that name, was not the most regular man in the world. Being once in a Coffee-House, swearing and drinking pretty freely, a Quaker near him said, "Friend, thou art a scandal to thy cloth." "No, Friend;" replied Foote, "my cloth is a scandal to me"—raising his arm, and shewing a great hole or two in his coat.

Nautical Witticism.—Two Tars, just landed, went to see an old acquaintance, who keeps what they humourously called a grog-shop, in a village near Portsmouth, the sign of the Angel. On their entering the place, they stared about for the wished for sign.—"There it is!" said one, "Why, you fool," replied the other, "that's a Peacock."—"Who do you call fool?" retorted Ben, "how the devil should I know the difference, *when I never saw an Angel in my life.*"

An Old Gentleman disinherited his eldest son Richard for his extravagance, and on his death-bed, with all his sons about him, said, "I leave my second son, Andrew, my whole estate."—Andrew, in a scornful tone, prayed Heaven to
 prolong

prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I leave Simon, my third son, 4000l." "Ah, Father!" cried Simon, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last turning to his eldest son, "As for you, you have been a sad dog—you'll never come to God—I leave you a shilling to buy a halter with." "Ah, Father!" replied Dick, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself."

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

The following *Fragment* of a Conversation was overheard the other day betwixt a Celebrated Librarian, at the West end of the town, and his fair daughter, whom he loves passing well:

Father. "—— I shall never give my consent, Beckey, to your marrying any such sort of a fellow, he is both a *poor edition*, very *shabbily bound*, and neither *gilt* nor *lettered*."

Daughter. "Well, Papa, I don't care for that, I loves him "for himself alone" and don't mind if I only have him in *the sheets*."

Z

Father.

Father. "——— His *title* is good for nothing."

Daughter. "Ah! but, Papa, the *composition* is good, and his *frontispiece* will push him forward."

I am, Sir,

Your friend, &c.

A. QERANDO.

N. B. This is to remind you how much all Authors are, have been, or may be obliged to a good *Frontispiece* for their existence.

Whych-street, June,

Anno Dom. 1791.

Amongst the many singular anecdotes which Lord Mansfield has been accustomed to relate of himself, he used to speak of the following with the most unaffected good humour:—A St. Giles's bird appeared as an evidence before him in some trial concerning a quarrel in the street, and so confounded his Lordship with slang that he was obliged to dismiss him without getting any thing from him. He was desired to give an account of all he knew. "My Lord," says he, "as I was coming by the corner of the street,

street, I *staggered* the man." "Pray," said Lord Mansfield, "what is *staggering* a man." "Staggering, my Lord, why you see I was *down upon him*." "Well, but I don't understand *down upon him* any more than *staggering*—do speak to be understood." "Why, an't please your Lordship, I speak as well as I can—I was up, you see, *to all he knew*." "To all he knew—I am as much in the dark as ever." "Well then, my Lord, I'll tell you how it was," "Do so." "Why, my Lord, seeing as how he was a *rum kid*, I was *one upon his tibby*." The fellow was at length sent out of Court, and was heard in the Hall to say to one of his companions, that he had gloriously *queered* old Full Bottom.

When Henry the Fourth, of France, married Mary de Medicis, he appointed Madame de Guercheville, whom he had in vain attempted to debauch, to be one of her Ladies of Honour, saying, "That since she was a lady of real honour, she should act in that station with the Queen, his wife."

Butler, Duke of Ormond, was by Queen Anne appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ; in

going over to take possession of his Government he was driven by stress of weather upon the Isle of Ila, and was obliged to remain there some time, at the house of the Minister, whose living brought him in about 22l. per ann. He made the Minister, whose name was Joseph, a present at his going away, and promised to do something more for him. Joseph waited with impatience at the not hearing further; at last he went over to Dublin, and got leave to preach in the Cathedral, where he knew the Duke would be. His text was: *But the Chief BUTLER, remembered not Joseph, but forgot him.* The Duke was struck with the words, and recollected his old host, sent for him to dine with him, and gave him a living of 400l. per annum.

An ignorant Country Fellow, one day asked the Minister of his parish, "what was meant by the expression, *He was cloathed with curses?*" "My good friend," said the Minister, "*an habit of swearing,* to be sure."

Sir Robert Walpole, who laid under some obligations to a man of some weight in a western borough, had repeatedly promised him a place
and

and as constantly pleaded prior engagement. After many disappointments the man began to despair; when a Land Surveyor at Bristol being killed, by the fall of a sugar hoghead, he waited again on Sir Robert, who told him, the place had been promised a twelvemonth, "But my dear friend," added he, "the very next that becomes vacant you shall certainly have." "Why then," says he, "Sir Robert, I am the luckiest fellow alive, for, by G—d, the same hoghead knocked down a brother officer, so there are now two vacancies."

Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in Swift's time, said to him, "The air of this country is good." "For G—d's sake, Madam," says Swift, "dont say so in England, if you do they will certainly tax it."

When a King asked Euclid, the geometrician, whether he could explain his art to him in a more compendious manner; he was answered, there was no Royal way to Geometry!

Judge G——, infirm and blind, being in the chamber where the Peers are marshalled for Hastings's tryal, mistook Sir J. H—— for a gilt leather chair, and sat down upon him.

The

The Duke de Roquelaure saw a beautiful girl at a ball at Paris; he sent his Aid de Camp to tell her he would give her 50 guineas for a single hair beneath her eye-brows (meaning her eye-lashes, it is presumed.) The girl sent her compliments to the Duke, and gave him to understand that she was not a retail merchant, but if his Grace chose to purchase the whole at that price they were at his service.

Beau Nash, used to sup heartily upon mutton or any thing else, and go to bed immediately. Dr. Cheyney told him, jestingly, that he behaved like other brutes, and laid down as soon as he had filled his belly. "Very true," said Nash, "and this prescription I had from my neighbour's cow."

Ganganelli, after he was Pope, lived in the same plain way he had ever done; he only eat to preserve life. When the head cook came to beg that he might keep his place, he said "You shall not loose your wages, nor I my health, to keep your hand in."

The Dutchess of Portsmouth pretended to be a person of quality, and related to the best families in France; when any person of distinction died she
put

put herself into mourning, particularly at the death of the King of Sweden, she went about in her mourning coach. Nell Gwin, to be even with her, a little after, when the King of Portugal died, appeared in mourning, and sent her this proposal: "Let us agree to divide the Kings of the world, you shall have the Kings of the North and I the Kings of the South."

Dr. King, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and caper sauce, but the Dr. who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the above mentioned pickles reserved dry for his use, which as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him. "I here present you, my Lords and Gentlemen," said he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of, as something curious—namely, That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, *cut capers upon a trencher!*"

The retort-curious was fully experienced by Jack L—, the famous lawyer, on the Northern circuit, who, on cross-examining one Mary Pritchard

Pritchard of Black-Barnsley, began with "Well Mary—if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of *Black Moll*." "Faith may you, Maister Lawyer," said she, "for I am always called so by the *Black-Guards*."

His Majesty riding one day on Richmond-Hill, observed a house delightfully situated, and asked a gentleman who rode behind him whose house it was. The gentleman informed him it belonged to a card-maker. "Upon my life," said his Majesty, "one would imagine all this man's cards had turned up trumps." His companion laughed heartily, and declared it was the best bon mot he ever heard in his life.

Lady Z—— spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent tun of small beer, and asked him how it might be preserved. "I know of no method so effectual, my Lady," says the butler, "as placing a barrel of good ale by it."

Madame de Sevigne, telling out 150,000 livres, as the portion of her daughter, who was going to be married to Monsieur de Grignan, said to a friend, "This is a pretty considerable
fum

sure to give De Grignan for going to bed with
 his daughter; but when I consider he is to go
 to bed to her to-night, to-morrow night, and
 the night after that, and so on, I know not whe-
 ther it be too much or not.

Dr. Fuller was very much pleased with the con-
 teit of his Epitaph made by a bon companion:—

"Here lies FULLER'S EARTH!"

The Count de Villa Medina, being at Church
 one day and finding there a Religious who
 begged for the souls in Purgatory, he gave
 him a piece of gold. "Ah! my Lord," said
 the good Father, "you have now delivered a
 soul." The Count threw upon the plate another
 piece: "Here is another soul delivered," said
 the Religious. "Are you positive of it?" re-
 plied the Count: "Yes, my Lord," replied the
 Monk; "I am certain they are now in Heaven."
 "Then," said the Count, "I'll take back my
 money, for it signifies nothing to you now, see-
 ing the souls are already got to Heaven; there
 can be no danger of their returning again to
 Purgatory." And he immediately gave the pieces
 to the poor that were standing by.

*The following curious Advertisement
stuck up at Lorton, near Cockermouth:*

To all lovin frins, as my wife has for some time past been rather cowdy, and like to get the upper hand of me, I am at last firmly rasolved to pack her of some way or other, therefore if any of my lovin frins want to borrow or buy a wife, they shall be supplied upon the most reasonable terms.

N. B. They must apply soon, or she will be disposed of.

Cato said to a lewd old fellow: "Friend, old age has deformities enough of its own, — do not add to it the deformity of vice."

An old Fellow of a College at Cambridge, remarkable for his absence of mind, had a large pigeon hole cut under his closet door; being asked the use of it, he said, it was for an old cat that had kittens to go in and out, but, that the carpenter had forgot to cut little holes for the young ones which he ought to have done. His friend asked him if the little ones could not come out at the great hole. "Upon my word," says he "I did not think of that."

Soon

Soon after the late Duke of B—— had received a good drubbing at Litchfield races, by some country fellows, who pretended not to know him, his late Majesty (King George the Second) received a dispatch from Sir Edward Hawke, in which he said, he had given the French a good drubbing. The King, who did not understand the meaning of the word, asked Lord Chesterfield to explain it, who told the King, that the Duke of B——, who was by, would explain it better than any Nobleman he knew.

Cardinal M—— was wont to say there were great Bull-dogs in England, called Whigs and Tories, that were continually jarring and worrying each other, but, let out the Bull (the common enemy) they directly left off their private feuds and animosities, and attacked him.

A French Nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, and meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The Poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the Duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already!"

Sanazarius being asked by Frederick, King of Naples, what he thought best to improve the eye sight, answered, " Nothing is so good for it as Envy, because it makes all objects appear greater."

During the performance of *Admetus*, a circumstance happened which at once manifests a vocal excellence in Cuzzoni, and the humour of an English gallery.—While she was singing *Sen Vola*, a song in the first act, calculated to display her natural warble, a fellow in the gallery cried out, " D—n her, she has got a nest of nightingales in her belly."

A Traveller hired an afs in Spain, at the rate of two reals a day, for a certain journey in the heat of August; when every day at noon, not able to endure the power of the sun, he laid himself down in the shade of the afs. The master of the beast, who accompanied him, held his peace. When they came to settle accounts, the traveller paid him twelve reals for six days journey. " I must have six more," said the master. " How so?" said the traveller. " Why I must have six more for the shade of the afs, for the agreement was only for the afs, and not for the shade too."

Queen

Queen Caroline went to see Richardson, the painter's, pictures, where all the Kings and Queens of England, were placed in order of succession, except between Charles the First and Charles the Second, was Cromwell; the Queen asked the painter who that was, and whether he meant him for a King. He said, "No, he was no King, but it was a good memento for Kings to have an Oliver by the side of them."

An Italian Bishop had struggled through great difficulties without repining. An acquaintance of his asked him one day if he could communicate to him the secret he had made use of to be always easy. "Yes," replied the prelate, "very easily. It consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes in whatever state I am. I first look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get thither; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred. Then I look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who, in all respects, are more unhappy than myself.— Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all my cares must end; and how little reason I have to repine or complain."

Henry

Henry the Eighth appointed Sir T. Moore to carry an angry message to Francis the First, of France. Sir Thomas told him, he feared if he carried such a message, to so violent a King as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear," said the King, "if Francis should cut off your head I would make every Frenchman now in London a head shorter." "I am obliged to your Majesty," said Sir Thomas, "but I much fear if any of their heads will fit my shoulders."

The Duke of Q—— has a glass eye, which he usually takes out before he goes to bed and gives it to a servant to lay upon a cushion; it happening his Grace changed his servant, who waited longer in the room than usual, upon which the Duke asked him "Why he staid so long," he answered, "He waited while the Duke took out the other eye too!"

Marshal Tallard, when a prisoner in Nottingham Castle, one day taking the air in the coach with the Duke of Marlborough, the Marshal said, "Please your Grace, you have beaten the best troops in Christendom." "It may be so," replied the Duke, "but your Excellency will except those that beat them."

Dr.

Dr. Johnson at dinner one day at Lady Macleod's, was helped to some green peas, which were esteemed a rarity; having eaten what were first laid upon his plate, Lady M. offered to help him a second time, "Pshaw, Madam," said the Doctor, "they are only food for hogs," "for that very reason I help you Sir," replied her Ladyship.

Dr. Ratcliffe being asked by a patient which was the most difficult to cure, "a disorder contracted by excessive eating, or one brought on by excessive drinking;" The Doctor desired the Querist to consider which was the most difficult to extract out of a man's body, "a pipe of wine or an ox."

A dispute having arisen in the family of Mr. — between the maid and the coachman, about the fetching cream for breakfast, the gentleman called them both before him, to hear what they had to say. The girl said "She had not time to fetch the cream;" the coachman said "It was not his business, which was to take care of the horses, and drive the coach." Upon which the gentleman ordered him to drive the maid in the coach every morning to fetch the cream.

The VICAR of BRAY'S CREED.

I love with all my heart	The Tory party here
The Hanoverian part—	Most hateful doth appear,
And for their settlement	I ever have denied
My conscience gives consent,	To be on James's side;
Most righteous is the cause	To be for such a King
To fight for George's laws,	Will Britons ruin bring,
This is my mind and heart	In this opinion I
Tho' none should take my part.	Resolve to live and die.

A Macaroni was seen at the Theatre at Drury-Lane with his shoes decorated with pink ribbon; when a gentleman observed, "that his feet blushed for the folly of his head."

A Gentleman travelling with a large sum about him, just after the duel in which Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton were both killed, was stopt by two highwaymen. "For Heaven's sake," said he, "don't stop me; I am riding for my life; I am Macartney, and have a great price set upon my head, for being concerned in the murder of Lord Mohun." On this the rogues altered their plan, and took the gentleman to the next justice, in hopes of the reward; who being informed of the matter, and convinced it was not Macartney, set him at liberty, and committed his accusers.

A DIALOGUE

Between an Old Incumbent and the Person promised the next presentation.

I'm glad to see you well.

O faithless breath,

What glad to see me well and wish my death?

No more, replies the youth, this misgiving,

I wish not for your death, but for your *Living*.

An English Gentleman dined with a Banker at Paris. Soon after dinner, the Banker was called out, and left the Englishman *tete-a-tete* with his wife, who became very sullen, and at last quitted the room, after giving him a box on the ear.— Soon after the Banker returned, and finding his wife gone, asked the reason of it. The Englishman told him what had happened. “What, Sir! did she strike you? How did you entertain her?” “With the common occurrences of the town,” said the Englishman, “nothing more, I assure you.” “Did you offer no rudeness to her?” “No, upon my honour.” “She has behaved then as she ought,” said the Banker, “for to be alone with a fine woman, and to make no attempt upon her virtue, is an affront to her beauty, and she has resented the indignity as became a woman of spirit.”

Suffolk Hemmington Manor was antiently held by a very odd tenure, for the owner, Baldwin le Petteur, was obliged every Christmas-Day to perform before our Lord the King, a *Saltus*, a *Sufflatus*, and a *Bumbulus*; or, as it is read in another place of an ancient book, a *Saltus*, *Sufflus*, and a *Pettus*, "That is," says Camden, "he was to dance, make a noise with his cheeks, and let a f—t."

The by-standers, to comfort a poor man who laid upon his death-bed, told him he should be carried to church by six lusty proper fellows.— "Thank you," says he, "but I had much rather go by myself."

As Lord N——n was sailing up the river, with a large company of ladies in his pleasure barge, he observed a number of fellows bathing in the Thames, some of whom swam almost close to his Lordship's boat, upon which he suddenly exclaimed, "That he was astonished at the impudence of the women!" This engaged the immediate curiosity of the ladies, who running directly upon deck, cried out, "Women, my Lord! Women! why, 'fore Gad, they are all men."

A LATIN EPIGRAM, by Bastard,
 A poet of some ingenuity and conceit, on his
 three wives.

*Terna mihi variis ducta est ætatibus uxor
 Hac juveni, illa viro, tertiâ nupta seni
 Prima est propter opus, teneris mihi juncta
 sub annis
 Alter propter opes, tertiâ propter opem.*

TRANSLATION.
 Thrice in my life did I engage,
 In youth, in manhood, and in age,
 For better or for worse ;
 My first, I seiz'd with Cupid's hook,
 My second, I for riches took,
 The third, to be my nurse.

Timon of Athens, surnamed the Man-Hater, one day in a full Assembly mounted the tribunal, and addressed the people as follows:—"Ye men of Athens ; in a Court-yard belonging to my house grows a large fig-tree, on which many a citizen has been pleased to hang himself.—As I am going to cut it down to build on the spot, I could not rest without giving this notice, that if any among you have a mind to make the same use of the tree, ye may lose no time."

Origin of the name of ALTENA.—The deputies of Hamburg remonstrated to the King of Denmark, and often made use of the words, "*Dat is al te na*,"—in English, "It is too near," meaning Hamburg. The King took notice of the last three syllables, and said he must build it, but, to oblige them, would call it by the name they had given it.

Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*, paid a visit to Potter, son of Archbishop Potter, who lived in a deep and dirty part of Kent, through which Young had scrambled with some difficulty and danger. "Whose field was that I crossed?" asked Young, on reaching his friend. "Mine," said Potter. "True," replied the Poet, "Potter's field to bury strangers in."

Mr. Man of Deptford met a poor gentleman somewhat deranged in his intellects, but generally inoffensive. The madman stopped him, and asked him who he was. Mr. Man replied, "I am a double Man;—Man by name, and Man by nature." "You are, are you! says the insane, "I am also a man *beside myself*, so we two will fight you two."—He immediately pushed him into a muddy ditch, and walked leisurely away.

Demetrius,

Demetrius, the father of Antigonus, visiting him in the chamber when he pretended to be ill, met a young wench coming out of it. He asked his son how he found himself; he said much better, as the fever had left him. "I believe it has," said the King, "for I just now met it at your chamber-door."

Sir Francis — used to plague Lord N— with many impertinent visits, till at last Lord N. ordered his porter to deny him admittance.— Sir Francis came as usual. "My Lord is not at home, Sir." "Ah, friend—Oh, though! give me leave to speak two words to—the monkey." Away he flew up stairs, and took Lord N. un-awares. The porter was scolded. In a few days Sir Francis called again. "Is my Lord at home?" "No, Sir." "Pray what says your clock? My watch stands—I must set it right." In he went, and made a second attack on his Lordship. The porter was then told, if ever he let Sir Francis in again, he should be turned away. When the Baronet knocked, he half opened the door, keeping it in his hand, and, without giving him time to speak, bawled out, "My Lord is gone out, the monkey is dead, the clock is broke"—and flapped the door full in his face!!

The

The Archbishop of Prague was so illiterate, in John Hufs's time, that he could not read. He was by way of ridicule called, "Alphabetarius, or the A B C Doctor."

A Criminal pleaded upon his trial, as an extenuation of his offence, that he was predestined to commit it. "I am heartily sorry for that, friend," said the Judge, "for, by the same rule, I am predestined to order you to be hanged."

A learned Friar in Italy was commanded to preach before the Pope at the Jubilee. To be properly prepared, he went to Rome a good while before, to see the fashion of the Conclave, to accommodate his sermon the better. When the day came, having ended his prayer, he cried out, with a loud voice, "*St. Peter was a fool; St. Peter was a fool:*"—and immediately left the pulpit. Being convened before the Pope, and asked the reason of his strange behaviour, he said, "Surely, Holy Father, if a priest may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and all pleasures; and never preach—then surely Peter was a fool who took such a hard way in travelling, in fasting, in praying, and preaching to get thither."

Madame

Madame C—— appeared at the French Court with two Louis d'Ors at her ears instead of Pendants, which the Duke of Orleans observing, asked her the meaning of so new a fashion. She said "She found Louis d'Ors scarcer than diamonds, and wore them as such.

N. B. Money being so very scarce.

Among other expressions of joy on the birth of the Dauphin of France, a fellow at Paris gave public notice, "That he would draw teeth for a week together, upon the Pont Neuf, gratis."

Parker, Bishop of Oxford, being asked by an acquaintance what was the best body of divinity, answered "That which can help a man to keep a coach and six horses."

It being mentioned where the Prince de Conde was, that Feuillade was made a Duke as a reward for his military merits, and Vionne had the same title conferred upon him, merely on account of his being brother to Madam de Maintenon, the King's mistress. Conde observed, "That the only difference between them was, that the first got his title by the sword, and the other by the scabbard."

Upon

Upon the publication of Bolingbroke's Deistical Works, by Mallett, Dr. Sam. Johnson observed, "That Bolingbroke had charged a cannon against heaven with all the artillery of hell, and Mallett had set a match to it."

Ambrose Phillips, in a coffee-house, was discoursing upon pictures, and blaming painters who in historical pieces always draw the same sort of sky. "They should travel," said he, "and they would see a different sort of sky in every country in England, France, Italy, &c." "True," said a gentleman who sat by, "I have travelled, and the greatest variety of skies I have observed is in Poland, for there is Sobiesky, Sarbrunsky, Jablanowsky, Poniatowsky, Borewla/sky, and many more skies."

A Lady of high ton complimenting the late King of Prussia so extravagantly, that his Prussian Majesty was rather distressed at it, saying, "That he was covered with glory, was the paragon of Europe, and in short the greatest monarch and man on earth." "Madam," replied the King, "you are as handsome as an Angel, witty, elegant, and agreeable, in short, you possess all the amiable qualities; *but you paint.*"

History cannot furnish such another instance of the height of power and sovereignty as that of Massanello, who, from a barefooted fisherman, in the space of four days raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, and made himself master of Naples, one of the most populous cities in the world.

After the death of Charles the First, the Court of King's Bench was called the Court of Public Bench, and some Republicans were so cautious of acknowledging Monarchy any where, that in repeating the Lord's Prayer, instead of saying, "Thy kingdom come," they chose to have it said, "Thy Common-Wealth come."

Lewis the Fourteenth, of France, playing at back-gammon, had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and all the courtiers remained silent. The Count de Grammont came in that instant. "Decide the matter," said the King to him. "Sire," said the Count, "your Majesty is in the wrong." "How so," replied the King, "can you decide without knowing the question?" "Yes," said the Count, "because had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your Majesty."

A Gentleman, who went to take a lodging, asked the maid-servant, a remarkably handsome girl, "Whether she was to be let with the lodging." She answered, "No, she was to be let alone."

Themistocles had a daughter. Two men making love to her, he preferred the virtuous man before the rich one, saying, "He would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man."

Mr. P——, a usurer, actually made a hole in the bottom of his neighbour's parlour wall to steal light to save the expence of candles, and he used to amuse himself during the winter evenings by playing at chuck on the floor with five guinea pieces. When he lent money upon usury, and had disconfidence of the person, he would go to them, and, by way of a superlative dun, would tell them, "It was as much as his life was worth if they did not pay him." One that he dunned in this manner, told him, "there were thirty reasons why he could not pay the money, the first was, he had it not," then replied P. "I must dispense with the nine and twenty remaining ones."

During

During the performance of the opera of *Julius Cæsar*, some part of the machinery tumbled down from the roof of the Theatre upon the stage, just as Senesino had chanted forth "*Cæsare non seppe mai che sia timore*"—"Cæsar does not know what fear is." The poor hero was so frightened, that he trembled, lost his voice, and fell a-crying, to the great diversion of the spectators.

M. de Chateauneuf, at the age of nine years, was presented to a Bishop, who said to him, "My young friend, tell me where God is and I will give you an orange." "My Lord," replied the child, "tell me where he is not and I will give you two!"

Catharine Tudor, at the funeral of her first husband, (John Salusbury) was led to church by Sir Richard Clough, and from church by Morris Wynn of Gwedir, who whispered to her his wish of being her second. She refused him civilly, and informed him that she had accepted the proposals of Sir Rich. Clough in her way to church, but assured him, that if she buried Sir Richard, he might depend on being her third;—which really was the case.

A Person lamenting the death of his child, his friend told him, "That his grief was incapable of retrieving his loss."—" 'Tis for that very reason," replied the other, "that I grieve."

A violent Welch Squire having taken offence at a poor Curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, applied to the Bishop of St. Asaph with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on trade contrary to the statute. His Lordship having heard the complaint, told the Squire, "He might depend upon it the strictest justice should be done in the case." Accordingly the mechanic Divine was sent for, and the Bishop asked him how he dared to disgrace his diocese by following so low a trade as that of a mender of time-pieces. The other, with all humility, answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!" "That won't do with me;" rejoined the prelate, "I'll inflict such a punishment upon you, as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling in his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation to the astonished curate to a living of at least 150*l.* per annum.

A certain wealthy Apothecary being engaged in some of the Mary-le-Bone Buildings, London, it was well observed of him, that he had run away from the pestle, and was got into the mortar.

When Sir Robert W—— began to manifest symptoms of a declining state, the first of his old friends that began to shrink from him, were the Bishops; having, however, a question to carry in the House of Lords, to the success of which the Episcopal votes were absolutely necessary, he applied to his firm and faithful friend, the Archbishop of Y——, to assist him in procuring the support of the Right Rev. Bench. The Prelate shook his head when the Minister urged the necessity of personal application. “My good friend,” said he, “there is but one way to proceed with the Right Rev. Brethren, and you may be assured I will put it in practice: Trouble yourself no further about the matter, and be as secure of their votes as if they had already given them.” The Minister went away perfectly satisfied, and the Archbishop took immediately to his bed; ordered the knocker to be tied up, the street to be covered with straw, and desired his confidential physician to convey, by shrugs of his shoulders and shakes of his head, that

that he was in very great danger ; the sickness of the Archbishop was soon known ; the Archbishop's Mitre danced before the Right Rev. Bench ; the Bishops returned to Ministerial duty ; Sir Robert W—— gained his end ; and the Archbishop, on being informed of his success, immediately quitted his sick bed in order to dine with the Minister, and laugh in their sleeves at the trick they had put upon *lawn sleeves*.

Soon after the battle of Minden, Mr. M'Arde, the engraver, having scraped a mezzotinto of Lord G. S——, from a fine picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a folitaire round his neck, complained of his loss in being obliged to suppress it to Dr. J——n, and asked him what he should do with it. "Change the folitaire," said the Doctor, "to a halter, and then it will sell."

King Henry the Eighth, not more known for being the instrument of the reformation than for putting to death his wives when weary of them, sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, who returned for an answer that she was much obliged to the King for his compliment, and if she had had two heads one of them should have been at his service, but as she had but one she could not spare it.

Lord

Lord Morton having waited very long in the Duke of Northumberland's anti-chamber before he could see his Grace, was quite out of patience. The Duke at last came to him, and finding him with Dr. Garnet's Dissertation upon Job in his hands, asked him what he thought of it. "I think," said Lord M. "it is a very proper book for a Prime Minister's anti-chamber."

His late Majesty, George the Second, used to say, "That his subjects would not allow any one to take liberties with him but themselves."

A few days before the arrival of the definitive treaty from Paris, Mr. (then Secretary) Fox was boasting at Brookes's of the advantageous peace he had ratified, considering the odious preliminaries he had to ground it on; and among other circumstances, said, "He had at length prevailed upon the Court of Versailles to resign all pretensions to the gum trade in favour of Great-Britain." Mr. Selwyn, who was present and supposed to be asleep in his chair, immediately exclaimed, "That, friend Charles, I am not in the least surprised at, for having permitted the French to draw your teeth, they would be damned fools indeed to quarrel with you about your gums."

After

After Falkner got his cause against Foote, the comedian, Lord Chesterfield wrote to him, to congratulate him on his late triumph, in having
 “made his enemy his foot-stool.”

Vaugelas, the French Poet, being much in debt, made his will, and after giving all he had towards satisfying his creditors, he goes on thus,
 “But as there may still remain some persons unpaid ; in such case it is my will that my executors sell my body to the surgeons to the best advantage, and the money to be applied towards discharging the remainder of my debts, so that if I could not while living, at least when dead I may be of use to society.”

Queen Catharine, daughter of the King of France, and widow of Henry V. of England, married Owen Tudor of Wales. Being desirous of seeing some of her husband's kinsmen, he brought into her presence two of his near relations—men of good appearance, but destitute of education, and of all knowledge of language except their native Welsh. The Queen spoke to them in many languages, but they were not able to answer her in any of them ; upon which she said, “They are the goodliest dumb creatures that ever I saw.”

Francis

Francis the First, of France, being told that people made very free with his character in their songs, answered, "It would be hard indeed not to allow them a song for their money."

A well loaded Pluralist alledged, in defence of non-residence, the old maxim, "*Qui facit per Alium facit per se.*" Lord Chesterfield, who was present, replied, "Very well Doctor, then you shall be saved by proxy, but damned in person."

At a great distance from Paris, Mons. and Mademoiselle Scuderi were consulting about a Romance they were composing. "Says Mademoiselle what shall we do with the Prince, is it not better we should make him fall by poison rather than the poniard?" Two Merchants in the next room were listening, and concluded they had a design of murdering some Prince, they acquainted the master of the inn with what they had heard; who got them both arrested and conducted to Paris, where they obtained for themselves an unlimited right and power of life and death of all the Princes and personages in their present or any future Romance they might chuse to write.

Da

Madame

Madame de Barre was from her early years a girl of the town, soon after her being appointed mistress to Louis XV. the Duke de Enguien was asked if he knew her. "Oui," says he, "*Je l'ai connu a un ecu, a present cest a un Louis.*"

Lord Balmerino sent a message to Lord Kilmarnock the night before they were to be beheaded, that he had been practicing how to lie upon the block, and had found out that the easiest way of receiving the blow was to hold his tongue hard, and even if he bit it off, he said it was no matter as it would be of no further use.

A Dean of Canterbury, remarkable for holding a great number of Church preferments, travelling slowly in his chariot to that city, was overtaken by a poor Parson, who had somehow procured the loan of a good horse; the Parson, *en passant*, bowed most respectfully to the Dean, who desiring him to stop, begged he would call at the Mermaid at Rochester and order him a dinner to be ready at a certain hour. The parson accordingly called on the host, and told him that he would be honoured with a visit at such a time and must provide a good dinner.

"For

“For how many and please your honour,” says Boniface. “Why,” replies the Parson, “I can’t well say how many persons the whole company will consist of, for I only saw the Dean of Canterbury, the Canon of Winchester, the Provost of Litchfield, the Rector of Orpington, the Vicar of Romney, and one of the King’s Chaplains.” The parson then proceeded to his own home which was within a few miles; and the landlord began to make ample provision for the numerous guests he expected to entertain; accordingly, when the Dean arrived, a large table was set and the cloth laid. “How is this,” cries his Reverence, “you have shown me the wrong room, this surely is intended for a large company.” “And please your honour,” replied the landlord, “Parson Single Church called about an hour and a half ago, and told me I must provide for your Honour, and the Canon of Winchester, and the Provost of Litchfield, and the Vicar of Romney, and the Rector of Orpington, and one of the King’s Chaplains too, and I don’t know how many more; and so I thought, and please your honour, I would get enough.” “Oh, very well,” coolly answered the Dean, who now recollected himself, “I ought to have asked Mr. Single Church to have staid and dined with me.”

One of the small Swiss mixed Cantons through frugality kept but one Divine; a moderate honest fellow, who steering clear of controversial points, held forth to the Calvinist Flock on one part of the day, and to the Catholic on the other. He lived long among them much respected, and died lamented.

Le Fevre de la Marre, at the place of execution, when the priest who attended him spoke of the tremendous moment when he was to pass from life to death; "My Rev. Sir," says he, "I shall in a very little time know more of the matter than yourself." To a man upon the scaffold he said, "Who are you?" "I have the honour, Sir, to be the executioner." "What is it you who beheaded Mr. Lally?" "I had that honour, Sir." "Then let me tell you, friend, that it did not do you much honour, for you did it clumsily." "The fault was not mine, Sir, Mr. L. would not have the complaisance to lay his head properly." "Well, friend, tell me what I must do for your honour, as I am not experienced in these matters, this is the first time I ever had my head cut off; place me yourself, and if you fail, don't lay the blame upon me as you did upon Lally."

Old

Old Serjeant Maynard came to pay his respects to King William, who taking him by the hand, said, "I believe you have out lived most of the Lawyers of your time." "True, Sir," said the Serjeant, "and I feared I should have survived the laws themselves had you not been sent to protect them."

When Lord N—— escaped out of the Tower, in women's cloaths, those about the King, (George I.) were afraid of acquainting his Majesty, supposing he would be in a violent passion. One of them, however, went to the King, and after some hesitation delivered his message. "Well," said the King, "I think it was the best thing he could possibly do."

A humorous Fellow being subpoenaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the Counsel, who had been notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered "just four feet five inches and a half" "How come you to be so very exact, Fellow," said the Counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

Sir

Sir Thomas Moore having awarded a heavy fine to be paid by one convicted of usury. The culprit petitioned for a long day to make the payment, on which Sir Thomas ordered it for 10th of June, being the longest day he knew.

Rabelais could never be prevailed upon to accompany the Ambassador, in whose retinue he came to Rome, to the audience of the Pope; being asked the reason of it, he said, "I have an aversion to bad smells; since my master, who represents a great king, is going to kiss the Pope's toe, doubtless I being but a poor physician will be allowed only to kiss his a—."

A young Nobleman, just returned from his travels, was one day boasting of the great presents he had received from foreign Princes, particularly a grand bridle, given him by the French King, ornamented with gold and precious stones to an immense amount; "So that," said he, "I cannot think of putting it in the mouth of my horse; what shall I do with it?" Quin, who thought his Lordship made very free with the privilege of travellers, cried out "Put it in your own my Lord."

An Irishman being asked by his friend when he had seen their comrade Tom; "Why, I called on him yesterday at his lodgings, and found him sitting all alone around a table by himself."

Mr. Wesley travelling in a stage-coach with a young Officer, who swore and damned himself at every word, Mr. W. asked him "If he had read the Common Prayer Book; for if he had he might remember the collect, O God, who art ever more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve." The young man had sense enough to make the application, and was decent the rest of the journey.

An Irish Counsellor having lost a cause which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed an able Lawyer, the other two very poor ones. A brother Counsel was merry on the occasion. "Why," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench!" "An hundred," said the other, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he, "there was a figure of one and two cyphers."

The

The inns in Poland are so execrably bad; that it is necessary to take your own bed with you, and even chairs if you chuse to sit. The Duke of Y——, Bishop of Osnaburgh, said, "He did not know a country where travellers were more at home than in Poland, because they were always making use of their own furniture."

St. Thomas Aquinas happening to enter the apartment of Pope Innocent the Fourth when he had a large sum of money before him. "See here," said the Pope, with a smile, "the time is over when the church used to say I have neither silver nor gold." "True, Holy Father!" replied St. Thomas, "neither can she say any longer to the diseased and lame; arise, take up thy bed and walk!"

When Voltaire was on his death bed they sent for Monf. Bonnet, curate of St. Sulpice, to persuade him to comply with the usual forms of the Roman Catholic Religion, that proper honours might be paid to his remains. The curate began by putting his hand on the dying man's head; on which Voltaire raised his own hand and pushed him away, saying, "I came into the world without a *Bonnet* and will go out without one—let me die in peace."

A case of conscience submitted to a late dignitary of the Church on his Narcotic Exposition of the following text: *Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation.*

By our pastor perplexed,

How shall we determine?

Watch and Pray, says the text,

Go to Sleep, says the sermon.

A man of quality advised a Bishop to make an addition to his palace of a new wing. The Bishop replied, "The difference, my Lord, between your advice and that which the Devil gave to our Saviour is, that Satan advised him to change the stones into bread that the poor might eat, and you advise me to turn the bread of the poor into stones."

On the death of a Bishop L——, Dr. King, Bishop of Dublin, who expected to be made Primate, was set aside as being too old to be removed. The reason given was as mortifying as the refusal itself; when the new Primate, Dr. B——, called upon him he received him sitting, saying, with a smile, "My Lord, I am certain your Grace will forgive me, as you know I am too old to rise."

E c

In

In a library belonging to a Church in Constance, Germany, is a Chronology of the World; from Adam to Constantine the Great; what is curious enough is, that Eve is assisted by two Midwives in bringing Cain into the world.

A monument erected to the memory of Mrs. M. Middleton of Chirk Castle, represents her as rising out of her tomb, in all the fullness of youth and beauty.—She died a withered old woman. The thought of the sculptor is not amiss, alluding to the sublime passage in the burial service, “The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.”

A Curate of Tuscany was so fond of his little dog, that when he died he buried him in the Church-yard; his Bishop hearing of it was resolved to prosecute him. The Curate who knew his avaricious disposition, said to him, “If your Lordship did but know the sense of this little animal you would think him a rational creature; he made his will before he died and left your Lordship a purse of ducats, here they are.” The Bishop smiled, took the money, and forgave the sacrilege.

Sterne

Sterne says talking of love or treason is making it—he hoped the same would not hold good in respect to black buddings, that talking of them was making of them, for he detests the idea.

Eudamidas, the Corinthian, finding himself drawing near his end, and being in low circumstances, left his two friends, Charixenes and Aretheus, his executors, his will was as follows : “ I leave my mother to Aretheus to be maintained by him in her old age. I bequeath to Charixenes the care of my daughter, desiring that he would dispose of her in marriage, and portion her with as ample a fortune as his circumstances shall admit ; and in case of the death of either these, my friends, I substitute the survivor in his place.” The Legatees accepted the legacies with great satisfaction —It happened that Charixenes died a few days after his friend, the Testator ; the survivorship therefore taking place in favour of Aretheus, he not only took upon himself the care of his friend’s mother, but also made an equal distribution of his estate between the daughter of Eudamidas and an only daughter of his own ;—solemnizing both their marriages on the same day.

Mr. A—— being desired to read a letter written to a Nobleman, on the death of a relation, full of bombast and ridiculous expressions, he said, "He had never seen a letter of greater consolation, since whoever read it could not refrain from laughter."

Sir John Owen, in 1648, was condemned to lose his head with some Lords taken at the same time, for which he made the Court a low bow, and gave his humble thanks. One asked him what he meant. He replied, "It was a great honour to a poor Gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such Noble Lords. For by God he was afraid they would have hanged him."

Dr. R——, head of a College in Cambridge, thinking himself far from well, and not willing to give a fee to the principal Physician there, though very rich, he thought himself of this scheme to get assistance at a lower rate, he invited the Doctor to dine with him, and after enumerating all his complaints, as if accidentally introduced, said, "What do you think I should take?" "Take," said the Doctor, "by all means take—advice."

Phocion's

Phocion's wife, as plain in dress as himself, said, to a fine lady, who was shewing her her jewels, &c. Says she, "For my part my only ornament is my good man, Phocion, who has commanded the Athenians these twenty years."

After some successes in war, Lewis XV. was almost pestered to death, by petitions for rewards, by the officers of his armies; so many pensions out of the Exchequer nearly drained it. Once an Officer being come express with the news of the loss of a battle in Germany; the King said "Thank God, this time, I shan't be teased about rewards."

The family of Levi, in France, boast of their antiquity and trace their origin from Anne, mother of the Virgin Mary.—They have an old picture (a family piece) which is carefully preserved in their Chateau; in it is seen a Gentleman in armour, an ancestor of the family, on his knees to the Virgin Mary, who has a scroll issuing out of her mouth, on which is written, "Rise, Cousin." On a scroll coming from the mouth of the gentleman, are these words, "Excuse me, Cousin, I know my duty."

Charles

Charles the First, when he was conducted to prison, said "He thought himself accountable for his actions to God alone." The Captain of the Guards had the insolence to answer, "Very true, and therefore we intend shortly to send you to God for that purpose."

Count Choiseul, Marshal of France, found Pecourt, the Stage-Dancer, one morning at Ninnon de l'Enclos's toilet. Piqued at seeing such a rival, and perceiving Pecourt to wear a dress *en Militaire*, the Count asked what corps he served in. Pecourt replied, with a sneer, "I command, Sir, that *corps* in which you have served a long time."

A Lord had the great mortification to hear that one of his daughters had married his Coachman, an honest fellow and an old servant; his Lordship sent for him; John appeared with all the palpitations that became so great a culprit. His master told him as his daughter was no girl he thought her most to blame, since it must be of her promoting, therefore, said he, "I have sent for you to tell you what I will do, because you are my son-in-law; think not that I will attempt to make you, what nature has forbid, a gentleman,

gentleman, no, I will take a proper house for you, give you two old family coaches, that were my grandfather's, and a set of horses, with 300*l*. to set the wheels agoing! Let me hear that you behave like an honest man and a good husband."

Ariosto built for himself a small house, which when a friend saw, he expressed an astonishment that he, who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should be content with so poor a house. Ariosto aptly replied, "Words are much easier put together than bricks."

Tom S——, a butcher at Newmarket, whose father was a gentlemen and had run out a good estate by his extravagance, being asked, by one who had known him in his prosperity, how he could descend to so low a calling; he answered, "Why you know our family took a particular pride in killing their own mutton."

General W——'s house in Cork-street, designed by Lord Burlington, was ill contrived and inconvenient, but has so beautiful a front, that Lord Chesterfield said "as the gentleman could not *live* in it at his ease, he might take a house over against it and look at it."

Mr.

Mr. H—— having voted in Parliament against what the King desired; his Majesty (Charles the Second) chid him severely. Next day, upon another question of importance, he voted as the King would have him, who said to him at night, "You were not against me to day." "No, Sir, I was against my conscience to day."

When Henry the Eighth was lamenting the Pope's delay in the affair of the Divorce. "Lord," said Sir Thomas Wyat, "that a man cannot repent him of his sin, but by the Pope's leave." This bon mot was supposed to have put it first into Henry's head to emancipate himself and his kingdom from the Pope's tyranny.

The Duke of Bridgewater being engaged in some work, to the completion of which he thought it necessary that the surface of the water should be smooth and still, a breeze springing up suddenly, he exclaimed, "D—n the wind;" to which a Nobleman then present, observed, "You have indeed, my Lord, taught us by experience that you can dam the water, but, believe me, that not even your Lordship can dam the wind!"

Dr.

Dr. W——, being intended for a vacant Bishopric, wrote to his friend, who had great interest, to beg he would convey that Bishopric from him, and concludes “Yours, Nicholas Wotton.—Add whatsoever you will to it, so you add not *Bishop*.”

At a Course of Lectures, in Edinburgh, one day a student came in and forgot to shut the door;—a pert young man roared out, “*Claude Ofstium*.” The Lecturer called out, “*Claude Of tuum*.”

Mrs. Bendish, granddaughter to Cromwell, venerated the memory of Oliver to such a degree as to take him for a saint. She said in company, “That Oliver one day prayed with such devotion that tears were forced from him in such abundance as to run under the closet door, where he was alone, into the next room.” A Gentleman observed to her, “That it was difficult to say what fountains of tears might fill up and run over the Lord’s chosen vessels, yet he could not help thinking that the flood under the closet door, occasioned by the Protector’s struggles, was derived from some other source than that of his eyes.”

In a mixed company the topic of conversation fell upon the subject of matrimony, when one, as it is usual, compared it to Heaven, and another to Hell.—On its being referred to Will Honeycomb, who just entered the room, he said, “That he rather looked upon it as a Purgatory.”

A Justice of Peace, who was possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had written a book which he meant to publish, sent it to Ben Johnson for his opinion of it, who finding it full of absurdities, returned it with his compliments, and desired his Worship would commit it to the House of Correction.

A Lampoon, containing licentious reflections upon the Court, was read by James the First with great indignation, but as it concluded with the following couplet,

*“God bless the King, the Queen, the Prince,
and Peers,*

*“And grant the Author long may wear his
ears.”*

He smiled, and said, “By my faith and so he shall for me; for though an impudent, he is a pleasant rogue.”

On

On the wall of a Church. Time was represented with an hour-glass. The figure being much worn out and decayed, a wag wrote underneath, that *Time* had devoured itself.

Mynheer Bentinck, ancestor to the present Duke of P——, having obtained an extraordinary grant of Crown Lands in Wales, there was a great opposition made to it by the gentlemen of the country. Mr. B. went down himself and convened all that were concerned, and told them in his broken English, "Gentlemen, me be come down for all your goods. "Ay, by G—d," said Mr. Price, "and our chattels too, I believe."

The Fellows of New College, Oxford, were talking of some alterations to be made in their garden. One of them observed, "it would be better if a large mount in the centre of the garden was removed;—an objection was made to this, as there would be a difficulty to find a place to remove the rubbish to. At last Mr. R—— got up and said, very gravely, "That it would be easy to dig a hole at the bottom of the garden and put it there."

A gentleman going to be married, had appointed the ceremony to be performed on a Friday, this the Lady objected to, it being a fish day ; on which a gentleman present quoted this line out of Horace,
" Mulier Fermosa desinit in piscem !"

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Bishop Latimer told the King, in a sermon at Court, that he heard the Judges had oppressed the poor, and that if he was King he would make the strictest enquiry into that matter, and if he found it true he would order their skins to be stript of their backs, stuf with straw, and hung up in Westminster-Hall for an example.

Anne, widow of the Earls of Dorset and Pembroke, among many other noble reversions, enjoyed the borough of Appleby. Sir J——— W———, Secretary to Charles II. wrote to her to name a candidate for that borough. The brave Countess, with all the spirit of her ancestors, returned the following answer ; " I have been bullied by an † Usurper, I have been neglected by a ‡ Court, but I will not be dictated to by a Subject—your man shall not stand."

† Oliver Cromwell.

‡ Charles II.

On

On Dr. CADE dying by his own Recipe.

Cade, who had slain ten thousand men
 With that small instrument a pen,
 Being sick, unluckily he tried
 The point upon himself, and died.

When Quin lodged in the country he lost his horse; he asked a country fellow if they had thieves among them, for his horse was stolen. "No," says Hob, "we be all honest fellows, but they say there's one Quin hereabouts from London, may hap he may have stolen him!"

A French Genealogist was such an adept in the study of Heraldry, that he could trace pedigrees as far as Adam; at the same time he used to lament the hard case of our said forefather, that he could not possibly amuse himself in that way.

The great Lord Strafford's contempt of the populace is very spirited. The Lieutenant of the Tower desired him to get into a coach, that he might not be torn to pieces by the rabble. "I die," said he, "to please the people, and I will die their own way."

The

The death of Pope Adrian caused such joy at Rome, that the night after his decease they adorned the door of his Chief Physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription, "*To the deliverer of his country.*"

A man at confession owned to his having stolen a sow and pigs. The Father Confessor exhorted him to restitution. The man said some were sold and some were killed; but, the Priest not being satisfied with that, told him, "They would follow him to the day of judgement if he did not make restitution." Upon which the man replies quickly, "I'll restore them then."

Madox, in the History of the Exchequer, recites a fine of a singular nature:—In King John's time, the wife of Hugh de Neville fined to that Monarch in two hundred hens, that she might lie one night with her husband; but the lady not being able to provide them immediately, her husband was pledged for the payment of one hundred, and Thomas de Sandford for the other, within a limited time.—Sir Hugh was a ward of the Crown, and married without the King's consent.

The

The Vice-Roys of Naples live in much greater state and splendour than the Kings of Spain, their masters.—A Lady from Naples, being at Court at Madrid, wished to Philip the Fourth, that he might one day be Vice-Roy of Naples.

Rabelais, the famous wit of France, when his master was indisposed and the physicians prescribed opening remedies, was found in the Court-yard boiling a large pot of water, into which he had thrown all the keys he could collect, and when asked the reason of the process, he replied, "That he was obeying the directions he had received, for keys were truly the best openers in the world."

A Gentleman, travelling on a journey, could not pass a light guinea, so he gave it to his servant, who was an Irishman, and desired him to see if he could get it off upon the road. At night he asked him if he had passed the guinea. "Yes, Sir," replied Teague, "but I was forced to be very sly; the people refused it at breakfast and dinner, so at a turnpike where I had fourpence to pay, I whipped it in between two halfpence, and the man put it into his pocket and never saw it."

Lord

Lord Grimston, in his dedication to his play, says that the *Cacoethes Scribendi*, i. e. the itch of scribbling, is as peculiar to an Englishman as the cholic to a Governor of Barbadoes, or the p—x to a Marshal of France.

Ottobone got a Cardinal's hat by shewing Donna Olimpia, the dispenser of all favours, a magnificent beaufet of plate, which he said he meant to give her when he was made Cardinal, and immediately returned the plate to the tradesman, who lent it to him for the occasion.

Lord Chesterfield paying a visit to Lord P. a favorite little dog bit him in the leg. "Fear not," says my Lord P. "my little dog never bites." Lord C. who had already knocked down the little creature with his cane, replied in the same strain, "Fear not," my Lord, "I never strike dogs."

About the ninth and tenth centuries, in several Churches of France, they celebrated a festival in memory of the Virgin's flight into Egypt.—It was called the Feast of the Afs. A young girl, richly dressed with a child in her arms, was set upon an afs superbly caparisoned—the afs was led

led to the altar in solemn procession—High Mass was said—the ass was taught to kneel at proper places—an hymn no less childish than impious was sung in his praise—and when the ceremony was ended, the Priest, instead of the usual words with which he dismissed the people, brayed three times like an ass; and the people instead of their usual response, “*We bless the Lord;*” brayed three times in the same manner.

In the year 1787, soon after *Dr. Prettyman* was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln, there lived a clergyman of the name of *Fairchild*, who was Rector of Caldecote, a parish a few miles distant from Bugden, his Lordship’s residence.

A Venetian Ambassador at the Court of Rome, remonstrating in behalf of the flag of the Republic, which had been insulted by the subjects of his Holiness, so irritated the Pope, that he, with great arrogance, demanded what Charter his master had for the sovereignty of the seas! The Ambassador very gravely desired the Pontiff to examine the back of the parchment, on which was his grant for St. Peter’s Patrimony, and he would find it there.

G g

“Pray

"Pray Mr. Quin," said a Lady, "did you ever make love?" "No, my Lady," replied Sir John Brute, "I always buy it ready made."

The following is a copy of a note from Mr. B—— to Lady L——, on being informed that a favourite bitch belonging to her Ladyship had pupped:—"Mr. B's compliments to Lady L. is glad to hear *Miss Chloe* is brought to bed, and begs, as a particular favour, her Ladyship would set *him* down for a puppy."

A certain Friar found means to procure some dishes of meat, forbidden by the institutes of his order, and plenty of good wine, to which he invited some of his brethren to partake of it: To be snug they adjourned to one of the cellars, when the Abbot missing so many of the Monks, after long search found them at their feast; they were greatly alarmed, when the Abbot, contrary to all expectation, told them he should be glad to partake, and sat down with them;—his design was, by thus making himself guilty along with them, to be better able to shew them the way to repentance. The next day a chapter being summoned, the Abbot desired the Prior to fill his place, which he did; he then came forward

forward into the midst of the Assembly, and accused himself of the sin he had committed the day before, and insisted that discipline might be inflicted upon him, which was complied with, though we presume in a gentler manner. The other Monks were surprised at the conduct of the Abbot; but, seeing no way to avoid it, came forward also and confessed their sin; when the Abbot, by means of a proper person he had selected for the purpose, procured a severe flagellation to be inflicted upon every one of his late fellow banqueters.

Dr. Ratcliffe being in a Tavern one evening, a Gentleman entered in great haste almost speechless, "Doctor, my wife is at the point of death, make haste, come with me." "Not till I have finished my bottle, however," replied the Doctor. The man happened to be a fine athletic fellow, finding the entreaty useless, snatched up the Doctor, hoisted him on his back, and carried him out of the Tavern;—the moment he set the Doctor upon his legs, he received from him, in a very emphatic manner, the following threat: "Now, you rascal, I'll cure your wife in spite of you."

The lawless cruelty of a King of Persia is painted to the life, by a single expression of a Persian Grandee, "That every time he left the King's apartment he was inclined to feel with his hand whether his head was on his shoulders."

Conjugal Love. — The Emperor, Conrad the Third, having besieged Guelpho, Duke of Bavaria, would not be prevailed upon, what mean and unmanly satisfactions soever had been tendered to him, to condescend to milder conditions, than that the ladies and gentlemen only, who were in the town, might go out, without violation of their honour, on foot, and with so much only as they can carry about them; which was no sooner known, but, that out of magnanimity of heart and an excess of good nature, they presently contrived to carry out, upon their shoulders, their husbands and children, and even the Duke himself; a sight at which the Emperor was so pleased, that, ravished with the generosity of the action, he wept for joy, and immediately extinguishing in his heart the mortal and implacable hatred he had conceived against this Duke, he from that time forward, treated him and his with all humanity and affection.

On Miss H—— at York.

When Balaam's ass, in former days,
 The Angel saw, as Scripture says,
 He spoke!—Again return the times;
 Now lovely Dorothea's seen,
 With Angel's face and Heavenly mien,
 Each ass at Y—k writes rhymes.

A Miser sent for another to confer with him on the subject of Parsimony, and to teach him how to save; when the other came and found a farthing candle burning before him, he directly put it out. "This," said he, "is the first hint I shall give you."

David Hume, in going over a wooden bridge, slipped and tumbled into the mud, in which he stuck fast and was almost suffocated. He called out for help; when an old woman heard him, and ran to give him assistance, but as soon as she saw who it was, she refused it, saying he was an Atheist. David assured her he was not. "Let me hear then," said she, "if you can say your belief." Mr. H. begun with "I believe in God;" the old woman would not, however, pull him out till he had gone quite through the Creed.

A SPECIMEN of ANCIENT POETRY,
*On the removal of Queen Elizabeth's body,
 from Richmond to Whitehall, in order for
 its interment, by Maister Camden, his Poesy.*

The Queene was brought by water to Whitehall
 At everie stroake the oares teares let fall
 More clung about the barge fishes under water
 Wept out their eyes of pearl and swam blind after
 I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
 Have row'd her thither in her people's eies
 For howsoev'r thus much my thoughts have scann'd
 She had come by water had she come by land.

Surprising effects of Ancient Music.

When Amurath took the city of Bagdad, he gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death though they had laid down their arms; among them was a Musician, who begged to speak to the Emperor, and give him a specimen of his art, which was allowed him. He sung the taking of Bagdad and the triumph of Amurath.— The pathetic tones, and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul, overpowered with harmony he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intencion; he not only directed that the
 people

people should be spared, but also that they should have instant liberty. — Amurath retained the Musician at his Court, and ordered him considerable appointments.

Some Gentlemen boasting of their ancestors, a wag said he was of a more ancient family than any of them, and could trace his pedigree in a lineal descent from King Lud; for he happened to be put into Ludgate for debt, and made his escape down a rope.

Maude, daughter of Malcolm Camoir, King of the Scots, and wife to Henry the First, went every day in Lent to Westminster-Abbey, bare foot and bare legged, wearing a garment of hair. She would wash and kiss the feet of the poorest people, and give them bountiful alms, for which being reprehended by a Courtier, she gave him the following answer :

Madam, for God's love is this welI doo
To handle sich unclene lymnes and to kiss so
Foule wolde the Kyng thynk if that hit he wiste
And right well abyse him er he your mouth kiss
Sur scourd the Queene be stille why sayeste thou so
Our Lord himsele ensample ye so for to do.

At

At Craistwaite Church in the vale of Keswick, with five chapels belonging to it, the Minister's stipend was five pounds per annum—a goose grass, or the right of commoning his goose—a whittle gale, or the privilege of using his knife, for a week at a time, at any table in the parish—and lastly a hardened sark, or a shirt of coarse linen.

In the Church Service for the thanksgiving of women after child-birth, the Vicar of *** afraid of offending his patroness, who was a person of quality, introduced the word *Lady*, instead of woman; and accordingly said, "O Lord, save this *Lady* thy servant." When the Clerk made answer, "Who putteth her *Ladyship's* trust in thee?"

Lady T—— said to Quin, "I wonder Mr. Q. you do not marry, take a house, and keep an equipage." "Why look ye, my Lady, I like the sweets of matrimony without the biters, I always carry my wife, my coach, and my cook in my pocket, and when they displease me, jolt me into a passion, or spoil my appetite, I turn them off."

Sir

Sir Thomas Moore being asked by an impertinent author his opinion of a book; Sir Thomas desired him by all means to put it in verse, and bring it him again; which no sooner was it done, than Sir T. looking upon it, said, "Yea, now it is somewhat like; now it is *rythm*, before it was neither *royme* nor *reason*."—Whence the Proverb, it is neither *rhyme* nor *reason*.

Mr. S — had a coachman addicted to swearing; his master, in order to break him of the habit, agreed to allow him more wages, on condition that he should leave it off; at the same time he threatened if he continued the practice to dismiss him his service. It happened soon after the coach was overturned in a slough, when John was silent on the box. The horses made no efforts to extricate themselves, as they had been used to his language; at which Mr. S. being much exasperated, the Coachman said in his defence, "That if his master would not allow him to make use of an oath they must remain there all night;" when Mr. S. readily bethought himself to make a virtue of necessity and dispense with John's swearing; when, in an instant, the horses made a push and drew the carriage out of the mire.

An old Woman, in Yorkshire, coming from the hay field astride on horseback, was met by a young Man, on the road, who says to her, "What Betty, got on astride?" "Ay my lad," replied she, "it makes na matter its as broad as its long."

Dean Swift and a party of his friends, having agreed to walk out of town, to a certain Nobleman's, where they were all to sleep;—the Dean, who was the best walker of the set, soon distanced the rest, with a design of securing the best bed. On this, one of the others was detached on horseback, by a different road, to punish the Dean for his selfishness, who, accordingly reaching the place of destination long before Swift, posted a servant of the Nobleman's, at some distance from the house, to inform the humorist that the small-pox was in the family;—the Dean, who never had the distemper, alarmed at the news, took up his residence in a little room at the end of a garden, where he supped alone, and passed several melancholy hours, while his friends at the mansion were laughing very heartily at his situation. At length taking pity of him, they revealed the jest, and promised that on no future occasion the best bed should deprive them of his company.

During

During the late Siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night a centry, whose post was near the Devil's Tower, and facing the Spanish Lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling, looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but fire and sword, miners, breaches, storming, and bloodshed!—By the side of his box stood a deep-neck'd earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled peas. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's silence, and allured by the smell of the peas, ventured to the jug, and endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his head so far into the neck as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant the soldier turned round and came whistling towards his box, the monkey, unable to get clear of it, started up to run off with the jug sticking on his head. This terrible apparition no sooner saluted the eyes of the centry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a tremendous high cap on his head; full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls.—The guard took the alarm, the drums were beat, sig-

nal guns fired, and in less than ten minutes the Governor and his whole garrison were under arms. The supposed grenadier being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the peas, was soon overtaken and seized; and, by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was restored without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of the direful alarm.

Crim. Con. in a new way.

A young Officer, a Cornet in a regiment not twenty miles from Chatham, being hospitably entertained by a neighbouring Gentleman Farmer, formed a deliberate plan of seducing his wife. The usual siege was laid, and such assiduity preserved, that it could not escape the eye of the Farmer; but, depending on his wife's constancy, he did not forbid the military advances of his constant guest, holding it as a maxim, that a woman who was not proof against the frippery parade of a regimental coxcomb was unworthy the care of a man of sense. In process of time, however, the Lady, who despised the advances of the Captain, and really loved her family, took an opportunity of stating the whole case to her husband:—In consequence of which

a plan was laid, and the execution nearly proved fatal to the lover. Mr. B——, the farmer alluded to, invited all the Officers of the regiment to dine with him, on a certain day, except the Captain, and as this was a palpable insult the Captain was not a little rallied, upon the neglect at the Mess Room, where he had often said, “He should make the Farmer’s wife one of his regimental followers.”—It, however, so happened, that on the day previous to the dinner, the Captain received a letter from the Lady, intimating that if he would attend at the garden gate, at half past ten the same night, he should be conducted, by a faithful Abigail, to a much more delicate entertainment than eating and drinking could afford. This happy circumstance the Captain broadly hinted at Sunday’s mess, where he said, “They would drink with the husband while he conversed with the wife.”—All things were prepared—the Officers dined with the Farmer—and the Captain, true to his appointment, met the Abigail, who conducted him to a closet adjoining her mistress’s bed-room, desired him not to say a word, but undress, and enjoy, in the next room, what he sought for;—transported with the idea, and laughing at the fools below stairs, he was soon under the bed-clothes,

cloathes, and scarcely there before he received such a pressing hug as obliged him to call out for help in tones of loud distress; the alarm was given,—the company ran up stairs with lights, and on entering the chamber found the Captain fast locked in the arms of a great *she dancing Bear*: The Proprietor of the beast holding the chain of his property on the left hand side of the bedstead, the first business was to release the poor lover from his hugging mistress, which, with the assistance of the keeper, was soon effected, but at the expence of three broken ribs and a violent contusion on the temple, that the bear made with the buckle that muzzled her jaws. The situation of the lover's mind may be conceived, but not described; he got home in a state only to be envied by a man who is just going to be hanged, and unable to bear what he had a right to expect from the mess, has given in his resignation with intent to retire on the half pay list. The squeezes which he received in this love adventure, have so injured his health, that there are but small hopes of his recovery: The Farmer and the Master of the dancing bear, therefore stand in an awkward predicament, as indictments are lodged against both. This matter was to be hushed

up

up, but the Abigail, in the true stile of her profession, told it as a secret to another Abigail, and so it got round.

Agellanus says the first step to immortal glory is to despise death.

Selden tells this story: A person of quality came to my Chamber, in the Temple, and told me, that he had *two Devils* in his head, (I wondered what he meant) and just at that time one of them bid him kill me; with that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to no body else. I perceived what in opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took it in hand, and warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me alone for about an hour, and then come again, which he was very willing to do. In the mean time I got a card and lapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, put strings to the taffeta, and when he came I gave it him to hang about his neck, charging him that he should not disorder himself neither with eating or drinking,

but

but eat very little supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed, and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days;—within that time I went to dinner at his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; or, in truth he had not dealt clearly with me. He had *four Devils in his Head*, and he perceived *two* of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other *two* troubled him still. Well, said I, I am glad *two* of them are gone, and I make no doubt but to get away the other, so I gave him another thing to hang likewise about his neck.—Three days after he came to me at my chamber, and profest he was as well as ever he was in his life, and thanked me for the great care I had of him. I fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself, and one physician more in the whole town, that could cure the *Devils in the Head*, and that was Dr. Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself.—The gentleman lived many years and was never troubled after.

Selden

Selden says, words should be fitted to a man's mouth.—A Common-Councilman of the City of London, (a Taylor) being ordered to make a speech for the Lord Mayor, he desired first to take measure of his Lordship's mouth.

At the Grand Federation Festival at Paris, on the ground where the Bastile Prison formerly stood, was planted an artificial grove of large trees thoroughly illuminated;—on one side were seen, heaped together, the ruins of the Bastile, among which were conspicuous chains and fetters, and the infamous *Bas-Relief*, representing prisoners manacled, and which decorated the clock belonging to that fortress. This heap of ruins formed a striking contrast to an inscription, written in large transparent characters, at the entrance of the grove, "*Ici lon Danse.*"—A contrast still more interesting presented itself to the minds of those who remembered the public rejoicings in 1793, for the recovery of Louis XV. on which day one of the prisoners, shut up in the Bastile, fixed to the window of his dungeon a transparent paper, lighted behind by a lamp, on which were these words, "*Gaudet et Ipse Dolor.*"

Paris appears to have been the greatest gallant of antiquity, for he not only carried off the greatest beauty, (Helen of Greece) but he slew Achilles, the greatest warrior.

A Gentleman, who lodged in New Bond-street, being confined by illness a long time, his servant was daily accosted by a man whose sole business was a constant inquiry after his master's health; when the gentleman was recovering, his servant acquainted him of this stranger's civility; curiosity induced him then to discover who he was; when, lo, he turned out to be an undertaker. It was then agreed between the master and servant, to make him a proper acknowledgement for his politeness; the servant was accordingly instructed to say, his master was dying, and in a few days after, that he was dead;—the instructions were obeyed, the Undertaker paid his devoirs to the servant, with a present of two guineas, on being informed he was to have the job. He was next introduced to take measure of the corps; to which he was proceeding with a face as hypocritical as Judas Iscariot's, when suddenly the dead alive jumped up, gave him a hearty horse whipping, and kicked him down stairs.

There

There is not any thing denotes the ignorance and poverty of the present age so much as the number of compilers of Dictionaries, and the increase of Lotteries.

It falling out in discourse where the seat of Paradise lay. — On its being referred to an Italian Lady in the company; she answered, "It was in *Mezzo-pota-mia*."

Scarron says the most general complaint, and founded on the latest antiquity, is that of Poets on the badness of the times and the ingratitude of the age.

The ignorance of the French Clergy is so great, that one asking a Curate the name of the Tutelary Saint of the Church, he said "He did not recollect, he only knew him by sight;" meaning his image.

Mrs. ——— at Bath, who had a very tall son, was asked by the facetious Mr. M. what she intended him for. She replied, "The Church." "Madam," said he, "that is impossible, you must mean him for the *steeple*."

Formerly it was not allowed for any of the Clergy save a Bishop to preach a sermon; now a days it is so different, that a Clergyman must preach to become a Bishop.

Mr. _____ fell in love with a remarkably thin woman.—On his being asked, by his friend, the reason of his choice; he made answer, “It was to ease the fatigue of courtship, as the avenue to her heart must be so much nearer than that of one more plump.”

A Cantab at an Inn, some distance from Cambridge, not having money to pay the reckoning, bethought himself of this expedient: To condemn the wine, which he said was execrably bad, and that his taste was delicate as his father was a wine-merchant; but, if the Landlord would permit him to look at the cask, he had a composition with him which would make it better. Accordingly they repaired to the cellar, when the student bored a hole in the cask and told the Inn-keeper to place his finger on it while he stepped up stairs for the powder, which he said he had forgot. In the mean time he made off without paying the reckoning.

It

It was the custom formerly in France, if a Judge suffered himself to be bribed, the party injured, provided the sentence was proved false, was at liberty to challenge him.

Money makes a man laugh.—There is a treatise on the connection between the animal spirits and the breeches pocket, but I have not seen it. A blind Fidler playing to a company, they laughed at him. His Boy, that led him, perceiving it, cried “Father, let us begone, they do nothing but laugh at you.” “Hold thy peace, Boy,” said the Fidler, “we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them.”

The Bishop of ———, famous for preaching, desired his favorite servant to tell him when he begun to flagg, then he would conclude.—The honest servant one day, said, “Please your Grace, the time is come.” “What time.” “Time that your Grace desired me.” “I desired you.” “Yes, to tell you.” “What, tell me.” “Only, only, Sir.” “Speak out.” “Only, that you fall off in your preaching.” “Very well, Mr. Busy Body, go to my steward he will pay you off—I have no occasion for your further service.”

Scarron,

Scarron, in his last moments, when his relations and servants flocked around the bed, and shed tears. "Friends," said he, "it is not possible for you to weep, as I have made you laugh."

Rabelais says it is best to make a purchase of books of the least celebrated authors, and then you may be sure they will not be depreciated by other editions.

A Gentleman seeing a landscape at a Painter's, found fault with the figures in it; on which the Painter said, "If he would purchase the landscape, he would give him the figures into the bargain."

England is the Paradise for women, a Proverb: Also England is said to be a Heaven for women and a Hell for horses. Hence the saying, that if a bridge was made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither; yet it is worth notice that no language has so many invectives against the sex, and there never was an instance in any country of such acts of cruelty towards them as in those of the *Monster*.

A Gentleman in France having lost his Lady, made his servant sit in form, in mourning, as a mute, to receive the compliments of condolance on the occasion; when, through the disguise, it appeared to be the coachman;—the ceremony was soon broke through, and a conversation took place about the prices of hay and corn.

At a Church in Cornwall, while the congregation was standing gaping to swallow the pious and godly exhortations of their vigorous and ruddy complexioned Parson; when in the midst of his sermon,—his piercing eye cast around his attentive congregation, according to the true principles of divine eloquence, he perceived a glimmering of motion, followed by noise and bustle: Judging what it meant, (a report was brought of a wreck.) “Brethren,” said he, “for conscience sake attend, and hear only these four words—*Let us start fair;*” when over the pulpit this honest son of Levi leapt; the old pulpit came down, sermon one way, bible and prayer-book another, and the noise of the great church bible, &c. &c. so astonished the throng, that he out-stripped them all, and got first to plunder.

The

The reason of a thing is not to be inquired after till you are sure the thing itself be so:— We commonly are at what is the reason of it before we are sure of a thing. It was an excellent question of Lady Cotton, when Sir Robert, the antiquarian, was magnifying a *shoe*, which had been Moses' or Noah's, and wondering at the strange shape and fashion of it. "But, Mr. C." says she, "are you sure it is a *shoe*?"

A Citizen of London having made his fortune, thought the best way to employ his money was in building a row of houses in White-Chapel to let out in tenements;—which, after he had built, he unadvisedly let one of them to a Coppersmith for a term of lease, when unluckily the driving of the nails and the hammers became of such nuisance, that the other neighbouring tenants gave warning upon it to the Landlord, who went immediately to the Coppersmith and offered him any terms to give up the lease, which he could not prevail upon him to do; when he luckily happened to mention it before an Officer of the Guards, who said, "If that he would give him five guineas, and suffer him to be in the next house to him, that he would effectually force him out;" which the other

other agreed to. Accordingly he got two drummers and ordered them to keep a continual drumming; which so alarmed and hindered the Coppersmith, that he could not work at his trade, as these people when they work must hear their own blows, or else they are liable to strike the nail too much on the head, and when it is almost even with the surface for it to come loose again: So this expedient not only served the Landlord, but also gave the Officer the means of inlisting his men, as they could not work, and were idle.

The Daughter of Pythagoras used to say, that the woman who goes to bed to a man must put off her modesty with her petticoat, and put it on again with the same.

Margaret, Queen of Navarre, mentions a Prince of the blood of France, who going upon an amorous assignation to lie with an Advocate's wife at Paris; his way thither being through a Church, he never passed that holy place, coming or going, but he always kneeled down to pray, and recommend himself to the divine favour.

A Noble Lord, lately married, was observed to bestow more time and attention in examining his bride's estate than might have been expected on his wedding day;—but it was natural, that on entering into possession, he should be desirous of surveying the premises.

A French Miser could not be prevailed upon, in his last moments, to prepare himself for the next world; on which his Ghostly Father bethought himself to tempt him with the sight of a fine Silver Crucifix of exquisite workmanship; this being presented to his view, he took it in his hand, and said, "It weighed so little that he could not afford to lend much money on it," and instantly expired.

A Gentleman, the first time of his coming to Bath, was extravagantly charged for every thing by the persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some time after, complaining to Beau Nash, "Sir," replied the latter, "they have acted to you on true Christian principles." "How so," replied the man. "Why you was a stranger, and they took you in."

An

An extravagant young Gentleman having for a few days sported a pair of beautiful grey horses, asked a friend of his, who happened to be of a more serious cast, what he thought of his greys. "Why, I confess, Ned," replied the other, "they look extremely beautiful, but take my word for it your greys will very soon be converted into duns."

The Pope, when one of his former intimates, before he was advanced to the Popedom, did not affect his company, presuming he was busy in governing the Christian World. The Pope sent for him, and charged him to come, and said, "We will be merry, as we were before, for thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world."

When Cromwell commissioned Lockhart against Dunkirk, he put into his hands this billet, to be previously sent to Mazarine, commander of that fortress, "Thou traitor M. if thou dost refuse to deliver up Dunkirk unto L. my friend and counsellor, by the eternal God! I'll come and tear thee from thy master's bosom, and hang thee at the gates of Paris. Signed, *Cromwell.*"

The Duke of Florence asking his Fool how (being so thin clad) he was able to support the cold, when he himself, warm wrapt up as he was, was not able to endure it. "Why," replies the Fool, "use my receipt, to put on all the cloathes you have at once, and you will feel no more cold than I."

Cleanthes says, as the voice forced thorough the narrow passage of a trumpet comes out more forcible and shrill, so methinks a sentence couched in the harmony of verse darts more briskly upon the understanding, and strikes both the ear and apprehension with a smarter and more pleasing power.

Montaigne says, that a French Gentleman, who was very often tormented with the gout, being importuned by his physicians totally to reclaim his appetite from all manner of salt meat, was wont, presently to reply, "That he must needs have something to quarrel with in the extremity of his fits, and that he fancied railing one while at the Bologna sausages, and another, at the dried tongues and hams, was some mitigation to his pain."

A POET'S RHAPSODY,

Found in his garret after his death.

Oh, that my lungs would bleat like butter'd pease,

And ake with bleating catch the itch;

To be as mangy as the Irish seas,

Engend'ring wind mills, or a melted witch.

I grant that drunken rainbows, lulled to sleep,

Snort like Welch hooks in Ladies eyes;

Which made them vex to see a pudding creep,

For creeping puddings only please the wife.

Not that a hard row'd herring shou'd presume

To swing a tithe pig in a cat-skin purse,

For fear the hail-stones, which did fall at Rome,

By lessening of the fall might make it worse.

For, 'tis most certain, winter woollacks grow

From geese to swans, if men would keep them so:

Until that sheep thorn planet gave the hint

To pickle pancakes in Geneva print.

Some men there are, who did suppose the sky

Was made of carbonated antidotes,

But my opinion is, a whale's left eye

Need not be coined all in King Henry's groats.

The reason's plain, for Charon's western barge,

Running full tilt at the subjunctive mood,

Beckoned to Landau fight, and gave a charge

To fatten padlocks with Antarctic food.

Now

Now the end that mill-stones must be laided,
 To fish for white pots in a country dance,
 That those who had been wronged, and were
 upbraided,
 Might be made friends in a left handed trance.

The Bellman's cry at Ripon, Yorkshire, in a
 a severe storm, i. e. a great frost and fall of snow.
 "I is to gie notidge, that Joanie Pickergill yeats
 yéwn to neit, to moarn at moarn, an to moarn
 at neit, an neay langer, as lang as stourm hods,
 cause he can git na mare eldin."

The Translation.

"I am to give notice, that Johny Pickersgill heats
 the oven to-night, to-morrow morning, and to-
 morrow at night, and no longer as long as the
 storm lasts, because he can get no more fuel."

MEDITATION on a PUDDING.

By Dr. Johnson.

Let us seriously reflect of what a pudding is
 composed: It is composed of flour, that once
 waved in the golden grain, and drank the dews
 of the morning,—of milk pressed from the swell-
 ing udder by the gentle hand of the beauteous
 milk-maid,

milk-maid, whose beauty and innocence might have recommended a worse draught, who, while she stroked the udder, indulged no ambitious thoughts of wandering in palaces, formed no plans for destruction of her fellow creatures;—milk, which is drawn from the cow, that useful animal that eats the grass of the field, and supplies us with that which made the greatest part of the food of mankind in the age, which the Poets have agreed to call golden. It is made with an egg, that miracle of nature which the theoretical Burnett has compared to creation. An egg contains within its beautiful smooth surface an unformed mass, which, by incubation of the parent, becomes a regular animal, furnished with bones and sinews, and covered with feathers.—Let us consider, can there be more wanting to complete the Meditation on a Pudding, if more is wanting, more may be found: It contains salt, which keeps the sea from putrefaction—salt, which is made the image of intellectual excellence contributes to the foundation of a pudding.

Dr. Schmidt, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, couched in the following terms:—"Sire, I acquaint your Majesty,

Majesty, 1st, That there are wanting books of Psalms for the Royal Family.—I acquaint your Majesty, 2d, That there wants wood to warm the Royal seats.—I acquaint your Majesty, 3d, That the balustrade next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,

Sacrist of the Cathedral.

The King, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer: — “I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 1st, That those who want to sing psalms may buy books.—I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 2d, That those who want to be kept warm must buy wood —I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 3d, That I shall not trust him any longer to the balustrade next the river. —And I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 4th, That I will not have any more correspondence with him.”

Extract out of the TATLER.

I had the honour the other day of a visit from a Gentlewoman, (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown, but the air of her face has an agreeableness which surpasses the beauty of the fairest women;—
there

there appeared in her look and mien, a sprightly health, and her eyes had too much vivacity to become the language of complaint which she began to enter into. She seemed sensible of it, and therefore, with down cast looks, said, "Mr. Bickerstaff, you see before you the unhappiest of women, and therefore as you are esteemed by all the world a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance in putting me into a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void." "Madam," said I, "your grievance is of such a nature, that you must be very ingenuous in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire," "Sir," she answers, "I believe there would be no need of half your skill in the art of divination to guess why a woman would part from her husband." "'Tis true," said I, "but suspicions at what you mean; nay, certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit.—She clapped her fan before her face. "My husband," said she, "is no more an husband,"—here she burst into tears,—"than one of the Italian singers." "Madam," said I, "the affliction you complain

of is to be redressed by law ; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through in bringing it into open Court,—how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the trial—the licentious reflections of the pleaders—and the interpretations that will, in general, be put upon your conduct by all the world. How little will they say could that lady command her passions? Besides, consider that curbing our desires is the greatest glory we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next ” She answered, like a prudent matron, “ Sir, if you please to remember the office of matrimony,—the first cause of its institution is that of posterity,—therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food, as you please to enjoin me ; but I cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment, increase and multiply.” Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. “ Do but consider, Madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in nunneries, secluded for ever from the sight
and

and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures—in constant and frequent devotions—and, at proper hours, in agreeable conversations.” “Sir,” said she hastily, “tell not me of Papists, or any of their idolatries.” “Well then, Madam, consider how many fine ladies live innocently in the eye of the world in this gay town, and at their ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial.” “Mr. Bickerstaff,” said she, with some emotion, “you are an excellent casuist, but the last word destroyed your argument;—if it is not self denial, it is not virtue. I presented you with an half guinea, not only to have my conscience eased, but to have my fortune told.” “Yet, well, Madam,” said I, “pray of what age is your husband?” “He is,” replied my injured client, “fifty, and I have been his wife fifteen years.” “How happened it you never communicated your distress in all this time to your friends and relations?” She answered, “He has been thus but a fortnight.” I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and could not forbear laughing out —“Why, Madam, in cases of infirmity, which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.”

ODE to the SUN,

By DAFYDD ab GWILYM;

Attempted in English,

By DAFYDD ddu FEDDYG, *Mawrth, 1790.*

WHILE summer reigns, delightful sun!
For me with happy tidings run
From Gwynedd's tow'ring hills sublime
To fair Morganwg's distant clime.

The fairest planet, thou, that flies
By God's command along the skies!
Immense and powerful is thy flame!
Thou to the Sabbath giv'st thy name!
From thy first rising in the East
How great thy journey to the West!
And tho' at night we see the lave
Thy sheeny locks in Ocean's cave,
Th' ensuing morn thy steps we spy
Advancing up the eastern sky.

O thou with radiant glory crown'd!
Thy beams are scatter'd wide around.
'Tis from thy ample orb so bright
The moon receives her silver light.

Great

Great Ruler of the sky, thy force
 Controuls the planets in their course,
 A gem in th' Empyræan set,
 Fountain of light and source of heat.

Before all planets thee I prize,
 Bright ornament of summer skies;
 O deign with influence divine
 On fair Morganwg's plains to shine,
 Where thy all-seeing eye may trace
 A manly and a gen'rous race.
 From Gwent, for valiant men renown'd,
 To Neath, with Royal forests crown'd;
 O for my sake—my gift of song,
 Thy blessings to this land prolong,
 And guard her hills and verdant plains
 From whirlwinds and o'erflowing rains,
 Nor frost, or long continued snow,
 Let sweet Morganwg ever know.
 No blights her autumn fruits annoy,
 Or April months her bees destroy;
 But o'er that country thro' the day
 Th' effulgence of thy light display,
 And court her still with modest pride,
 With gentler beams at eventide.

Return

Return and like a bridegroom drest
 Again illumine the rosy East;
 Again, my love, a hundred times
 Bear to Morganwg's pleasant climes.
 Greet all her sons, with happy days,
 And gild their white domes with thy rays,
 Their high woods waving to the gales,
 Their orchards and their fertile vales.

Great Sun, how wond'rous are thy ways,
 Through Ether dart thy warmest rays;
 Profusely strew thy blessings round,
 Let honey and the vine abound
 Through all her vales; for Chieftains fam'd,
 And commons virtuous and untam'd.
 Those vales so eminently blest,
 Whose sons are brave, whose daughters chaste.
 Those vales, where hospitable fare
 Displays th' industrious housewife's care;
 Where oft by love and friendship born,
 With wine and mead I fill my horn.

A name immortal shall belong
 To those sweet vales in Gwilym's song,
 Where fair Morganwg shall be seen
 Of every country, Peerless Queen,
 Where hospitality denied,
 And spurn'd by all the world beside;

Still

Still here, in every splendid dome,
 The lovely guest wou'd find a home,
 And should the Bard of lofty lays
 Perchance to fall on evil days,
 Morganwg, soother of his pains,
 Would cherish his immortal strains.

"I am of opinion," says an Irish Philosopher,
 "whatever we are told about it, that things
 have not been made and ordered in the most
 suitable and proper manner; if the management
 of this world had been left to me, *I would have
 created the sun for the night, not for the day-
 time, when we have no occasion for it.*"

Richardson, Author of Clarissa Harlowe.

A young Lady, pert and prudish, determined
 the better to shew her wit, to put Richardson
 out of countenance.—He was as remarkable for
 his modesty, as for his parts: On his coming
 into a numerous company, "Lord! Sir," says
 she, "*you certainly have a wonderful talent
 at description; but, I fear, Sir, you must
 have much frequented Brothels, to be able to
 describe them so well.*" "I fear, Madam,"
 replied Richardson, "*you have been often there,
 since you know they are so well described.*"

Lope

Lope de Vega speaking of a disconsolate and beautiful Shepherdess, lamenting on the sea shore the absence of her mate, says that the sea passed its limits and threw up shells to receive her tears, which became so many pearls, in these beautiful lines.

Y el Mar como embidioso

A Tierra por las Lagrimas salia

Y alegre a cogerlas

Las guarda en conchas y convierte en perlas.

Goodness of HENRY IV. of France.

The King leaning carelessly out of a window, with the skirts of his coat gaping behind, a stout scullion perceiving the favourable situation, and mistaking the Sacred Majesty for one of the Cooks, advanced on tip-toe, and, with a well extended arm, discharged a heavy blow on the Royal buttocks. "Zounds!" cried the King, "*what the Devil's the matter now?*" The poor man thinking himself undone, fell upon his knees, and excused himself by protesting he had mistaken his Majesty for Bertrand.— "Well," replied the King, rubbing briskly the aching part, "*if it had been Bertrand where was the necessity of striking so cursed hard?*" and gave him a Louis d'Or."

French

French Charade.—Mon Premier, avec mon second, mange mon tout.

Chiendent, (Dog's Grass.)

Montaigne says a man who marries his wh—e, is like a man who — in his hat, and puts it on his head.

Two Gentlemen passing by some new houses lately erected in London, one of them observed that there were too few windows; but, that circumstance, as it saved in part the tax, would be good for the Liver. “True,” says the other, “but damned bad for the *Lights*.”

A Gentleman, of the name of Petre, being of a party who left London to dine at Windsor, often expressed, at the Inn, his impatience at the delay of dinner. A late Lady of Quality, remarkable for her amorous intrigues, was one of the company, and, desirous of rebuking Mr. P. she addressed the Waiter thus: “Sir, pray bring up dinner, or I fear Mr. Petre will devour me.” “My Lady,” replied P. “you should recollect that *Peter* never eat any thing common, or unclean.”

M m

Counsellor

Counsellor ———, a dull Barrister, got the nickname of *Necessity*—because *Necessity has no Law*.

Mrs. Farrell, dressing one evening for the part of Macheath, observed to one of the Actors, that her new breeches were, in many respects, very ill made. "Upon the *whole*, Madam," replied he, "they fit you very well."

A Quaker, in Yorkshire, sold a horse that was blind to a Cockney: The latter insisted on the money being returned. Obadiah refused, and shrewdly remarked, "If thou didst not see faults in him, I am sure he could not *see* any faults in thee."

An Irishman, who had taken a tour through the Northern Counties of this kingdom, observed, that he thought himself more at home in York and Scarborough than at any other places in his route:—In the first, said he, they have a square which they call *Thursday-Market*—because the Market is there held on *Saturday* only; and in the latter they have a street which they call *Saturday-Market*—because there is no Market at all held in it.

Solon

Solon compares the People to the sea, and Orators and Counsellors unto the winds, for the sea will be calm and quiet if the wind does not trouble it.

The following whimsical though fortuitous apposition of names and occupations actually existed at one and the same time in the city of Waterford, in Ireland :—*Loadman*, the gaoler ; *Achinghead*, a tavern keeper ; *Ironsides*, a cannon-founder ; and *Proudfoot*, a shoe-maker.

A Cantab asking a fellow Student, who had returned from London, what was the lye of the day in town ; the other replied, that you are the best scholar in the College.

A Gentleman, supping at the house of a Lady who was fond of French cookery, and those deceptions which are placed on Gallic tables, attempted to help himself (as he thought) to some potted meat. The dish, however, contained only bran with a surface of melted butter. The Lady seeming confused at the discovery, he said he was sorry he had *bran*-dished his weapon in her presence.

Lord Bacon says, reading makes a full man, writing an exact man, and conversation a ready man.

Dr. E—— recovered from some consumptive disorders, by the use of *egg* diet, soon after married. W——, the Master of University College, Oxford, went to Dr. L——, then sick in bed, and resolved to *discharge* a pun which he had *made*. “Well, Sir,” said he, “Dr. E. has been *egged* on to matrimony.” “Has he so,” said L. “why then I hope the *yoke* will fet easy.”

Don Peter, of Portugal, surnamed the Justiciary, at Santarem near Lisbon, heard an uproar in the street; when the King asked what was the matter, they told his Majesty it was a son beating his own father.—The King said it was not possible;—he sent for the mother, and she confessed that he was the son of a Friar who lived with them for the honour of their house; on which he went himself for the Friar, who was celebrating Mass, and ordered him to be put into the hollow of a cork-tree and fawn asunder.

Piovano

Piovano Arloto, a Buffoon, boasted that in all his life he never spoke truth. "Except," replied another, "*at this present moment.*"

There is a picture in a Church at Seville, in Spain, the subject,—a Man in bed attended by four Physicians at the bed-side.—It is a votive tablet, with this inscription in Spanish, literally translated, "A miracle brought about by our Lady of the Penha de Francia, on the body of N——, who, though in agonies, escaped the clutches of four Doctors that assisted him."

A Musician and a Poet were fellow lodgers :—One day in discourse lamenting in what a little estimation the liberal arts were held ;—says the Poet, "It is but to-day they said in a Coffee-House it was not possible they could have any brains."—It happened they ordered a calf's-head for supper ; when the servant, who overheard the discourse, ate up the brains ; on which his Masters scolded him ; when Teague said in his defence, "Arrah, now, did you not say that it was not possible for Poets or Musicians to have any brains."

One

One said surely the easiest way must be that to the next world—as the people always set off on their journey with their eyes shut.

St. Jerome says, that there is no book so dull, but it meets a suitable dull reader. “*Nullus est imperitus Scriptor, qui Lectorem non inveniat.*”

It was the custom of the ancients, at their Banquets, that the number of the guests should never exceed that of the Muses, nor less than that of the Graces; that is, not to exceed nine, nor be less than three.

A Jew asked a Gentlemen five hundred ducats for a fine Crucifix, that he had to dispose of; on which the Gentleman said, “He certainly shewed more sense than his ancestors, who sold the *original* for thirty pieces of silver.”

Don John, of Austria, natural son of the Emperor, Charles V. being asked by his father whether he was more obliged to him or his mother for his birth; he replied, “To his mother, who chose out for him such a father.”

One

One said to another you talk so foolishly I do not understand you. "That astonishes me," replied the other, "when I make use of your language."

Mr. ——— was so much addicted to censure, that he abused every body, and particularly railed against a most intimate friend of his, who, in order to reprove him, exalted him up to the skies in all companies; when, at last, the other took him to task, and, in his defence, he said, "The world will not believe either of us, as we both deal in fiction!"

Queen Elizabeth, as she was riding on horseback to St. Paul's Church, London, on her Anniversary (St. Elizabeth's Day) was met by a Beggar who asked her alms. The Queen remarking to her Chamberlain, that the man followed her wherever she went, quoted this line out of Ovid;

"Pauper ubique jacet!"

On which the Pauper instantly replied,

"In thalamis Regina tuis, hac nocte jacerem

"Si foret hoc Verum, Pauper ubique jacet;"

at which the Queen smiled.

Count

Count Orgaz says, that a man who cannot make two verses must be a fool, but he who makes four must be an idiot.

Ovid says, that Niobe was happy in her afflictions, for she lost her senses before she was changed into a stone.

*"Felicem Nioben, quamvis tot funera vidit
Quæ posuit sensum saxea facta malis."*

Sir Thomas Moore being led to the scaffold for execution—the ladder not being steady, asked a bystander to lend him his hand to mount it, saying cheerfully, *"Juvæ me ut condescendam in descensu nemini molestus futurus."* "Help me to mount, for in descending I shall not be troublesome to any one."

Bion (the Philosopher) says, that riches are the nerves of all human actions, and that neither valour or nobility could subsist without them. According to Owen, *honour* is derived from the Hebrew word, *Hon*, Riches,—and the French *Or*, Gold.

*"Divitias and opes Hon Lingua Hebræa vocavit
Gallica Gens Aurum, or indeque venit Honor!"*

A Spanish Gentleman told a Lady, who had a dimple in her chin, that it would serve for a nice sarcophagus to deposit his heart in.

Mr. Pope, sneering at the ignorance of a young Man, asked him if he knew what an interrogation was? "Yes, Sir," said he, "'tis a little crooked thing that asks questions."

Marshal Bassom Pierre said, that Virginity was the most precious treasure in the world. On which it was concluded, that it was the most difficult to keep, since every man had the Key of it.

Dr. J—— says, if a Nobleman refuses to grant a request, he should do it with a smiling countenance; and if he aims at popularity, he should have one hand in his purse and the other on his hat, always ready to take it off.

In a dispute about gentility before Philip II. of Spain, it was said, that there were only two distinctions in society,—they who had money, and they who had it not; and that the value of personal worth was estimated by the weight of the purse.

On its being told to Philip of Macedon, that a place was impregnable ; he asked if it was not possible for an ass to enter it loaden with gold?

Menage says, that a stroke of the apoplexy is a general warrant at the suit of death.

Charade.—My first is a part of a Lady, my second's a part of a Lady, and my whole is a part of a Lady. *B—side.*

On the tomb of a Nobleman in France, who was remarkable for a weak judgement, but an extraordinary memory, was the following inscription, "*Yci git un tel de gloriouse memoire en attendant le judgment.*"—"Here lies such a one of glorious memory waiting for his judgment."

Zeuxis, the painter, ordered his scholar to draw a Venus, as much to the life as possible. The scholar, when he found he could not compass it according to the line of beauty, added a great many jewels and ornaments to the drapery ; at which his master was displeased ; when the scholar, in his defence, said, "As he could not exceed nature he had set it off by art."

A bad Wrestler turned Physician. "Courage, my friend," said Diogenes, "thou wilt now throw those who have thrown thee."

In Norway it is the custom when any person dies, after the body is laid out, to send for a Fiddler, who seats himself on the corps with his legs across and his face to the feet—and he strikes up a tune; and is hired to keep fiddling in this manner a fortnight.

Henry IV. of France, being one day requested by his Taylor to peruse a book which he had composed concerning the state,—turned round to one of his Courtiers, and jocosely said, "Send for my Chancellor to make me a suit of cloathes, since my Taylor intends settling the affairs of the nation."

A French Dancing-Master, whose name was La Riviere, quarrelled with a Fencing-Master, surnamed La Batterie.—It happened unluckily that the latter made use of this expression, "*Pes sur la Riviere*," i. e. "A f—t for Riviere." Upon which they fought, and La Batterie was run through the body.

Footie being told a certain Nobleman, high in office, had married his kept mistress; "I hat man," said he, "is always robbing the public."

A Physician being somewhat reflected upon in the course of his practice, said he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "I believe you," said a Gentleman present, "for they are all dead."

It is said hunger will break through a stone-wall, or any thing but Suffolk cheese, viz. — A Suffolk cheese cannot be cut but with a hatchet. A parcel being sent to India in an iron chest, the rats, allured by the smell, eat through the chest, but could not penetrate the cheese.

When the Marshal de Fierste lay at the point of death, his Confessor having prepared him for the next world, asked for a crucifix; when the Valet de Chambre and the Footman instantly ran to fetch one that was upon the table, but catching hold of it at the same time a struggle ensued, when the Lacquey would not quit his hold to the Valet de Chambré; on which the Marshal hal-
lowed out that he should break his head with it.

Major

Major B——, a noted gambler, met Foote at Bath. "My dear Foote," says he, "I have had a sad misfortune since I saw you last, I have lost an eye." "I am very sorry for it," said the Wit, "pray at what game?"

A Gentleman being at a play was told by a person, who sat close by him, that he smelt strong. "No, Sir," said he, "'tis you that smell—I stink."

Lately was married at Maidenhead, in Berks, Thomas Allcock, Esq; to Miss Penelope Coney. It is remarkable the marriage articles were drawn by Mr. Gorobed, an attorney in the Temple, and the name of the clergyman, who cemented the happy union, was Horn.

A Gentleman, indisposed and confined to his bed, sent his servant to see what hour it was, by a sun dial, which was fastened to a post in his garden; the servant was an Irishman, and being at a loss how to find it, thought he was to pluck up the post, which he accordingly did and carried it to his Master, with the sun dial, saying, "Arrah, now, look at it yourself, it is indeed all a mystery to me."

An Irish Adventurer, at Bath, told Dr. S. he wished he would call upon him, and he would shew him a sweet Phaeton he had just got on a new plan. "I rather think," said the Doctor, "it is upon the old plan, for I dare say you never mean to pay for it."

The Rev. Dr. H—— one night, when the weather was intensely cold, happened to pass within hearing of his kitchen; when John, the footman, was stretching himself before the fire, wishing for somebody to carry him up to bed.—The Doctor, on entering his parlour, rang his bell, the footman appearing, "John," says his Master, "where is the grey Mare?" "At the farm, Sir," replies the Man. "Well, John, fetch me the grey Mare from the farm."—This commission did not well agree with John's inactivity at that time, but, as he knew his Master's commands to be peremptory, it was needless to remonstrate;—the Mare was fetched, though at the distance of two miles, and John was very ready to acquaint his Master with his return. "Well then," says the Doctor, "let the Mare carry you up to bed, John, for I have no occasion for her or you to night."

Sir

Sir Godfrey Kneller shewing Pope some portraits of beautiful women of his taking; the Poet told him, with a sneer, it was pity he had not been consulted in the creation. "Why," says Sir Godfrey, looking at Pope, "I think I could have made some things *better*."

A Gentleman who saw Wilkes's coach drawn by men, the horses being taken off, told the Lord Mayor he had lost his handkerchief in the crowd. "Very possibly," said his Lordship, "I fancy one of W's coach-horses has picked your pocket."

A Physician attending a Lady several times, had received a couple of guineas each visit; at last, when he was going away, she gave him but *one*; at which he was surprised, and looking on the floor, as if in search of something, she asked him what he looked for. "I believe, Madam," said he, "I have *dropt* a guinea." "No, Sir," replied the Lady, "it is me that hath *dropt* it."

Anecdote of Mr. SPENCER, generally known by the name of Jack Spencer, and father to the late Lord.—It was customary for Sarah (as she was called) the old Duchess of Marlborough to ask all her kindred to dine with her once a year.

Upon

Upon one of those days of festivity the old Duchess expressed the pleasure she felt on seeing so flourishing and numerous an Assembly around her, but, at the same instant she said it, she perceived a smile on Mr. Spencer's face, which betrayed something more than he meant should meet her eye. "What," said the Duchess, "did you leer and laugh at, Jack?" "Something, Madam, quite foreign to what your Grace has just observed." "It was not, and I require you instantly to tell me the truth."—Jack was then obliged to acknowledge that it was a very indelicate idea and wished to be excused. The Duchess was urgent, but promised to forgive him if he instantly told her. "Why then, Madam, I was thinking how much better we might all flourish if the old stump we sprang from was under ground." "Out of my house, Sirrah," said she, "never enter my doors again."—Mr. Spencer retired,—but the next morning the Duchess found him on his knees, at her feet, in her dressing room. "Why, how now," said she, "did I not forbid you ever entering my doors." "You did, Madam," said Mr. Spencer, "and therefore I came in at the window;" this new mode of entry procured his pardon.

On

On the expulsion of Mr. Jones from the House of Commons in Ireland, a Wag remarked, that this was not In-I-go Jones, but Out-I-go Jones.

A Sailor, who had not seen the inside of a Church, strolled into that of Paulet, in Somersetshire, just as the Minister ascended the pulpit, who gave out for his text, "*Wilt thou go up with me to battle to Ramoth Gilead?*" which being twice repeated,—the Tar, with some warmth, rose and cried out, "What do none of you answer the Gentleman, for my part I'll go with him, by G—d."

The late Duchess of Kingston, who was remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity, being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in the street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and asked the Fellow, "How dare you, sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the street?" "Woman of quality," replied the Man. "Yes, Fellow," rejoined her Grace, "don't you see *my arms upon my carriage?*" "Yes, I do indeed," says he, "and a pair of plaguy coarse arms they are."

A Gentleman seeing a Girl skinning eels alive, asked her if she did not think it cruel. "Oh! not at all, Sir," said she, "they be used to it."

A shabby Fellow playing at billiards with Lord Chesterfield, and boasting of his ancient family and the arms they bore; "You may have a coat of arms," said my Lord, "but I am sorry to say you have hardly arms to your coat."

Lord Sandwich, after his first day's review at Portsmouth, asked a Divine, who stood near him, if such a profusion of fire and smoke did not put him in mind of *Hell*. "Yes, my Lord," replied the Divine, "especially as I observed your Lordship to be in the *midst* of it."

At Bury assizes a Country Man was arraigned for stealing a goose; but the accusation proved to be false, for he brought a neighbour of his who swore positively that he remembered that very goose in his possession ever since it was a gosling. An Irishman, who was afterwards arraigned for stealing a gun, hearing so able a defence, prevailed on a fellow Countryman of *his* to swear he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a *pistol*!

"What,"

"What," said a Punster, "is Majesty when deprived of the externals (M and Y) but a *jest*?"

A Lady, a pretender to learning, expressed to Dr. Samuel Johnson her approbation of his Dictionary, and particularly for his not having admitted into it any improper words. "I find," said the Doctor, "you have been looking for them."

During the review at Portsmouth, the King (George III.) asked the French Ambassador how he liked the shew. "It is a noble one," said he, "but hang your guns they make a horrid noise." "I believe," said the King, "the noise of these guns never afforded your country any pleasure."

Hoadley and Sherlock were of the same year in Catharine Hall, Cambridge.—One day as they came away from a Lecture on Tully's Offices, H. said, "Well, S. you figured away finely to-day by the help of Cockman's Translation." "No," says S. "I did not, for I tried all I could to get one and could hear of only one copy, and that you *secured*."—So that the contest between these two great men seems to have begun pretty early in life.

"Pray what is your name?" said Foote to the Master of the Castle Inn at Salt Hill. "Partridge, Sir." "Partridge, it should be *Woodcock* by the length of your bill."

An English Officer, in a battle in Flanders, had his wooden leg (covered with a boot) shot off by a cannon ball; his men crying out, "A Surgeon, a Surgeon, for the Captain." "No, no," said he, "a Carpenter, a Carpenter, will do better."

Mr. Hare happening to be with Charles Fox, looking out of the window, perceived a number of the money hunting tribe about the door;—not being certain whether it was himself or his friend they were in quest of, he called out, "Pray, Gentlemen, are ye Fox hunting or Hare hunting this morning?"

Lord Mansfield, to save a poor Fellow who had stolen a gewgaw trinket, desired the Jury to value it under a shilling. The Prosecutor cried out, "Why, my Lord, the very fashion of it cost more than ten times that sum." "It may be so," replied his Lordship, "but we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

When

When Dr. Johnson had finished the copy of his Dictionary, which had wearied Millar, the bookseller, exceedingly—the latter sent the following card to the Doctor:—"Andrew Millar sends his compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, with the money for the last sheet of the copy of the Dictionary, and thanks God he has done with him." To which J. returned this brief answer: "Samuel Johnson returns his compliments to Mr A. Millar and is very glad to find, as he does by his card, that Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing!"

Some time ago, Dean B—ke, who interested himself much in public charities, sent a message to Miss Catley, requesting her to give him a *night* for that purpose in one of the public gardens. Catley pretended to understand him in a different light, and sent him the following note: "Miss C. presents her compliments to Dean B. and acquaints him that from the nature of her present connections she cannot, agreeable to his request, give the Dean a night; but will as soon as she is at liberty, and hopes that decency may prevent the Dean from fixing on a public garden for the rendezvous."

The

The Bench of Middlesex Justices refused a licence to a publican who put up Mr. Wilkes for his sign; he told them so far from being a friend to Wilkes, that he had hung him up in effigy—but if he had given offence he was ready to pull down Wilkes and hang up the whole Bench of Middlesex Justices in his stead.

Lewis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was the best bred man in Europe. "I shall soon put that to the test," said the King, and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him; as soon as the door of the coach was opened he bad him pass, and go in,—the other bowed and obeyed. The King said, "The world was right in the character it gave of Lord Stair—another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

Jervas, the painter, though praised highly by Pope, was certainly but an indifferent one;—he pretended to be an infidel as to religion. Dr. Arbuthnot told him he certainly was a believer, "For," says he, "you religiously observe the second commandment—you make not the likeness of any thing that is in Heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth."

Peter

Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, passing thro' Dantzic in his way to Holland on a Sunday, desired the Burgomaster to conduct him to Church, as the service was about beginning;—to the Church they went, and the Czar was placed in the seat of the Chief Magistrate who sat close to him; after some time, Peter finding his head grew cold, pulled off the Magistrate's enormous perriwig and put it on his own head.—They both remained in that ludicrous situation till the end of the service; when the Czar, with a nod, by way of acknowledgement, replaced the perriwig on the head of its owner.

Garrick used to employ one Stone to pick him up Low Actors;—he was to find him a Bishop of Winchester, and had engaged one. Not long before the play began, he sent the following note to Garrick: "Sir, the Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear. He swears d—mn his eyes if he'll play to night."

"W. STONE."

GARRICK'S *Answer*.

"Stone, the Bishop may go to the Devil. I don't know a greater rascal except yourself."

"D. GARRICK."

A

A Fellow who had stolen four pigs, was pursued and committed to prison. "D—mn it," says he, "I have brought my hogs to a fine market."

The Vicar of E —, a very humdrum preacher, in the midst of his sermon was interrupted by a Jack Ass, that had strolled into the Church porch and set up a loud braying; when a pleasant Fellow stood up and called out, "Pray, Gentlemen, one at once, one at once."

The History of Epicurism cannot produce any lover of tid bits equal to the late Duke of Newcastle; when he sat down to a dish of canary birds' tongues, he used to declare vocal tongues were richer than others! If so, how charming a relish would Madame Mara's tongue have been to his Grace.

The late King of Prussia played a great deal upon the German Flute, and Lewis XV. of France, spent much of his time in the chace. A Prussian in conversation with a Frenchman, asked with a sneer, "*Si son Maitre chassoit toujours.*" "*Oui, oui, Il ne joue jamais de la flute.*"

Milton

Milton was asked if he meant to teach his daughter the languages. "No, Sir, one tongue is enough for a woman."

Voltaire said of a Traveller, who made too long a stay with him at Ferney, "Don Quixote took Inns for Castles, but Mr. ——— takes Castles for Inns."

When Lord F—— to avoid certain Jews, his creditors, went over to Calais, George Selwin observed, "It was a pass-over not much relished by the Jews."

A Slater, working at his house, fell through all the rafters from top to bottom. "That's right," said a wag, "I like to see a man go cleverly through his work."

Dr. N—— of St. John's, Cambridge, going in his coach through one of the villages near Cambridge, and seeing a very large old Mansion, called out to an old woman, "Is that a *religious* house?" "I know not what you mean by a religious house," said the Woman, "but I believe the house is as honest a house as any of yours at Cambridge."

A pert and ignorant young Fellow was lamenting to Dr Johnson, that he had lost all his Greek! "I believe it happened," said the Doctor, "at the same time that I lost my large estate in Yorkshire!"

A very large Man was disputing with a poor little Fellow, and told him in his heat, that he would put him in his pocket; the little Fellow said, "He had better put him in his head, where there was more room."

In one of Sir Richard Steel's drunken frolics, the waiters were hoisting him into a hackney-coach, with some difficulty, when a tory mob was passing by and crying, "Down with the *Rumps*." "Up with the *Rump*," cried Sir Richard, "or I shall not be at home to night."

As Pepper Arden was shooting on the Manors of his Father-in-Law, and having shot his bird, was looking for it; when the Game-keeper coming up, instantly spied it just beneath Mr Arden. "Why 'tis under your Honour's nose," cried the man, "if you could but see it." Pepper chiding him for his freedom, "Lord," said the Fellow, "I did not see your honour had *one*."

In

In a dispute among the Privy Counsellors, Lord Chancellor T—— struck the table with such violence, that it was said he split it. “No,” said a Gentleman, “I cannot believe that he split the table, but I do believe that he divided the Board!”

Lady Wallis sent a very civil message to Mr. Harris, patentee of Covent Garden Play-House, and offered him her *piece* for nothing. Mr. H. observed, that the Lady knew the exact value of it.

After one of the first Musicians had been playing a solo, and shewn a great many tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving applause for his great execution, Lady L—— observed of the performance, to Dr Johnson, how amazingly difficult it must be. “Madam,” said the Doctor, “I wish it had been impossible.”

Lady F—— had arrived to so extreme a degree of sensibility, that seeing a man go by with a mutilated wheel-barrow she cried out to her companion, “Do turn aside, it distresses me above measure to see that poor unfortunate wheel-barrow with one leg.”

An Irishman telling what he called an excellent story, a gentleman observed, he had met with it in a book published many years ago. "Confound these Ancients," said Teague, "they are always stealing ones good thoughts."

In the reign of Charles the Second it was very much the fashion at Court to observe the fast days; upon which the Bishop, who used to preach in the King's Chapel, was so very earnest in his sermons on the observance of those days, that he said it was not only wrong, but highly sinful to eat any kind of flesh thereon;—a few days after he had preached a very excellent discourse on the subject, a Colonel in the army called upon him just as the dinner was upon the table; when, to his utter astonishment, it being a fast day, he saw a capon, a dish of rich beef flakes, and a brace of woodcocks on the table; the Bishop seeing the Colonel's surprise, asked the meaning. "Why," says he, "after the very forcible arguments I have heard you advance in favour of a strict observance of the fast days, I did not expect to see any thing on your Grace's table, but a little piece of hard dry salt fish." The Bishop was at the first confounded, but presently recollecting himself, "Colonel," says

says he, "these things entirely depend on people's different tastes, as for instance there is no thing I like so well as what you call a little bit of hard dry salt-fish! It is quite a luxury to me; therefore, as this is a fast day, I was determined to mortify my appetite, and accordingly ordered these beef stakes, woodcocks, and capon."

A Monkey faced fellow offered himself to Garrick as an actor. "It will not do," says G. at present, "but if you had a tail, No money should part us."

Dr. Johnson in a Coffee-House ordered the waiter to turn out a dog that was troublesome; a Coxcomb asked him if he was not fond of dogs. "No, Sir," said the Doctor, "of *puppies* neither."

Swift preached an assize sermon, and in the course of it was severe upon the Lawyers for pleading against their consciences. After dinner a young Counsel said some severe things upon the Clergy, and did not doubt were the Devil to die, a person might be found to preach his funeral sermon. "Yes," says S. "I *would*, and would give the Devil his due, as I did his children this morning."

Charles

Charles the Second being at bowles, and having laid a bowl very near the jack; "My soul to a horse t—d," said the King, "nobody beats that." "If your Majesty will lay odds," said Lord Rochester, "I'll take the bet."

An honest Man, who had never tasted a Puffin, (a bird in Scotland about the size of a starling, and pickled) had some brought to him as a whet before dinner; after eating half a dozen, he cried out, with some impatience, "I have eaten fax and do not find myself a bit more hungry."

A Pavier had done some work for Dr. Ratcliffe, and was pressing for his money, the Doctor told him he had spoiled his pavement and had covered it with earth to hide the bad work." "Doctor," said the Pavier, "mine is not the only work that the earth hides."

Some Ladies in the Long Room at Bath observed, what a very smart fellow Colonel J—— was. Mr. Wilkes asked them with a sneer who was his taylor — The Colonel, who overheard the whole, cried out, "He won't do for you, Sir, *he deals only for ready money.*"

Ignatius

Ignatius Sancho, in one of his letters, tells his correspondent, that Sam. Foote was dead. "A Leg, which had been cut off," says he, "was buried some years since, and now the whole Foote follows."

Colonel Bond (a Regicide) died a day or two before Cromwell. It was said the Protector was dead. "No," says Mr. B——, "he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his further appearance."

Dr. Wall at a public dinner was playing with a cork upon the table. "What a dirty hand Dr. W. has," said Mr. E. "I'll bet you a bottle there is a dirtier in company," said the Doctor, who had overhead. "*Done*," said he; upon which he produced his other hand, and won the wager.

Malherbe dined one day with the Bishop of Rouen who was a dull preacher;—dinner was scarce over before the Poet fell asleep, but was awaked by the Prelate and asked to go with him to Church where he was to preach; he begged to be excused, saying, "He could sleep very well where he was."

Charles

Charles the Second seeing Lord Rochester come limping into the drawing-room one morning, offered to run a race with him. "I should have no chance," said R. "to run with a man who had fled for his life."

A Gentleman, not remarkably bright, said to Charles Churchill, that a friend of theirs wanted taste, "For," says he, "if one sport a good thing it is lost upon him." "Pray," says the Poet, "did you ever try him?"

The Duke of Buckingham lived some time, and died in a paltry ale-house. Calling out very loud one day for a pot of ale, the Landlord answered, "Your Grace is in a plaguy hurry, I'll come as soon as I have served my pigs."

Lord Sommers paid a visit to the Duke of Marlbro' in his illness, though they hated one another greatly. His Lordship recommended something to the Duke to take, saying, "He would be hanged if it was not serviceable to him." The Duchess, who was present, cried out, "Take it then, my Lord Duke, it must be of service to you one way or other."

A Gentleman from the West end of the town happened to sup in the city ; he was after supper asked to sing—he said he was no singer ;—when one observed, that he had a good voice and must sing well. “ Be that as it may,” replied the other, “ as I am not a freeman I have no voice in the city.”

The Bishop of , at the Levee, observed a very fat Lady in conversation with the Princess of Wales. “ Pray,” says he, to a young Gentleman who stood near him, “ who is that fat *fow* in conversation with her Highness.” “ That fat *fow*, *fow*,” said the young Man, “ is the Lady W — , and is mother to the little *pig* who is now talking to your Lordship.”

In a Coffee-House, in London, two young Officers fell into dispute about their Mistress’s eyes; one of them had black, the other blue ones. An Irishman present burst out into laughter, and said, “ Arrah, upon my shoul, now this is very foolish, for where is the difference between a blue and a black eye? I have had many a black eye, and then it turns blue and green, and all manner of colours.”

A Huguenot Physician in France turned Catholic. "What do you think of your religion now," said Henry the Fourth to Sully, "it being given over by the Physician?"

A Dragoon going to be shot at York for desertion and making away with his horse; an Officer asked him what induced him to take the horse; he said it ran away with him. "What did you do with the money you sold him for." "Why that ran away too."

Foote being at dinner at Lord N——'s, some Cape wine was handed about in glasses little bigger than thimbles;—"Is not that wine very old and curious?" said his Lordship. "Perfectly so," said F. "I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age before."

In a Country Play-House, after the play was over, and most wretchedly performed, an Actor came upon the stage to give out the next play. "Pray," says a Gentleman, "what is the name of the piece you have played to night." "The Stage Coach, Sir." "Then let me know when you perform it again, that I may be an *outside* passenger."

A vile Painter was telling a Friend he meant to whiten his house all over, and then paint it. "You would do better," said his Friend, "I think to paint it first, and whiten it afterwards."

A Friend of Charles F— observed to him he thought he had never been oftener on his legs in any one session. "Not unlikely," says Charles, "for the Jews have scarce left me a chair to sit upon."

Mr. B—— being about to make a speech before the University of Cambridge;—after he had spoken some time, two or three Fellow Commoners began to hiss. He turned about and coolly observed, "*Laudamur ab his.*"

The Bow-street Justices in a note to Mr. Colman, Patentee of the Covent-Garden Theatre, expressed their surprise at his giving out the Beggars' Opera as it was thought to contribute greatly to the creation of thieves.—Mr. C. replied, that he was persuaded his house was one of the very few in that neighbourhood which did not contribute to the creation of rogues.

An Abbot, in France, having a Cardinal's hat in view, went to Rome, but did not succeed;—on his return he was very bad in a cold.——“No wonder,” said a Gentleman, “don't you know that he came from Rome without a hat.”

At the play of the Hypocrite, Lady B. L. applied to a Macaroni, who sat in the box, for a translation of some scraps of Latin, which are in the play. He protested he could not, for it was *Dog Latin*; on which she said, “It was strange that a *Puppy* should not understand his own language.”

A vile Poet at Dublin brought a lamentable Tragedy to Swift to desire his opinion of it, and to make what corrections he thought proper.——In a few days he called for his play, and asked S. what he thought of it. S. returned the play sealed up, and said, “He had taken some pains with it, and would assure him he would not find any faults in it; when the Poet got home he opened his play, and to his astonishment found every other line in the play intirely blotted out.

When

When Mrs. Siddons was on a visit to Dr. Johnson, the servant had some difficulty in finding a chair for her. "You see, Madam," said the Doctor, "wherever you go there are no seats to be had."

Captain Talbot having received a command from Henry the Eighth to take care to see the town of Calais well fortified; sent back for an answer, "That he could neither *fortify* nor *fistify* it without money."

Mr. Fox, in his canvas in Westminster, asked a Tradesman for his vote. The Elector replied, "I cannot give you my vote—I admire your abilities, but d—mn your principles." Mr. F— retorted, "My Friend, I applaud your sincerity, but d—mn your manners."

The Duke of Ormond was out of favour at the Court of Charles II.—Mr. Dillon not aware of it, requested his Grace's interest for a place, saying, "He had no friend at Court but God and his Grace." "Alas! poor Dillon!" said the Duke, "thou cannot have two friends: that have less interest at Court."

Dr.

Dr. Long, Master of Pembroke-Hall, walking with a Friend, who was short sighted, and coming to a short post fixed in the ground, his Friend took it to be a boy, and called out, "Get out of my way, boy!" "That boy, Sir," said the Doctor, "is a *post*-boy who turns out of his way for nobody."

Henry the Eighth was overjoyed when the news came that the Pope had conferred on him the title of Defender of the Faith, Patch, his jester, who was by, called out to him, "Prithee, good Harry, let thee and I defend one another, and let the Faith alone to defend itself."

Dr. Hannes, when he first settled as Physician in London, hired fellows to run after every genteel carriage they met and inquire if it belonged to Dr. H. as if he was wanted to a patient.—One of them went into a Coffee-House, where Dr. Ratcliffe was, to inquire for Dr. H. R. asked who wanted the Doctor. "Why such a Lord, and such a Lord." "No, thou art mistaken," said R. "it is the Doctor who wants these Lords."

A Churchwarden, of a parish in Lancashire, being charged to give the Archdeacon an account of the number of souls in his parish, he sent a letter informing him there were three hundred and seventy souls in it, besides women and children.

An Italian Poet presented some verses to the Pope, who had not got far before he met with a line too short in quantity, which he observed; the Poet submissively desired his Holiness to read on, and he would probably meet with a line that was a syllable too long, so the account would be ballanced.

Count Soissons at Play one evening, in a large company, happened to cast his eye up to a looking glass opposite to him, and saw a well-dressed sharper cut off the diamond loop from his hat,—he took no notice, but pretending to want something in another room, desired the man to take his cards, which he did. The Count stole softly behind him, with a sharp knife in his hand, and cut one of his ears off, and holding it up to the Company, said, “Return me my diamond loop, Sir, and I will return you your ear.”

E— hearing a Preacher describe the Apostles as simple illiterate men, in a stile as low and simple as possible—whispered to a friend, "*Ex virum vere Apostolicum.*"—Behold a man truly Apostolic.

A poor Fellow in France used to weep bitterly whenever a certain Capuchin (who wore a long beard) preached. The good Father took notice of it, and at last begged to know what it was in his discourse that made such an impression upon his heart. "Ah! Father," said the Peasant, "I never see you but I think of an old he-goat I lost last Easter—he was the very picture of your Reverence—one would swear you had been twins."

Dennis, the Critic, having treated the French with severity in one of his plays, took it into his head that Lewis the Fourteenth would not agree to a peace until he was given up; and he went to the Duke of Marlborough to beg he might not be given up to the French. "I have taken no care, Sir," said the Duke, "to get myself *excepted*, yet I cannot help thinking but that I have done the French as much injury as you have."

Lady

Lady L—— who was remarkable for laying on rouge, sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds for her picture—which occasioned a Wag to observe, “That he was sorry to find that Sir Joshua had taken to copying.”

A Quaker being requested to subscribe to the building a new Church near London, in the room of an old one that was to be pulled down, with great calmness, told the Petitioner that it did not agree with his principles to give any thing to the building a *new* Church, but that a hundred pound was at his service towards demolishing the old one.

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the Painter, lived in the next house to Dr. Ratcliffe, and struck out a door between their gardens at the Doctor's request. Sir G. found great inconvenience from the Doctor's servants, who stole his fruit.—He sent to acquaint the Doctor he should be obliged to make the door up again. The Doctor, in a passion, sent word he might do what he would with it so that he did not *paint* it! “Does my friend, R say so? Go back and tell him that I can take any thing from him but *physic*.”

R r

At

At Paris, one observed in conversation, that the Scots who travelled were sensible accomplished men. Lord R——, not very bright, said, "It could not be otherwise, as we in Scotland never suffer our young men to go abroad till they have undergone a strict examination." Lady D—— replied, "Then I am sure your Lordship must have been smuggled."

Mr. Dryden in company with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dorset, and other men of genius and learning, it was agreed that each person should write something upon any subject, and that Dryden was to be the *Judge*;—while the rest were in a quandary to excel each other, Lord Dorset alone seemed inattentive, and coolly writ two or three lines and put them in the place agreed upon; when they had all done, Dryden began his examination, and when he had read the whole, told them that their lines were excellent, but that he must give the preference to Lord Dorset—I leave to you to judge. "I promise to pay John Dryden, Esq; or order, on demand, the sum of five hundred pounds.

"DORSET."

Mr.

Mr. Dennis, the Critic, had a patent for making thunder for the Play-House, of which he was very proud.—Mr. Pope says he was at the play one night when thunder was introduced, which made such a horrible rumbling, that Dennis could not contain himself, but roared out, “By G—d that’s my thunder.”

On Bishop W——’s Monument, in Westminster-Abbey, are represented on either side, in *Bas-Relief*, two miniature figures of *Faith* and *Hope*. One looking at it, observed to his Friend, that he did not see *Charity* added to them—at which he was surprised. “Why,” says the other, “as he was a Bishop it is most likely he had none.”

Dr. S—— had a living of six hundred pounds a-year, which he never saw but once a-year to receive his tythe; when he gave them a sermon on Sunday he called himself the Lord’s Ambassador. “Does thou hear, Tom,” said a poor Fellow to another, “he calls himself the Lord’s Ambassador?” “The Lord’s Receiver General,” says Tom, “more like, for he never comes but to receive money.”

Swift was absent if a story was not told by himself ;—in one of these reveries a friend told him he had lost a very good thing in the last story. “I did so,” said S. “for I *lost my patience.*”

To prevent a reconciliation taking place between Conde’s party and the Court of France, the Duc de Beaufort thought he had hit upon an expedient ; he asked Believre whether, if he should give the Duc de Elbeuf a box on the ear, it might not cause a change in the face of affairs. B. replied with gravity, “He did not think it would alter any thing but the face of the Duc de Elbeuf.”

A Chevalier de Malthe, low in circumstances, was in a Coffee House at Paris, when Julien was so famous for dying the beautiful colours in tapestry at the Gobelins, by which he made a fortune.—The Chevalier’s carriage was old and shabby. Says Julien, with a plebeian insolence, “I think, Sir, you had better have your carriage new painted.” The Chevalier turning to him with a look of contempt, replied, “Well, Sir, you may take it home and dye it.”

When

When Mr. B——'s sorry Pamphlet came out, the Hon. H. Erskine said, "That he was in the right to price it at half-a crown, as no Person with a *whole* crown would either write or read such a book."

During the Rebellion, in the year 1745, the Catholics were not permitted to come within ten miles of the Capital. General G——, seeing a Jew in a Coffee-House, standing with his back to the fire, and the hinder flaps of his coat opened to the right and left, called out to a friend, "G—d d—mn it what a cursed country is this—a Jew may warm his a—se here where a Christian dare not shew his face."

Dr. Thompson, a good Physician, was a very great sloven, calling one-day on Lord Melcombe, whom he found with his family at breakfast, and seeing a plate of muffins, which, as a Physician, he had always forbidden; "My Lord," said he, "did not I charge you never to suffer a muffin to appear in your house?" His Lordship seeing the Doctor's coat out at the elbows and shoes out at the toes, replied, "Doctor, I have an utter aversion to *muffins*, and to *ragamuffins*."

When

When the famous Occulift, Taylor, set up his coach he consulted Mr. Foote about the choice of a motto for it. "What are your arms," said the Wit. "Three Mallards, Sir." "Why then the motto must be *Quack! Quack! Quack!*"

An Irishman, confined for debt, sent for his creditor, and said gravely, "Sir, I have been thinking that it is an idle thing for me to lie here and put you to the expence of seven groats a week;—what I have to propose is, that you shall let me out of prison, and you shall allow me eighteen-pence a-week and the other ten-pence shall go towards the discharge of the debt."

A Gentleman, in a Coffee-House, saying that a friend of his was settled in the West-Indies, at Ceylon, he believed, one of our Islands; Mr. H. who was present, told him that Ceylon was no Island of ours, nor in the West-Indies, but in the East. "Well, thank God," says he, "I am no great Geographer, I know nothing about either West or East." "So then," says Mr. H. "you thank G—d for your ignorance?" "Yes, I do, Sir." "Why then," says Mr. H. making a low bow, "you have much to be thankful for."

Bishop

Bishop Hare complained to Lord Carteret of the hard words that he had given the Bishops, in a speech in the House of Lords, and reminded him that he might be one day Minister himself, which was the case, and might want the Bishops' votes. Lord C. with a sneer, replied, "If I want you I know how to have you."

A Gentleman, going into Newgate, saw a person there whom he knew in irons;—he asked what great offence he had committed.—"Nothing," replied the Prisoner, "but the simple one of striking a man and a woman." "Who were they," said the Gentleman.—"There they are, Sir," taking a halfpenny from his pocket, "as bare a couple as you ever saw, though they look so well."

Mr. E.— being retained as Counsel against a young Officer, who was indicted for an assault, opened the cause as follows:—"My Lord, I am first to acquaint your Lordship, that this Soldier." "Stop, Sir," said the Military Hero! "I would have you to know I am an Officer." "I beg your pardon," says the Counsel, "Why then, my Lord, to speak more correctly, this Officer, who is no Soldier!"

A Gentleman taken with a lady of the town, just after the City Remonstrance, began to expostulate with the Constable of the night, who cried out, "Sir, I am his Majesty's Representative and shall not regard *remonstrances*."

A Judge, who was severe, and not given to mercy, it got him the name of the hanging Judge. He had taken a young coach-horse upon trial;—the first time he was put into his carriage the horse dropped down dead "Strange accident," exclaims the Judge. "Not at all, my Lord," replied his Coachman, "I thought how it would turn out, when you told me you had taken him upon trial."

Henry the Fourth, of France, at the Siege of Amiens sent to Count Soissons, who had a pension from him of a hundred thousand franks a-year, to come to his assistance;—the Count excused himself by reason of his age and poverty, and said all that he could do was to pray for him.—"Will my Cousin do nothing but pray for me?" said Henry, "then tell him that prayer without fasting will not avail, therefore my Cousin shall fast also,"—and immediately ordered his pension to be stopped.

A certain Vicar had been toying with some jolly Fellows, and had taken rather too much: The Squire met him and asked him where he had been. "I have been *spinning* out a few hours with a friend or two," said the Vicar. "And now," says the Squire, "you are *reeling* it home."

A Boy, who had not returned after the holidays to Winchester School, which the Master charged him to do, returned at last loaded with a fine ham, as a bribe to the Master;—who took the ham, but flogged the Lad—and told him, "That he might give his compliments to his mother for the ham, but assured him it should not save his Bacon."

The Bishop of S——— distrained a Tenant's corn, hay, &c. for rent. The Man petitioned his Grace to return him his goods again. "Go, go," said the Bishop, "I hear a bad character of thee, thou comest not to Church, and hast not received confirmation. I command thee to attend at Easter next. "I dare not come," said the Man, "for as your Lordship hath laid your hand on all my goods—it behoves me to take care of my *head*."

A Gentleman in France complained to Santeuil, that he had been cheated by a Monk. "What," said the Poet, "a man of your age not to know the Monks; dost thou not know there are four things you should ever guard against: The face of a woman—the hind parts of a mule—the side of a cart, and a Monk on all sides."

In some satirical Poems, Charles the Second was lashed under the name of Old Rowley, an old Stallion in the Mews.—A young Lady, much admired by Charles, was sitting in her room and singing a ballad upon Old Rowley. The King knocked at her door. "Who's there?" said the Lady. "Old Rowley himself, Madam," replied the King.

Dr. Resbury, who had an ill favoured countenance, observed a person pass him in the street and turn so often back to look upon him, that he bluntly asked the Man what he meant. He said he was a Painter, and had in hand a picture of Nathan reproving David, and thought that the Doctor had the most forbidding face he had ever seen, that he had now got as much as he wanted, and so took leave.

A Lady, who had been married some years and had no children, was extolling her husband highly. "He is," says she, "an excellent musician—a good fencer—a good horseman, and an excellent arithmetician, but he cannot *multiply*."

Says Bearcroft to Vansittart, "Your name is such a long one, I shall drop *Sittart*, and call you *Van* for the future." "With all my heart," said he, "by the same rule, I shall drop *Croft*, and call you nothing but *Bear*."

The Countess of Sunderland was a very beautiful woman, and celebrated by Waller under the name of *Sacharissa*; when she was advanced in years she asked him in raillery when he would write such fine verses on her again. "When your Ladyship and I are young again," said he.

Sir William Temple, was an admirer of curiosities, but always disparaged Lord D——'s. —One day as they were talking of their vertu, Lord D—— said, "Sir William, you must at length give up to me—I have just received what you can never have, a flock of geese from the country, for all your geese are swans."

A Dignitary of the Church said, that he was no friend to Pluralities, the Parents of Non-residence! "Then," replied another, "you are very ungrateful, for they have been very great friends to you."

On Shakespear's Monument is inscribed, "*Amor publicus posuit!*"—Dr. Mead objected to the word *Amor*, as not being classical—he was over-ruled by Mr. Pope and others;—upon which the Doctor repeated the following line: "*Omnia vincit Amor, et nos cedamus amori!*"

The conversation of a company was interrupted by a man, who asked impertinently whether there had ever been a stronger man in the world than Hercules. "You yourself," said one, "for you have brought in Hercules by the head and shoulders."

Benferade had often rallied a Friend for his impotency. After some absence, his Friend meeting him, said, "There is an end of your raillery now—my wife brought forth a boy this morning." "Oh! Sir," said the Poet, "I never doubted the ability of your wife."

When

When it was debated about sending Bishops to America, much was said, pro and con.—One Gentleman wondered that any body should object to it; “For my part,” said he, “I wish all our Bishops were sent to America.”

Anthony Wood, on a visit to Dr. South, of punning memory, complained of a suppression of urine that he laboured under;—the Doctor told him it was of the utmost consequence, for if he could not make water he must make earth!

Dr. P——, of Edinburgh, seeing a poor Fellow killed by the falling of a chimney, he had just been building, said, prophanely, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works follow them.”

A certain pettifogging Attorney, in Westminster-Hall, was complaining to one who was next him, that he sat in pain, being pinched by a new Suit he had just put on. A Counsel, who heard him, and knew him well, called out, “It would be well, Mr. S. if that was the only vexatious *suit* you had brought into this Court.”

Says

Says Mr. T. W. "I am not at all clever to night." "Pray how were you in the morning," replied one who knew him always to be pretty heavy.

Lewis XV. in the chace fell into a bog.—One of his Lords, at some distance, seeing the King the moment he threw himself off his horse, rode up full gallop to know the cause, "*Qu'est ce, que cest—Qu'est ce, que cest,*"—and in he tumbles into the same bog. Count Kevenhuller, called out, pointing to the bog, "*Voilà ce que cest—Voilà ce que cest.*"

Dr. Samuel Johnson had a dispute with Dr. Rose, a Scotchman, about Dr. Warburton; who, the former said, possessed more learning than had been imported from Scotland since the days of Buchanan.—R. mentioned many Scotch Authors, whom Johnson treated with contempt; at last says he, "What do you think to Lord Bute." "I did not know that he had ever wrote any thing," said J. "No, says R. "he wrote one line more transcendent than ever an Englishman wrote, i. e. when he wrote an order for your pension."

Mr.

Col. S——n was attended in a fever by a Dr. A——, who, as he was in danger, called in other two Physicians;—when Mr. S—— heard of it, he said, he had little chance for life when they began to fire by *platoons*.

King William the Third called Luxemburgh a crooked backed fellow, as he really was.— This being told to Luxemburgh, he said, “The King could not know that he was so, as he had never seen his back.”

In Charles the Second’s time, men acted all the female parts upon the stage, in women’s cloathes. The King one night at the play, sent to know the reason why they did not begin. The answer was brought back, that the Queen was not yet *shaved*.

Lord Melcombe, when his name was plain Bubb, was appointed Ambassador to Spain — Lord Chesterfield told him it would not do, as the Spaniards cannot suppose a man can possess any dignity whose name is a Monosyllable—you must make an addition to it—I can help you to one, suppose you make it *Silly Bubb*.

Dr.

Dr. Samuel J——, being on the Castle-Hill at Edinburgh, with some Scotchmen, was asked if there was not the noblest prospect in the world towards the Forth; he said, "He could shew them a much more pleasing one,"—and turning about, pointed to the London road.

George the First, in a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland;—while the horses were getting ready he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him and charged two hundred florins. "How," says the King, "eggs must be very scarce here." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but Kings are scarce in this country." The King smiled, and ordered him the money.

A Nobleman, who had spent most of his estate, had just sold a manor of an hundred tenements, and came to Court in a rich suit. "Am not I a mighty man," said he, "that bear an hundred houses on my back." "You had better have paid your debts," said Cardinal Wolsey, whose father was a butcher. "True, my Lord," said he, "my father owed your's three halfpence for a calve's head—here is twopence for it."

Chevalier

The Chevalier de Rohan meeting, late one evening, Madame de *** alone, in one of the Galleries at Fontainebleau, asked her what she was in search of. "Nothing," said she. "By G—d, Madam," said he, knowing her foible, "I should be sorry to have lost what you seek."

When Montalto (afterwards Pope Sixtus V.) was Inquisitor at Venice, he angered the Senate so much, that he was obliged to fly for his life. A Friend observed to him, that if he had not shewn a light pair of heels his neck would have suffered. Montalto told him, that as he had some design of being Pope he thought it would spoil his scheme if he stayed to be hanged at Venice.

A Lady, who paid Foote a visit at his Country House, pretended to be greatly pleased with every thing about it,—but particularly with a fine piece of water, as she called it, at the bottom of his garden, though in reality it was little more than a good wide ditch. "Pray, Mr. F." says she, "how do you get this Canal supplied with water." "Madam," said he, "my maids empty their chamber pots into it every morning."

T t

Mr.

Mr. T——, a great punster, married Lady Fag, the widow of Sir Robert Fag, and on the wedding night, when he retired from the Company, he repeated this line out of Virgil,
"Tityre tu patulæ, recubans sub tegmine Fagi."

Lords Mark Ker and Stair were at play, in a Coffee-House, where a stranger over looked the game, and disturbed them with questions. Lord Mark Ker said, "Let us throw the dice which of us shall fight this impertinent fellow;—they threw, Lord Stair won. Lord Mark Ker cried out, "Ah! Stair, Stair, you have always been more fortunate in life than *me*."

The Duc de Roquelaure, who was a plain looking man, was applied to by a Gentleman, still more ordinary, for his interest with Lewis XIV. The Duke presented him to the King as a person to whom he was greatly obliged, and succeeded in what he requested.—
 "Pray," says the King, "what is your obligation to this person?" "Please your Majesty," said he, "was it not for this worthy Gentleman nobody could doubt a moment but that I was the ugliest fellow in your dominions."

Lewis

Lewis XV. of France, coming one day into the gardens of the Thuilleries with his shirt out of his breeches, the Centinel stepped up and accosted him thus, "*La petite Majestè, de votre grande Majestè est hors de sa Place.*"

William Penn, the Quaker, was for some time in very distressed circumstances, and durst not stir out. He lived in Norfolk-street, London, and had a peep hole over the outward door of his house to see who came.—A Creditor knocked and waited long; at last he saw a servant through the window, and called out, "Worthy Master, see me." "Friend, my master has seen thee," said the servant, "but he does not like thee."

Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, had a weather glass which cost thirty guineas;—his servant was ordered to bring it into the room to shew it to some company, who, in handing it to his Lordship, let it fall and broke it in pieces. The good old Man desired they would not be uneasy at the accident. "I think," said he, "it is a lucky omen;—we have had a long dry season, now I hope we shall have rain, for I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low before."

Mr. O'Kelly presents compliments to Mr. S. sends by the bearer two *puppies*; one for Mrs. O'Donnel—the other for Miss O'Callaghan:—They are both b—ches.

When Foote first had the Theatre in the Hay-market, Quin frequently amused himself by describing the state of poverty from which he was relieved by it.—Foote heard of this, and came one night with complaints. “It is very odd, Mr. Quin, that you should take a delight in abusing me; I do not offend you, and surely you cannot envy my success.” “I abuse you!—how have I abused you?—Shew me how I have abused you.” “Why, you have said many things—the last which I remember is, that you was “glad the fellow had got into the Hay-market, for he would find something to wash his shirt with.” “Ay! now—the last saying you *remembered* is a confounded *lie*, which you have made on purpose to plague me. I said you would get something to *wash* your shirt with!—why, d—mn me if ever I knew *you had a shirt to wash*.” Quin was so pleased by getting the better of his convivial antagonist in this contest, that he gave him *dinners* for a month afterwards.

A Pun on Doncaster.—A Spaniard, who lived there some time, had a law suit with an old Lady of the same town, about some land he purchased;—his Counsel pleaded so well, that he nonsuited her.—As two people were walking, at some distance, one of them asked what town that was yonder. “Oh!” says his Friend, “That is the town where the Spaniard lived who had the famous law suit with the old Lady, and you know the *Don cast-her*.”

A Lord Mayor of London visiting a Gentleman, at his Country seat, was carried by him a hunting, a diversion to which his Lordship was an entire stranger. As they galloped along, “There my Lord,” said the Gentleman, charmed with the cry of his dogs, “there’s music, there’s music for you, did you ever hear so fine.”—“Music,” said the Mayor, listening, “where—I do not hear it.” “What do you mean, my Lord,” says the Gentleman, “not hear it—you never can be so deaf as that—I am sure it is loud enough, and the finest music in the world.”—“D—mn those dogs,” said the Mayor, “they keep such a confounded yelping, I cannot hear the music.”

An

An Irish Soldier, in General Washington's army, strolling out alone in a wood near the Camp, came up with five Hessians belonging to the English army, and presenting his piece, called out to surrender;—they did so, supposing there were more at hand of the enemy.—The General going that way with a guard secured them, and asked him how he alone could take five prisoners. "Please your Honour," said Paddy, "by Jafus, I *surrounded* them."

Judge ———, a man of delicacy, ordered a trial for a rape to come on at seven o'clock next morning,—at which hour he presumed no ladies would attend. He was mistaken, for the gallery was full before the hour appointed.—The matter was, a Mr. R. finding a Country Girl stealing faggots from a stack near his house, demanded certain favours from the Culprit, which she readily granted; but afterwards, to squeeze money, prosecuted him for a rape.—Upon being acquitted, the Judge told him he had a piece of good advice to give him, which was, when females stole his faggots, to be content with some different satisfaction, otherwise, says he, "the ladies in the gallery here will not leave a single stake in your hedge."

Mr.

Mr. H——, who was a thin spare man, met an honest Fellow in the street in liquor; after viewing each other, H. says, "My Friend, you seem to have drank too much;"—to which the latter replied, "You seem as if you had ate too little."

Jonas Hanway hired a new Coachman, and told him he must attend with the rest of his family every evening at prayers. "At prayers," says Jehu, "I never lived in a praying family before." "But have you any objection to saying your prayers." "O no, Sir, I have no objection—I hope you will confider it in my wages."

Dr. N—— being in company where one was laying great stress on Echard's account of Cromwell selling himself to the Devil before the battle of Worcester; affirming that the bargain was intended to be for twenty-one years, but that the Devil had tricked him by putting twelve instead of twenty-one; then turning to the Doctor, asked him what he thought could be the Devil's motive for so doing.—The Doctor said, "He could not tell what was his motive unless he was in a hurry about the *Restoration*."

A Gentleman, at the Cocoa Tree, was admiring the manner in which Mr. C. Fox shewed himself superior to all the law that was against him. "Where's the wonder," said George S——n, "he was always above the law."

Lady Wortley Montague once asked a Turkish Nobleman why Mahomet allowed a plurality of wives. "I can give no reason so satisfactory," said he, "than that we might be able to find in a number, the qualities which unite in your Ladyship."

When Lord Stair was Ambassador at Paris, during the Regency he ordered his coachman to give way to no one except the King, meaning to take place of the Regent, but without naming *him*. The host was seen coming down the street, through which the coach passed; his Master of the Horse rode to the window of the coach, and asked his Lordship if he would be pleased to give way to the Bon Dieu.* "By all means," said he, "but to no one else, the King excepted," and then stepping out of the coach, paid respect to the religion of the country in which he was, and kneeled down in a very dirty street!

* G—d Almighty.

Mr. Foote encouraged the French Dancers. A Gentleman, who was against their performing, told him he was a friend to the *French*.—Foote replied, "That though he was averse to their *arms*, yet he had no objection to their *legs*."

A Wit remarked of a stupid Preacher, who was forced to hide for debt, "Six days he is *invisible*, and on Sundays he is *incomprehensible*."

A Lady asked Mr. Dunning, the Counsel, why women were not admitted to plead. "The reason is, Madam," said he, "they would tire the Court with their babbling." "This is the first time," said she, "that I ever heard that babbling was more tiresome than *Dunning*."

Sir David D——, when Lord Advocate for Scotland, and Member of the House of Commons, used to express himself in the accent of his country: "I say, Mr. Speaker, it is not in the *poor* (*power*) of this House to do so and so." "What," says a Country Gentleman, "does the Advocate for Scotland mean by talking of the *poor* of this House?" "He means," said Mr. F. "I suppose the *forty-five* Scotch Members!"

U u

When

When matters were in debate about the abolition of Episcopacy, the House usually sat so long and late, that when the questions were put it was generally very thin of the Church Members; on which Lord Falkland remarked, "That they who hated Bishops hated them worse than the Devil, and they who loved them did not love them so well as their dinners."

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, being present when one of Dryden's Plays was acted, where a lover says,

"My wound is great because it is so small,"

Instantly exclaimed from the Stage-Box, *"Then it would be greater were there none at all."*

—Upon which the play was instantly damned.

General Ireton, in his zeal against the images in a Church, where the windows were very beautiful, made the twelve Apostles and many other Saints suffer a second Martyrdom, only the picture of the Old Dragon vomiting the flames of Hell out of his mouth, was spared,—which occasioned the inhabitants to whisper among themselves, that it was plain enough who was Ireton's Saint.

A Man being asked how his wife was, who was indisposed, answered, "Indeed, friend, the case is pitiful—my wife fears she shall die, and I fear she will not die, which makes us a very disconsolate house."

Philip de Valois, with whom Edward the Third had a contest for the kingdom of France, laid on the tax upon salt, which gave occasion to Edward to call him, by way of jest, "The Author of the *Salic* Law."

A Candidate for a City Office applied to a Banker for his vote, with whom he had little or no acquaintance. "Not," says he, "that I want any addition of money from this office, for we are made of gold." "Pray, Sir," says the Banker, "have you not mistaken your metal."

Two Soldiers went into York Minster while the Rev. the ——— was preaching, who frequently made long pauses. After he had finished, one of them asked his companion how he liked the preacher. "Pretty well," says he, "but he hung fire damnably." "That he did," said the other, "I thought he never would have gone off."

Mr. Tho. Fuller having made some verses on a scolding wife; Dr. Cosins, hearing them repeated, was so much pleased with them as to desire a copy. "'Tis needless," said F. "for you have the original."

H. Lucius Carey, son of the great Lord Falkland, was brought early into the House of Commons; on which a grave Senator objected to his youth, and said he looked as if he had not sowed his wild oats. He directly replied, "If I have not I may sow them in this House, where there are *geese* enow to pick them up."

In the early part of Garrick's performance at Drury-Lane Theatre, an indifferent Tragedy was acted; which, however, met no opposition till the fifth act,—when Garrick, as the dying Monarch, bequeathed his Empire between his two sons in the following line:

*"Jointly, betwixt you both, my Crown I do
bequeath."*

An arch Wag getting up in the Pit, rejoined, *"Then they have just got half-a-crown a piece."* This threw the House into such a laugh, that not another word of tragedy was uttered.

A Man seeing a King's horse make water in a river, said, "This creature is like his master; he gives where it is not wanted."

An indifferent Poet, in discourse with a friend, said he had found out a way of dealing with the Critics, that when they condemned his verses he only laughed at it. "Do you so," said his Friend, "then you lead the merriest life in England."

A Dignitary of the Cathedral at Exeter seeing the figure of St. Peter, painted on glass in that Church, remarked, that he looked very fierce. "How can he help it, Friend," said a Quaker, standing by, "when he observes what scandalous work is carrying on in the Ecclesiastical Court just opposite."

Sir Richard J —, as eminent for his practice as a Physician, as for his want of feeling, being sent for out of town to a complaint of the nervous kind, was so rough with his patient, that he thought it necessary to apologize, by saying it was his way. "No, Sir," said the Patient, collecting himself, "that is our way," pointing to the door; on which Sir R. took the hint and decamped without his fee.

Richard

Richard Culmer, in defacing the windows of Christ Church, Canterbury, in which, amongst other things, was represented the Temptation, brake down our Saviour, and left the Devil standing; on which he gave this reason, that he had an order to take down Christ, but he had no order to take down the Devil.

There was a Scotch Peer, of the name of Diddup, slain on the Parliament's side at Marston Moor; which being told to the King, he said he did not remember such a Lord in Scotland:—To which one replied, "It might very well be, since that Lord had forgotten that there was such a King in England."

Notwithstanding the perpetual contention between Rich and Garrick for the favour of the town, they lived upon very friendly terms. R. had improved his house at Covent-Garden, and made it capable of holding more. G. went with him to see it, and asked him in the theatrical phrase how much money it would hold. "Sir," says R. "that question I am at present unable to answer, but were you to appear but one night on my stage I should be able to tell you to the utmost shilling!"

A Dutch Ambassador's wife at Paris being asked by the Queen of France how many children she had? She said, "*Quelle avoit fait deux par devant et deux par derriere* ; by which she meant that she had two by her first husband and two by her last.

Close by the Bridge at Darlington, over the door of a Barber's shop, is the following distich, which at once shews the *utility* and the *poetry* of the honest shaver :

"Stumps and teeth drawn in a trice,
"Threepence a piece—and that's the price."

The late Duchess of Queensberry was accustomed to say upon any high compliment paid her, "Why now that is very well, but it is nothing to the *Carter*." Of course the complimenter became anxious to know how the *Carter* had risen above him in the *agreeable* ; when her Grace replied, "I once in Piccadilly noticed a Man who was driving a waggon, puffing away at a short pipe which had *gone out* ; the Fellow observing me notice him, called aloud, "*Madam, Madam, let me light my pipe at your eye*."—"O, no Sir, you are nobody to the *Carter*!"

A City Alderman lately discharged one of his Porters for bad *orthography*. Having some favour to ask of his Master, he wrote a letter, and unfortunately began it, instead of "*Honoured Sir,*" with "*Horned Sir.*"

When Monsieur Le Noir was Lieutenant of the Police in Paris, he married his daughter to a Gentleman of merit and fortune. Previous to the nuptials M. Le Noir ordered his Wig-Maker to make a most elegant wig, which he did, and sent home by one of his journeymen. The Magistrate happened to be busy when the Man came, and told him to leave the box. M. Le Noir had the box brought him as soon as the hurry of his business was over, when lo! instead of a senatorial periwig he found a *dead child*. The Wig-Maker was immediately sent for, and seeing the mistake, explained the matter by telling the Magistrate that his wife had been brought to bed two days before, that the child was dead, and that the persons charged to inter the infant had confounded the two boxes, and buried the one that had the wig in it. M. Le Noir laughed very heartily, and had the wig *exhumed*, and the child consigned to its proper place.

Lady

Lady W—— keeps an elegant House at Paris, where she gives dinners and play. She filleth the hungry with *good things*, the rich she sendeth EMPTY away.

Foote's account of Scotch Humour.—"So," said a Gentleman to Foote, "do you pretend to say the Scotch have no humour?" "No, Sir, I don't go so far as that; I only say they are very judicious, and slow in finding it out." "How so?" "Why, when I was at Edinburgh, and in company with the brightest wits of Scotland—whenever I discharged a bon mot, they listened with great attention, but did not laugh till ten minutes after, because they had not found out the meaning before."

Joannes Scotus Erigena was a man of considerable parts and learning in the ninth century.—The Emperor, Charles the Bald, had a great esteem for him, and used to invite him to dinner. As they sat together at table, one on each side, the Emperor said to him, "*Quid interest inter Scotum et Sotum?*" In English, "Between a Scot and a Fool?" Scotus boldly replied, "*Mensa tantum,*" (*only a table.*)—Charles took it not amiss.

A Sailor being strongly solicited by a Catholic Priest to change his religion, the honest Tar boldly resisted. The Holy Father finding that he could not prevail, altered his mode of attack, and offered him money as a reward of his apostacy;—the bribe rather staggered *Jack's* faith, and he desired to consider of it till next morning. In the interim he applied to a brother Tar for advice, which was given him in the following style of blunt honesty:—"Don't listen to him, messmate, for if your *religion* was not *better* than his *own*, and all the money he will give you into the bargain, he'd be d—nned before he would ask you to change."

An opulent Farmer applied to an Attorney about a law suit; he told him that he could not consistently undertake it, as he was already engaged to the adverse party—but that he would give him a letter to a particular friend of his; which the Farmer having the curiosity to open, found the contents to be as follow:

Here's two fat weathers fallen out together,
If thou wilt fleece one I'll take care and fleece
t'other,
And we'll make 'em agree like brother and
brother.

To

To a Man who had very narrowly escaped the pillory, some years ago, for perjury, Foote, who came to Bath to be cured of a jaundice, said, "So, my good friend, you and I come here to have the eggs washed off our faces."

AN EPISTOLARY LETTER

FROM

H—— T—— to Sir HANS SLOANE,

Who saved the Author's life, and in return desired he would send him some rarities.

SINCE you, dear Doctor, saved my life,
To blebs by turns and plague my wife,
In conscience I'm obliged to do
Whatever is enjoined by you.
According to your kind command,
That I should search o'er all the land
For curious things of every kind,
I send you all that I cou'd find.
I've ravaged earth, air, seas, and caverns,
Men, women, children, towns, and taverns,
And greater rarities can shew,
Than Gresham's College ever knew.
I've got three drops of that same shower,
Which Jove in Danae's lap did pour.

X x 2

From

From Carthage brought—the sword I'll send
 Which brought Queen Dido to her end.
 The stone, whereby Goliath died,
 Which cures the head-ach, right applied.
 The snake's skin, which you may believe,
 The Devil cast who tempted Eve.
 A fig-leave apron, 'tis the same,
 Which Adam wore to hide his shame,
 But now wants darning. I've beside,
 The blow by which poor Abel died.
 A whet-stone wore exceeding small,
 Time used to whet his scythe withall.
 The pidgeon stuff that Noah sent
 To tell him where the waters went.
 A ring I've got of Sampson's hair,
 The same which Dalilah did wear.
 Saint Dunstan's tongs, which story shows,
 Did pinch the Devil by the nose.
 The very shaft, as all may see,
 That Cupid shot at Anthony.
 And which above the rest I prize
 A glance of Cleopatra's eyes.
 Some strains of eloquence that hung,
 In Roman times, on Tully's tongue ;
 Which long concealed, and lost had been,
 Till Cowper found them out again.
 A goad which rightly used will prove
 A certain remedy in love.

As

As Moore cures worms in stomach bred,
 I've pills cures maggots in the head ;
 With a receipt too how to make them,
 To you I leave the time to take them.
 I've got a ray of Phœbus shine,
 Found in the bottom of a mine.
 A Lawyer's conscience, large and fair,
 Fit for a Judge himself to wear.
 I've a choice nostrum fit to make
 An oath a Catholic will not take.
 In a thumb vial you shall see,
 Close corked, some drops of honesty ;
 Which after searching kingdoms round
 At last were in a cottage found.
 An antidote, if such there be,
 Against the charms of flattery.
 I ha'n't collected any care,
 Of that there's plenty every where ;
 But after wonderous labour spent
 I've got one grain of rich content.
 It is my wish, it is my glory,
 To furnish your nick-nack a story.
 I only beg whenever you shew it
 You'll tell your friends to whom you owe it ;
 Which may your other patients teach
 To do as has done your T—— H——.

ODE to the MOON.

THE trembling Dews hang gathering round
the Thorn,

And paler tints the withering Flowers disclose;
The wandering Zephyrs, till the rising Morn,
Rest on the bosom of the fading Rose.

Now the young Hours, "that slept in buds the Day,"
On the wild Thyme a softer perfume shed,
And from the Glow-worm steal its mimic ray,
To light sweet Evening to her dewy bed.

Thro' Ozier bowers the chilling Night-winds rise,
And shake the rain-drops from the glistening
leaves;

On quivering wing the fearful Skylark flies,
And the long Grass the trembling prize receives.

Till the chaste Moon unfolds her shadowy veil,
And severing Clouds reveal her silver light—
While thro' the Air no mortal sounds prevail,
A soft, wild strain, shall woo the tardy Night.

Rise thou bright Witness of my hapless Love,
Of years consum'd in unavailing care,
Of those deep sighs which Reason must reprove,
Tho' urg'd by Grief, and sanction'd by Despair.

Yet

Yet will Neglect a transient Pride impart,
 That dares repine at Love's severe decree—
 But soon subdu'd, this proud rebellious heart,
 In silent anguish, fondly turns to Thee.

When thy soft beams beheld my fading Youth
 Struggling with sorrows, and depress'd by fears,
 Too strongly charm'd to hear the voice of Truth,
 To Fancy's Eye it shed celestial Tears:

Still, in my musing, melancholy hours,
 The wild illusion on my Mind imprest—
 To that bright source I madly trace the showers
 That fall in dew-drops on my pensive Breast.

By thy pale lamp, with Mem'ry's faithful hand,
 When on the sands a Name belov'd I trace,
 The spell divine can every Sigh command,
 Till the light Winds the magic lines efface.

But Time has stol'n from Fancy's glowing breast
 The sweetest flowers Hope's fairy hand could
 wreath,
 Chill'd the soft glance that once my senses blest,
 And gave a value to the Air I breathe.

Still, let me think, bright Regent of the Sky!
 To sooth the rigour of my fate's decree,
 The trembling Tear, the unprevailing Sigh,
 Tho' lost on Earth, are register'd by Thee.

Sterne

Sterne says, the enjoyment of life is a tranquil acquiescence under an agreeable delusion, whence it has been said to be a JEST, *but it is not so*. He further says, that every animal in the creation as it grows older grows graver, except an old Woman, and she grows frisky.—It has been somewhere observed, that when an old Man has one foot in the grave, an old Woman has a foot in the stars. Life has been compared to the running of tea, though the first and last decoction be equally weak, the one gives the flavour of the herb, the other but its fœces. Lord Chesterfield says, a Man has but a bad bargain of it at the best; and the most natural conclusion is that it is the shadow of a shade.—To CONCLUDE: A Man must *laugh* before he dies, or he must go out of the world *without laughing!!!*

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